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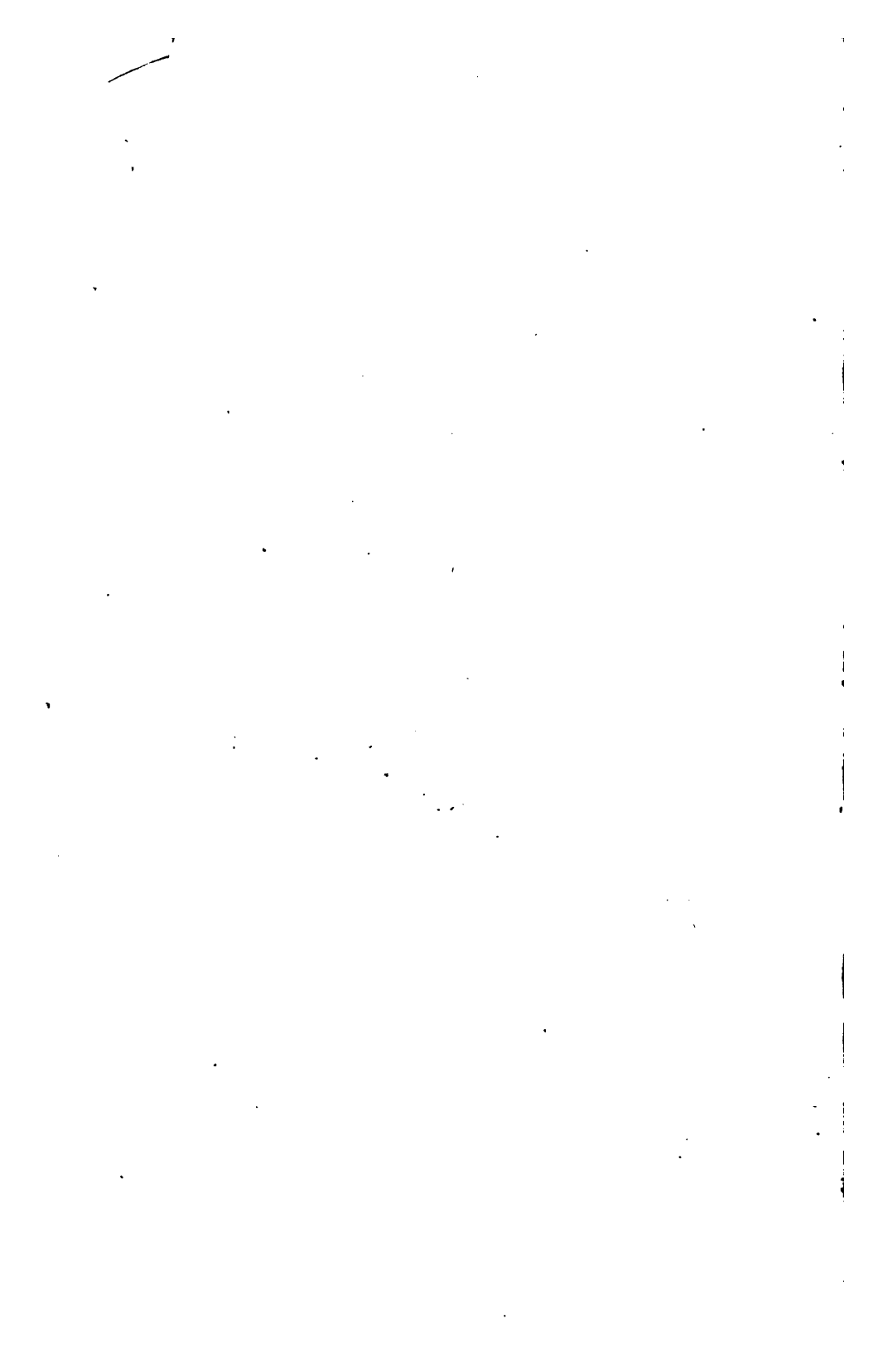
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**PUBLISHED AND SOLD BY JOHN F. WATSON, BOOKSELLER,**

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# SELECT

## REVIEWS OF LITERATURE,

### FOR JULY, 1812.

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*Voyages aux Indes Orientales, pendant les années 1802-3-4-5 & 6, &c. &c.*  
 Par C. F. Tombe, Ancien Capitaine-Adjoint du Génie employé près de la  
 Haute Régence à Batavia, &c. Revu et augmenté de plusieurs Notes et  
 Eclaircissemens, par M. Sonnini. Paris. 1810.

*Sketches, Civil and Military, of the Island of Java and its immediate Depend-  
 encies; comprising interesting Details of Batavia, and authentic Particulars  
 of the celebrated Poison-tree. Illustrated with a Map, &c.* Stockdale. Lon-  
 don. 1811.

THE Gallo-Batavian flag, which for a little while had been suffered to wave in the eastern hemisphere, is now struck, to wave no more. The fears and anxieties which had arisen in the minds of many well-informed persons, as to the result of the expedition against Java, are happily relieved—not that any doubt could be entertained of the skill and valour of those to whom it was entrusted; but the season of the year, in which it set out from Malacca, was unfavourable; and the adverse monsoon generally blows with such violence, that the best equipped ships of war are but ill calculated to contend against it. Those, therefore, who augured the best, looked forward to a protracted result. It was thought by many that the governor-general of India had unnecessarily augmented the strength of the expedition, and thereby delayed its departure, for the mere gratification of putting himself at the head of an armament so formidable as to bear down all resistance. We pretend not to decide on the wisdom of the measures pursued by the governor-general; but he appears entitled to a due share of credit for having ascertained the practicability of a new route, by which a saving of six weeks was effected in point of time, and one of infinitely more importance, in the health and lives of troops, cooped up in transports un-

der a vertical sun. On leaving the straits of Singapore the fleet stood across to the western coast of Borneo, where, by the shelter afforded against the monsoon, and the influence of the land in producing variable winds, they made a good southerly course as far as the south-west point of this immense island, called point Sambaar, whence they were able to fetch the coast of Java off point Indremaya, two degrees to the eastward of Batavia.

The troops landed on the 4th August; and, on the 8th, the city of Batavia surrendered at discretion: on the 10th a sharp action took place with the corps d'élite of the Gallo-Batavian army, who was driven into their strongly entrenched camp at Cornelis, which, on the 26th, was carried by assault, when the whole of the enemy's army, upwards of 10,000 disciplined men, were either killed, taken and dispersed, with the exception of 50 or 60 horse that escaped with the governor-general Jansens, who is described as a fugitive in the mountains of Java. Jansens, however, as appears by his own dispatch, retreated upon Cheribon, whence he doubtless proceeded, with the garrison, to Surábaya, at the eastern extremity of the island, (where the remains of admiral Hartzinc's squadron was destroyed in 1807 by Sir Edward Pellew,) a strong position, and defended as appears by a weekly report which fell into our hands, by a division of the army amounting to 3,700 men. The assault of Cornelis, however, we are inclined to think, may be considered as decisive of the fate of Java; and, as Lord Minto observes, 'an empire, which for two centuries has contributed greatly to the power, prosperity, and grandeur, of one of the principal and most respected states of Europe, has been thus wrested from the short usurpation of the French government, added to the dominion of the British crown, and converted, from a seat of hostile machination and commercial competition, into an augmentation of British power and prosperity.'

Mr. Tombe is a very simple traveller, and 'speaks no more than is set down for him.' He relates what he has been told, and that is not much, nor always correct; and he mentions what he has seen, without discriminating what was not worth being mentioned, and what was undeserving of notice. The other gentleman avows himself a *book-maker*, and deprecates the severity of criticism which, he tells us, 'has often shewn itself indulgent to his lowly endeavours.' If he will continue to *make* books, we would merely wish him to exercise a little judgment in the selection of his materials, and not to set one page in direct hostility with another—to combine his authorities, condense his matter, and arrange his plan—he may then hope to *make a book* from the labours of others, which 'shall contain amusement, interest, and information.' The authors on whom he has levied

contributions, on the present occasion, are Stavorinus, a rear-admiral in the Dutch service; Valentyn, a voluminous and valuable Dutch compiler of the early part of last century: Sir George Staunton, Mr. Tombe, and M. Leschenault, the French naturalist. We must do him the justice to say, that he has collected fairly, and interpolated little or nothing of his own.

The brief sketch which we shall now offer of the rich and beautiful island of Java will be drawn partly from these and other sources, as well as from our own local knowledge, for we too have been in Java.

The island of Java is an irregular parallelogram, lying between the 6th and 9th parallels of southern latitude, and extending from the 105th to the 114th degree of eastern longitude, being in its mean length about 600 miles, and mean breadth 100 miles, containing 60,000 square miles, and said to be peopled by about three millions of inhabitants, which would give 50 to a square mile, or about one third of the number to a square mile in England and Wales. The strait of Sunda, about 20 miles in width at the narrowest part, divides it from Sumatra on the north-west, and two narrow straits, from the islands Madura and Bally on the east. The coast on the strait of Sunda rises with a gradual slope into bold and well-wooded hills, the highest of which is about the centre of this extremity; from hence they are extended, in a broken chain, through the whole length of the island, which they divide into two sections; that on the north side was wholly under the influence of the Dutch, and that to the southward is still unexplored and unknown. The south coast is indeed bold, rocky, and almost inaccessible; but the whole extent of the northern shore is low swampy ground, intersected with numerous streams issuing from the central mountains, and indented with many bays and inlets, in most of which there is good anchorage for shipping of all sizes. Beginning at the western extremity of the island, Java was divided into five kingdoms. 1. Bantam. 2. Jacatra. 3. Cheribon. 4. Soesoehoenam, part of which forms the 5th division, or that of the Sultan.

The produce of Bantam is chiefly pepper, in which the sovereign stipulated to pay an annual tribute to the Dutch, and engaged to prohibit his subjects from selling any kind of produce, except to them, and at a fixed price. The quantity delivered by him has been stated at five or six million pounds a year, at something less than two-pence per pound. The king of Bantam lived in a fort garrisoned by the Dutch. The tenure by which he held his dominions was *quamdiu benè se gesserit*, and he was continued or deposed according as he was 'grateful and obedient,' or the contrary.

Of Jacatra the Dutch had the sole and absolute sovereignty.

Having put the legitimate chief of this small territory to death, and set fire to his capital, they erected on its ruins the present city of Batavia, in the year 1619. This small, but fertile district, produces all kinds of vegetables and fruit, for the consumption of the city, and of the shipping which frequent the port; besides coffee, sugar, rice, pepper, and indigo, for exportation. Large tracts of land in its vicinity are planted with the catjang, a species of *dolichos*, cultivated by the Chinese for the two-fold purpose of expressing an oil from the seed, and of feeding their hogs with the residue. In the gardens are also produced an abundance of cardamoms, ginger, and turmeric.

Cheribon is nominally divided into several principalities, the chiefs of which were all under an obligation, like the king of Bantam, to deliver to the Dutch East India Company, at a fixed price, exclusively the produce of their territories, and in each district there was a Dutch fort and garrison to enforce the contract and exact obedience. The produce is principally confined to sugar, indigo, cotton, and rice.

Soesoehoenam is the title given to the emperor of Java, who formerly possessed the whole of the island to the eastward of Cheribon; but on a quarrel breaking out between him and a prince of the blood, he was induced to seek assistance of the Dutch, for which he agreed to assign over one half of his territories. The Dutch with more than Machiavelian policy, conferred on the very man, whom they had assisted to subdue, the government of the assigned territories under the title of the Sultan. In this part of Java are extensive forests of teak and other valuable timber.

The climate of Java is very various. The general range of the thermometer on the northern coast, is from 72° to 84° of Fahrenheit, in the S. E. or dry monsoon, which continues from April to September inclusive, and from 84° to 90° in the wet monsoon, which is irregular in its duration, the wind being variable from west to N. E. In fact the regular monsoon is much interrupted by the great quantity of land which occasions a succession of land and sea breezes at all times of the year. In approaching the central or blue mountains, the air is dry and sharp, and frost is sometimes experienced on their summits.

The city of Batavia is proverbially unhealthy, not so much from the heat of the climate, as from its injudicious situation and misplaced embellishments. It is not only completely surrounded by water nearly stagnant, but every street has its canal and its rows of evergreen trees. It is, in short, the city of Amsterdam in miniature—something imposing in its general appearance, but without a single specimen of architecture that is not contemptible. These canals become the common reservoirs of all the filth

and offal which the city produces, and which is supposed to be carried into the bay by a broad channel that has scarcely any current, and requires constant labour and attention to prevent it from choking up altogether. On the land side of the city are gardens and rice grounds, intersected in every direction with canals and ditches; and the whole shore of the bay is a bank of mud, mixed with putrid substances, or sea-weeds and other vegetable matter, in a state of fermentation. To these swamps, morasses, and mud-banks, may be ascribed that insalubrity of the air which produces febrile diseases, more destructive than those of Walcheren, in proportion as the heat of an equinoctial climate renders them more acute. To those who have stood the first attack, or *seasoning*, the fever becomes at last constitutional, and recurs at the moist and hot season regularly, without much inconvenience to the patient. Sudden deaths, however, are so frequent in Batavia, that they make little impression on the minds of the inhabitants. Mr. Tombe informs us that, when a Dutchman marries, he makes his will: he seems to think that this solemn prelude to a joyful occasion is to provide against any accident that may happen in consequence of it; but Mr. Tombe is not aware that even in Holland, a will is a common epithalamium to a Dutch wedding, and is intended to regulate, agreeably to the wish of the parties, that community of property, the disposal of which is otherwise prescribed by the Justinian Code.

In addition to the baneful effects of the climate, and the marshy miasma of Batavia, the manner of life among the European part of the inhabitants contributes not a little to frequent and fatal diseases. A plentiful dinner at noon induces an afternoon's siesta, and a still more plentiful supper terminates the day, in the course of which they consume an immeasurable quantity of claret, madeira, gin, and Dutch beer. Few Europeans can stand the effects of such a life. If one in three of the new comers survives the year, he may account himself a favoured person; one in five is reckoned as the average waste of Europeans of all descriptions of men, including the troops.

The air of Bantam is still more pestilential than that of Batavia; of the baneful effects of the climate of this place, Mr. Tombe mentions a remarkable instance. It was on the occasion of installing the sovereign whom the Dutch East Indian Company appointed to the throne of this kingdom in 1804. The deputation from Batavia consisted of a counsellor of India, four senior merchants, a major, lieutenant, sergeant, two corporals, eighteen French, and eighteen Dutch grenadiers. The ceremony lasted fifteen days, at the end of which time, or soon after their return, the whole of the grenadiers and European subalterns died, two or three only of the French having escaped. The secretary

Smith also died; Mr. Eyseldyck the director, his wife who had accompanied him, Major Segreviase, and the four merchants, all returned with putrid fevers, which brought them to the brink of the grave. (Tom. 1. p. 325.)

Few of the women of Batavia are Europeans by birth, and those who are descended from European parents are so altered in figure, complexion and manners, as easily to be mistaken for native Indians, or the degenerate offspring of Portuguese. They dress when at home exactly like their slaves, bare headed, bare footed, and wrapt in a loose long gown of red checkered cotton cloth descending to the ancles, with large wide sleeves. They anoint their black hair with cocoa nut oil, and adorn it with the tuberoze, and other strong scented flowers. In this manner they sit in the midst of their female slaves, conversing familiarly with them at one moment, and whipping them the next; listening sometimes whole hours to the fairy tales with which the memories of many of the unfortunate daughters of bondage are plentifully supplied. Like the slaves too, they chew the betel leaf and arcea nut mixed with gambir, (the inspissated juice of the cashew nut,) bruised cardamon seeds, pepper, and tobacco. This stimulating masticatory, they pretend, has the effect of sweetening the breath, strengthening the stomach, and giving firmness and tone to the muscles and nerves. But whatever real or pretended advantages the Batavian fair may derive from it, the appearance which it gives to the lips and teeth is nauseous to a stranger and a complete antidote against the passion of love.

The progressive change among the females from the European complexion, character, and manners, to those of the aborigines, would seem to favour the argument of those who derive the whole human race from one common original stock, and make every variety of form, colour, and character, depend upon the influence of climate, local circumstances, and habits of life; but we shall probably come nearer the truth, in the present instance, by ascribing a modifying share of this physical effect to a mixed intercourse with the natives. These ladies soon ripen and soon decay; they are marriageable at eleven or twelve; are accounted old before thirty, and give way to some domestic slave of fresher charms. The wife, however, has her revenge by torturing, in the most excruciating and indecent manner, the suspected female. A Batavian lady has no resources within herself. Many of them can neither read nor write. Nurtured by slaves, and educated in all their vices and superstitions, without morality, and without religion, they are totally unqualified for the pleasures of social intercourse. Indeed the two sexes rarely meet, except at great entertainments, each having generally their separate co-

teries; the men drinking and smoking in one apartment, the women chewing betel with their slaves in another.

When they go abroad, in the cool of the evening, to take an airing, or to some grand assembly, they dress themselves in a magnificent stile. Their jet black hair, twisted close to the head, sparkles with a profusion of diamonds, pearls, and jewels of various kinds, mingled, not without taste, with the flowers of the Arabian jasmine and the tuberoses. Each lady has her female slave, almost as richly dressed as herself, sitting at her feet. Before supper is announced, they usually retire to put on their loose cotton night gowns; the gentlemen do the same, to exchange their heavy velvets for white cotton jackets, and the elderly gentlemen, their wigs for their night caps. In all these assemblies, a rigid regard is had to rank and precedence. A lady, in particular, would be distressed beyond measure at losing the place assigned her in virtue of her husband's situation in the employ of the East India Company.

It is singular that the same people, who owed their prosperity and independence to the love of liberty, should invariably, in all their foreign settlements, encourage the worst species of slavery, where they found it to exist, and introduce it where it was unknown, and where there seemed to be the least occasion for it. In Java it was no more necessary than at the Cape of Good Hope, yet in both these settlements every Dutch house swarms with slaves. The city of Batavia alone lays under contribution almost all the Asiatic islands, the coast of Malabar, the islands of Madagascar and Mosambique. When a rich proprietor is about to return to Europe it is not unusual to manumit his slaves, but more frequently when he is on the point of death. A manumitted slave general hires a small patch of ground from the servants of government, in which he cultivates flowers, fruits, and vegetables for the market of Batavia, and which are carried to a place of public resort, called Tannabank, about five miles from the city. The prodigious quantity of all kinds of provisions, but especially of vegetables and fruits, which are brought to the 'Land of Friends,' (for so the name implies,) equals that to be found at Covent Garden; in the variety, elegance, and delicacy of their fruits they exceed it beyond all comparison.

The most numerous, expert, ingenious, and industrious of all the slaves, imported into Batavia, are those from Celebes, who are known by the name of Macassars or Buggesses. This brave and high-spirited race of men, the victims of wars fomented by the Dutch, deserves to be better known, and to have their virtues better appreciated than they have hitherto been. Even in their degraded state they exhibit such traits of courage, fidelity, and enterprise, as are not to be equalled, perhaps, in the world

besides. Never was a people so grossly misrepresented. Their country scarcely frequented, excepting by avaricious Dutchmen, whose sole views were to accumulate wealth, who had neither the curiosity to inquire, nor the exertion to examine, nor the desire to communicate what little information might have forced itself upon them, we should have known the Macassars only as assassins, had not the acute and accurate observations of our countryman Forrest, and the sound, good sense of Marsden rescued the character of this brave and injured people from the infamy to which their Dutch tyrants would have consigned them. 'The Buggesses,' says capt. Forrest, 'are by far men of the most honour of any of the Malay cast I ever met with, are really a distinct people, and have something free and dignified in their manner superior to other Malays.' Both Marsden and he agree, that they are remarkably industrious, skilful in all kinds of curious filagree work in gold and silver, and in weaving those striped and checked cotton cloths, worn in all the Malay islands; that they excel in making match-locks, firelocks, and all kinds of arms and accoutrements, and in building large proas, and other vessels. They are fond of reading, and have a written character peculiar to themselves: their alphabet, which is perfectly regular, and totally distinct from the Arabic of the neighbouring islands, appears, from an engraving of it, by captain Forrest, to resemble that of the Rejangs of Sumatra. Their ancient history, laws, and mythology are still extant; and even the poor slaves who are carried to Batavia, recite songs and romances, and fairy tales without number, in the original Buggess language.

For what length of time the Chinese have been settlers in the several islands of the east, it would, perhaps, be in vain to inquire; but there are records to trace their establishment in Java, as far back as 1412. Wherever this extraordinary people has colonized, they have in no instance relinquished the manners, customs, religion, and ceremonies, the ancient character and dress, of their native country. The same spirit of activity and industry distinguishes them in Java as in China. In Batavia they are merchants and shop-keepers, butchers and fishmongers, green grocers, upholsterers, tailors and shoemakers, masons, carpenters and blacksmiths. They contract for the supply of whatever may be wanted in the civil, military, or marine establishments; they farm from the Dutch the several imposts, the import and export duties, and the taxes. Their campong or town, close to the walls of the city, is a scene of bustle and business to be equalled only in a town of their native country. It consists of about fifteen hundred mean houses huddled together, and swarming with inhabitants. Mr. Tombe reckons them at 100,000, (they probably amount to 20,000,) and their hogs at 400,000,—

perhaps his authority for this statement was the old Chinese chief of Bangell, who told him that 'one of his wives was then pregnant of her *sixty-first* child, of which twenty-nine were dead, and thirty-one living!—(tom. 2. p. 45.)

The Chinese in Java are severely taxed, even to the very tails they wear, but not for their long nails, as Mr. Tombe says; the learned and the indolent only wear these, and they are too few to repay the trouble of collection. Still, however, these industrious people find resources to pay the sums imposed by the Dutch, and to accumulate wealth. They intermarry with Javanese and Malays, and purchase female slaves, not for sale, but as wives or concubines; and their wives and children invariably become Chinese. Many of them carry on a very considerable trade with their native country and the several islands of the eastern archipelago, as well as a coasting trade from one port to another in Java, in all the principal towns of which the Chinese form the great capitalists, and the most respectable part of the inhabitants. Among so active and so industrious a race of men, it may be thought that the Dutch had no occasion to introduce slaves; but it must always be recollected, that the Chinese are most unwilling to engage as domestic servants, or day-labourers, and that, when so compelled to engage themselves, they are of little use to their employers; they are industrious only when they have an interest in the produce of their labour, in which case their skill and ingenuity, their activity, and perseverance are exerted to the utmost stretch.

The next class we have to notice as inhabitants of Batavia and all the sea coast of Java, is the Malays. From the close resemblance of their features to the Chinese and Tartars, there can scarcely be a doubt of their descent from those nations. Their progress from Malaya or Malacca, across the narrow strait of that name, to Sumatra, from thence to Java, and from Java to all Polynesia, was so easy, even in the frailest vessels, as to occasion no difficulty in accounting for their being found, as they really are, in possession of the sea coasts of almost every island. Mr. Marsden seems, in the last edition of his book, to have retracted the opinion which he once held of Malacca being the original country of the Malays, and to think that they passed thither from Sumatra: so, indeed, they might, just as the descendants of the Normans, after conquering England, returned as Englishmen, and, under our Henrys and Edwards, re-established themselves in France. Not only their physical appearance, but their manners and customs, as well as their language, have undergone a considerable change by the overwhelming influence of the Arabs, who from the 9th to the 14th century, appear to have enjoyed the exclusive commerce and dominion of

the oriental islands, the greater part of which received the sceptre and the religion of Mahomet. The Malay language however is still current in the sea coast of all those islands. The introduction of the Arabic character, in which it is now invariably written, necessarily introduced a change, by mixing with it Arabic sounds, but it still remains an original and distinct language, though containing a considerable number of Sanscrit words, borrowed probably at second hand from the islanders of Java, Sumatra, Borneo and Celebes.

The character of the Malay is of a peculiar cast : indolent yet restless, cowardly yet courageous, ferocious and vindictive, yet apparently cool and placid ; remorseless, capricious and treacherous, there is still something about him of pride, dignity and contempt of death that sets him above the ordinary class of Asiatics. It is certain however, that he possesses none of the milder qualities of human nature : careless of life himself, he sets little value upon it in others. The Dutch, who have no great fondness for the Malays, say, that most of them will commit murder for money, and that the common hire of an assassin among themselves is a dollar : that when any one has done them a remarkable favour, nothing is more common than to express their gratitude by asking which of his enemies they shall put to death for him. We must have better proof than the mere assertion of the Dutch inhabitants of Batavia, before we can lend our belief to things so monstrous and improbable. We can readily conceive that this high-spirited people, impatient of insult or injury, may occasionally, with the assistance of opium, work themselves into a delirium, and assault all who have the misfortune to fall in their way ; but we have some doubts whether they are assassins of that cool and deliberate stamp the Dutch would have us to believe. It should be observed, also, that the excesses complained of by the Dutch, are generally committed by those Malays who have been trepanned into slavery, and sent to Java from the other islands. The free Malays are an intelligent, active and industrious body of men, engaged, like the Chinese, in trade and foreign commerce ; their proas are many of them very fine vessels, and navigated with considerable skill ; but they are less numerous in Java than in Sumatra, Borneo, Celebes, and some other of the large islands of Polynesia.

There remains but to mention the Javanese, who compose the great mass of population, which we have stated in round numbers at three millions. Valentyn, who is probably the best authority, supposed it to amount to 3,300,000 souls. General Daendels, we have been assured, by an officer of his staff, caused a census to be taken about two years ago, by the returns of which,

exclusive of the South coast of the island, the population appeared considerably to exceed three millions.

The native Javanese are nominally governed by sovereigns who are the descendants of those Arabs who carried their arms, their commerce and their religion into the East, long before any Europeans made their appearance in that quarter. The islamism which prevails, however, is debased by Hindoo superstitions and the dogmata of the sect of Vishnu, from whom they affect to be descended. The Javanese of the interior still profess the religion of their ancestors, wear the Hindoo mark in the forehead, and the women of the better cast burn themselves on the funeral pile of their deceased husbands. Their alphabet, however, has no resemblance to the Devanagari either in the form of the letters or in the order of the sounds. It consists of twenty characters, varied and modified by means of four vowel sounds. From an inscription mentioned by Thunberg, it would appear that the ancient Javanese wrote from the right hand to the left. There can be little doubt, however, that antecedent to the invasion of the islands by the Malays they had received colonies from Hindostan ; and that both Malays and Hindoos mingled with the native islanders, who, there are many reasons to suppose, were of the same race as those of the South Sea islands. Throughout all Polynesia there is a mixture of the Hindoo features, colour and language, with those of the natives of the Pacific and South Sea islands. Many words are common to both ; but by far the greater part of the language is Sanscrit.

The Javanese are in general well made, with features pretty regular, the face rather broad across the forehead, and the nose a little flattened, their complexion a light brown, their hair universally black, which they smear with a profusion of cocoa-nut oil ; the women twist it into a knot on the top of the head, where it is fixed with gold or silver pins and decorated with sweet-smelling flowers. They live in mean huts of bamboo plastered with clay and thatched with leaves, and their food consists of boiled rice, fruits, vegetables and water. Theirs is a life of unvarying indolence. They inhabit an island so fertile, and so abundant in every species of grain and fruit for the sustenance of man, that nothing but force or necessity compels a Javanese to labour. This apathy ought not to be considered as a constitutional disease or the effect of the heat of the climate. The Chinese and the Malays are free from it. It affects the Javanese only. To what then can it be ascribed but to that hopeless state of penury to which they are doomed by the unrelenting despotism of their rulers, and which affords them no security for, no enjoyment of, any little property which their labour might accumulate ? The Dutch demanded so much produce to

be delivered to them at such a price. They had a resident at the coast of each of the sovereigns of Java to enforce those demands, and generally a fort which commanded the palace of the prince. The country was divided into districts, over each of which was a chief or governor called *Tomagon*. It was the duty of these tomagons to take care that the full share of the peasants' produce was delivered, for the use of the sovereign, the Dutch and themselves. What that share was, has not, to our knowledge, any where been stated, but there can be no question of its amounting to whatever quantity the uncontrolled despot might find it expedient to impose.

A Javanese prince dreams away his existence. The day is consumed in smoking his hookar with the most placid indifference, while a troop of dancing men and women are supposed to afford him amusement. At other times the females of his zenana relate their long traditionary stories to amuse the despot with the loves of the deities, the faithful services of the genii, and the feats and adventures of the ancient heroes and demi-gods contained in their *Cheritras* or sacred books, which are said to bear a very strong resemblance to the Hindoo Puranas. Sometimes, however, he takes the diversion of exercising his guard in throwing the javelin. But his greatest delight is that of witnessing the fight of a tiger and buffalo. These wild animals are kept in cages for this purpose, and their keepers in turning them loose exhibit no small degree of courage and dexterity, for the tiger at least is much more disposed to attack the man than the buffalo. The latter requires to be irritated before he has any inclination to fall upon either. This is done by lashing him with bunches of the *urtica stimulans*, or buffalo leaf. Another source of amusement is the combat of a tiger and a condemned criminal, armed with no other weapon than a *kris* of eight or nine inches in length. Nothing can be more cruel; for should the man have the good fortune to vanquish his adversary, a second is brought forward, and a third, until his strength is exhausted and he is finally destroyed.

The Javanese women are generally marriageable at eleven or twelve years of age, till which time they go nearly naked, wearing only a belt round the waist with a metal plate in front, rings round the wrist, chains about the neck, and flowers in their black hair, shining with cocoa-nut oil. Not only all the Dutch inhabitants of Batavia, from the governor-general downwards, but every description of persons on the whole island, are firmly persuaded that many of these women, besides a knowledge of herbs of wonderful virtues and efficacy in the cure of diseases, possess great skill in philtres and fascination. If empiricism is found to thrive in the midst of regular and well-educated practitioners,

we cannot wonder that it should succeed where diseases are frequent and dangerous, and physicians ignorant and few. Men of sound understanding, in other respects, are the dupes of Javanese fascination. Mr. Titsingh is a person whose name has been brought forward by Sir William Jones and others in the records of literature; he long ago announced to the world his intention of publishing a history of Japan, where for many years he was chief of the factory; he was subsequently director-general of the Dutch possessions in the East; and ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the emperor of China. This gentleman who, we believe, is now in Paris, communicated to us, orally, the following anecdotes, the truth of which was, in his mind, incontrovertible. He had an amour, he said, with a lady of Batavia who was passionately fond of him, and who was equally the object of his affection. After some time, however, she imagined that the warmth of his passion was on the wane, and began to suspect a possibility of losing him.—To provide against the worst, she had recourse to a Javanese woman, who furnished her with a charm which was to render her lover incapable of transferring those attentions, of which she once fancied herself the sole possessor, to a new mistress. The spell succeeded to her wishes; and it was not till after long and earnest entreaties, that Mr. Titsingh (who was sufficiently sensible of its operation) prevailed upon her to relieve him. Application was again made to the Javanese Sybil, who prescribed certain medical potions, of which he thinks lime-water was a principal ingredient, for fourteen days, at the end of which he found himself completely cured, and determined never to put it into his mistress's power to repeat her charm.

These spells are not confined to the Javanese. The neighbouring islands have similar pretensions; and Mr. Titsingh assured us, from his own knowledge, that the Japanese operate still more extraordinary effects by means of a powder, which not only relaxes every fibre of the living frame, but preserves the dead from rigidity, and, by its antiseptic virtues, wards off putrefaction. The practitioner puts a small quantity of this powder into the eyes and ears of the dead body. In a few minutes the joints regain their flexibility, the whole frame becomes soft and yielding, every muscle contracts with ease, and the body is placed in whatever attitude or posture the friends and relations of the defunct may determine. Of the efficacy of this powder he was fully convinced, having tried it on a Dutch sailor. Two days after his death, when the body was quite rigid, and signs of putrefaction had appeared, the powder was put into the eyes and ears; in a few minutes it became soft and flexible, the progress of putrefaction was arrested; and Mr. Titsingh saw the

body in a cave many days afterwards in a recumbent posture, quite pliant and without farther marks of corruption. He purchased at a considerable price, a small quantity of this wonderful powder, but never made any use of it himself; he was even afraid to touch it, dreading that if it had such extraordinary powers over the dead fibres, it might act with still greater force upon the living ones, and be followed by more disastrous and permanent effects than those which he had already experienced from Javanese fascination.

We leave our readers to form their own conclusions on Mr. Titsingh's amusing stories. That the Javanese are well acquainted with the medicinal qualities of many of the native plants, there can be no doubt. Two vegetable poisons, whose strength and activity on the human frame, are probably exceeded only by the Woorara of Guiana, have recently been discovered by a French naturalist, who has published a very curious and interesting account of them, in the *Annales du Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle*.

Mr. Leschinault was one of those numerous physiologists who embarked in the voyage of discovery in the southern hemisphere, of which we gave some account in a former number. He was recommended by the celebrated naturalist Jussieu, in the event of his touching at Java, to make all possible inquiry after the Upas. His researches for a time were fruitless: at Batavia and Samarang he could learn nothing; at Soura-charta, the residence of the emperor of Java, he was told that the Upas grew in the district of Bagnia Wangni, which he visited in July, 1805. His Javanese attendant killed some birds with arrows whose points had been touched with *upas antiar*, or the antiar poison; (*upas*, in the Javanese language, meaning *poison*.) There was another *upas*, he told him, of much greater power, called *tiouté*; but he was ignorant, he said, of the place of its growth, for the men who gathered it kept it a secret. He succeeded, however, in procuring one of these men, and by a present of some dollars prevailed on him to show him the growing plant. It was a creeper on which there was neither flower nor fruit; the rind of the root furnished the poison. The Javanese who pointed it out, boiled this rind in a copper vessel till the extract assumed the consistency of treacle; he then threw in a couple of onions, a clove of garlic, a pinch of pepper, two slices of the root of *Kæmpheria galenga*, a few pieces of ginger, and a single seed of *capicum*, all of which was suffered to simmer for a short time over the fire. These 'ingredients of the cauldron,' which the Javanese pretended were indispensable for making the 'charm firm and good,' Mr. Leschinault discovered to be mere mummery, and that the simple decoction was equally active. A small quantity inserted in the breast of a fowl with a pointed instrument, killed

it in the space of a minute ; a large fowl wounded in the lower part of the thigh, died in convulsions in two minutes. Two dogs pricked in the thigh died in thirty minutes. This *tiouté* is a new species of *strychnos*.

The *upas antiar* is a large tree of the class *monoecia*, to which, being a new genus, Mr. Leschinault has given the name of *antiaris toxicaria*. He always found it growing in rich soils, and surrounded by other plants. The trunk is strait, the bark smooth and of a whitish colour ; the leaves which are oval, coriaceous, and of a pale green, fall before the flowers appear. The juice of the tree is viscous and bitter, and flows abundantly from notches cut through the bark. The tree from which he collected his specimens and poisonous matter, was more than a hundred feet in height, and the trunk near the base, eighteen feet in circumference. A Javanese in ascending this tree to gather some flower-bearing branches, was taken ill about midway, and continued for several days indisposed with giddiness, nausea, and vomiting ; another went to the top without experiencing the least inconvenience ; and Mr. Leschinault himself had afterwards his naked arms and face besmeared all over with the resinous juice of the tree, without being at all incommoded by it : the indisposition of the first man may, therefore, be attributed to imagination or accident. Lizards and insects crawl on its trunk, and birds perch upon its branches with impunity. The preparation of the poison is conducted with the same mummary as that of the *tiouté*, with this difference, that it is done without fire in an earthen vessel. Its effect on the animal functions is somewhat slower than that of the *tiouté* ; it first operates as a purgative and emetic, it then attacks the brain, causing convulsions and death. Various experiments are stated to have been made by Messrs. Delille and Magendie on the effects of these poisons, which clearly prove that they act through the medium of the absorbent and sanguiferous vessels, on the marrow of the spine (*moëlle de l'épine*) or, the brain and nervous system, we suppose they mean to say, causing tetanous, asphixia and death.

Mr. Brodie, whose researches in physiological science gained him the Copleian medal at the Royal Society, and bid fair for producing some valuable discoveries on the effect of vegetable poisons on the animal economy, has had an opportunity of making several experiments with the *antiar*. He found its effects on animals as active and powerful as the French physiologists had described them to be, but draws a very different, and we doubt not a more correct conclusion of the manner in which this poison causes death ; which he says is, by rendering the heart insensible to the stimulus of the blood, and stopping its circulation. It appeared, from all his experiments, that the heart beats

feebly and irregularly before either the functions of the mind or the respiration are affected ; he found that respiration was carried on even after the circulation had ceased : and the cavities of the left side of the heart invariably contained scarlet blood, which, he says, never can happen where the cause of death is the cessation of the functions of the brain or lungs ; as is the case when produced by alcohol, oil of almonds, juice of aconite, empyreumatic oil of tobacco, and the woorara of Guiana.

Our readers will readily perceive, that neither the antiar nor the tieuté, is the hydra-headed monster sung by Darwin in 'Sweet tretrandryan monogynian strains.' We thought, indeed, that the ghost of this non-descript had been laid, and so did poor Mr. Tombe, who assures us, that, after every possible inquiry from the Malay princes, (he means Javanese,) Chinese and Europeans, he could not hear one word of this terrible upas. To convince him, however, that he knew nothing about the matter, his learned editor, Sonnini, member of the Institute, Naturalist, Egyptian Traveller, &c. &c. &c. falls upon our simple traveller with a thundering note, in which he says, there can be no doubt of the tree growing in Java, and that Mr. Tombe did not meet with it, because he did not travel where it grew. To prove its existence, he quotes the 'Monthly Repertory,' where 'an account is given of it by an English *author*, who modestly signs only the initials of his name, C. H.' Can M. Sonnini be so ignorant of all that has been said of the supposed upas of Java, as to ferret out in 1810, the stale article of Foersch, published near thirty years ago, and now foisted into a paltry publication, among 'fashionable caps, gowns and petticoats?' If Leschinault's paper should fail to open his eyes, we would recommend to his attention a memoir of Dr. Lambert Nolst, fellow of the Batavian Experimental Society at Rotterdam, drawn up from information communicated by John Matthew a Rhyn, who was 23 years (from 1763 to 1786) resident in Java ; thirteen as commander-in-chief at Maturam, in the Sultan's palace, and three as envoy at the court of the Soesochoenam, or emperor of Java, at Soura Charta. He will there find that all the facts, and all the circumstances mentioned in the story, are utterly false ; that no such man or tree was ever known or heard of at Soura Charta. The substance of this memoir was published in the Gentleman's Magazine for May 1794, under the signature of W. M. which we suspect to be W. Marsden.

Foersch, whose name the story bears, was the third surgeon at Samarang, where he remained a very short time, and was scarcely known to any family of respectability. He withdrew himself privately from the Dutch service, and the island. Ten years afterwards, in the month of December 1783, the story appeared

in the London Magazine, announced by the editors as a translation from the original Dutch, by Mr. Heydinger, a German bookseller, near Temple Bar. For our own parts, we have very little doubt of the article having been fabricated in London, from the following original materials, which we translate from the voluminous and pains-taking Valentyn, in his *Beschryving van Amboina*. 3 Deel. 1. Stuk. p. 218.

Speaking of the *Vergift boom*, poison-tree (*poon-upas*) of Macassar, of which he says there is a male and female plant, and of which he procured a branch in 1688, he observes,

“ Very few trees of this kind are said to exist, and those only in the district of Turatte, in Celebes. Malefactors under sentence of death are made use of, at certain times of the year, when the wind blows from the tree, with reference to their path, to collect the poison from it. By the reports of these people, neither plants nor grass grow in the neighbourhood, and for a wide track of country all around, nothing whatever is to be seen. The poison is collected with extreme caution in bamboos, into which it drops from incisions made in the trunk by those who are sent thither for that purpose, their hands, faces, and extremities being closely covered with napkins; for, should they attempt to take it with their hands, their muscles and joints would become contracted and rigid.”

After stating that the poison is used by the princes for touching their weapons and arrows, he proceeds :

“ This poison is so quick in its operation that it immediately flies to the heart, and causes instant death. Raja Palacca, one of the most powerful kings in Celebes, once gave a remarkable proof of this by just drawing blood with a poison *kris* in the fleshy part of the thumb of two condemned malefactors, and immediately after amputating their arms: the toes of two others were punctured, and the corresponding legs removed. These four men died in a very short time; and in order to shew that their death was occasioned solely by the subtle operation of the poison, he allowed the bodies to be opened, when the hearts of all four were found poisoned.”

If to this account we add that given by Rumphius of the *ipo* of Macassar, which he calls *arbo toxicaria*, whose red resin was a deadly poison, the drops from whose leaves blistered those on whom they fell, and whose exhalations were so baneful that birds approaching on the wing fell lifeless to the ground—we shall, in fact, be in possession of the whole story attributed to Foersch, with the exception of the little machinery of Mahomet and the old Malay priest, and the misplaced allusion to Sodom and Gomorrah. It required but little ingenuity for an adept in forgery to substitute, for the thumbs and toes of four malefactors, the bare bosoms of thirteen beautiful but faithless concubines. Every

other circumstance is to be found in the narratives of Valentyn and Rumphius.

It is worthy of remark, that Valentyn's account of the operation of the poison *on the heart*, perfectly agrees with the result of Mr. Brodie's experiments. The fact, we have no doubt, is so, for it is mentioned by Tavernier and others. Raja Palacca, from a betel-box bearer to the king of Macassar, was raised by the Dutch to the sovereignty of that district, and the bodies were opened by Dutch surgeons. Mr. Leschinault is of opinion that the *ipo* or toxicaria of Rumphius, is the same tree as that which produces the antiar in Java.

The natural history of Java presents a wide and unexplored field. Much has been done by Valentyn and Thunberg, by Wormbe, and other contributors to the six volumes of the transactions of the Batavian Society; and recently by Messrs. Deschamps and Leschinault, but more remains to be done. No country in the old world, lying under the same parallels of latitude, has yet been explored:—an additional incitement to those who may hereafter prosecute their researches in the interior of this island.

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FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

**Biographia Dramatica; or, A Companion to the Playhouse: Containing Critical and Historical Memoirs, and original Anecdotes of British and Irish Dramatic Writers, from the Commencement of our Theatrical Exhibitions; among whom are some of the most celebrated Actors: also an Alphabetical Account and Chronological Lists of their Works; their Dates when printed; and Observations on their Merits. Together with an Introductory View of the Rise and Progress of the British Stage. Originally compiled, in the Year 1764, by David Erskine Baker; continued thence to 1782, by Isaac Reed, F. A. S.; and brought down to the end of November 1811, with very considerable Additions and Improvements throughout, by Stephen Jones. 3 vols. 8vo. 1812.**

AMONG the prominent novelties that peculiarly strike us in these volumes, is the life of *Charles Bonnor*; which, as a circumstance connected with the political situation of both England and France, has rendered it highly interesting, we shall quote.

"BONNOR, CHARLES, was the son of an eminent distiller in Bristol, and intended for a coach-maker; but, impatient of restraint, he prematurely burst the bond which was intended to hold him in a seven years course of training for that business, and, in the year 1777, made

his first appearance on the stage at Bath, in the character of Belcour. His reception was highly flattering; and his subsequent performances of Ranger, Charles Surface, Benedict, and the whole range of the elegant sprightly cast of genteel comedy, confirmed his claims to the partiality which he continued to experience there, till the year 1783, when he became the successor to Mr. Lee Lewis, at Convent-garden theatre. His first appearance there, Sept. 19, of that year, was marked by the novelty of his writing and speaking an occasional Address, to introduce himself in the character of Captain Brazen; and two ladies—Miss Scrace, from Bath, who performed Sylvia; and Mrs. Chalmers, from Norwich, who acted the part of Rose. Mr. Bonnor was well received, and maintained in the metropolis the professional reputation that he had acquired at Bath. Mr. Palmer, the proprietor of that theatre, had not over-looked in Mr. Bonnor the possession of talents which qualified him for the more important pursuits of life; and he availed himself of his assistance in the earlier arrangements and experiments of the mail-coach plan, which eventually terminated Mr. Bonnor's theatrical career, by his being appointed deputy comptroller-general of the post-office. The appointment of comptroller-general ceased on Mr. Palmer's removal from the post-office in the year 1795, when a new arrangement took place, and Mr. Bonnor succeeded, at his own request, to the comptrollership of the inland department, which he held two years. The mail-coach plan, and all the corresponding internal arrangements, being then completed, the comptroller's office, with many others, was abolished; and he retired with a handsome provision for life, as a recompense for his past services.

"In the year 1784, Mr. Bonnor was selected by Mr. Harris, the proprietor of Covent-garden theatre, as the fittest person to negotiate and arrange a project, which has an indisputable claim to a place in the page of theatric history. It had been represented to Mr. Harris, by a friend of his, who resided at Paris, and had frequent access to the royal family during their hours of privacy at Versailles, that the establishing an English theatre at Paris had been the frequent subject of conversation among the higher orders; and, through the Count d'Artois, had obtained the approbation of the Queen. To ascertain these facts, and the practicability of such a plan, Mr. Bonnor, the appointed ambassador and destined manager of the scheme, was dispatched to Paris with full powers to negotiate.

"Previous to his departure, he disclosed the intention to Mr. Kemble, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Henderson, Miss Young, Miss Farren, and other principal performers of Drury-lane and Covent-garden theatres, who readily engaged to be of the party, in case the plan should be resolved on. After a residence of several weeks in Paris, the preliminaries were so far settled, as to induce Mr. Bonnor actually to engage that superb theatre which constitutes one of the grand divisions of the palace of the Thuilleries. It was at that time seldom used, and reserved chiefly for concerts and select occasions. Every thing being arranged, he was about to return to London; when his departure was retarded some days, for the purpose of his being presented by the Count d'Artois to the Queen, to receive her majesty's personal assurances of

propriety and magnificence of its scenery and decorations. These essential improvements he still unremittingly supports; and, while they remain, they will at once give testimony to the good sense, the professional knowledge, and classical taste of their introducer, and lay our native drama under great obligations to him, for having raised it, in truth and splendour of representation, far above the competition of any other in Europe.

"Mr. Kemble, at various times, during his management, has successfully prepared several of our old plays for performance, with alterations, more or less material, as modern manners might happen to require; and many new productions, particularly the plays of *Deaf and Dumb*, *The Stranger*, and the opera of *The Siege of Belgrade*, are, we have heard, much indebted to his friendly and skilful assistance. In 1794, he produced, at Drury-lane theatre, a musical romance, called *Lodoïska*, which was performed during a long succession of nights with very great and merited applause.

"In 1796 Mr. Kemble resigned the situation of manager of Drury-lane theatre; but shortly after resumed, and held it till the end of the season 1800-1. In 1802 he visited the continent, for the liberal purpose of studying the French and Spanish stages, and of employing, for the improvement of our own theatre, whatever he might find worthy of adoption among the foreign professors of the scenic art. After passing a twelvemonth at Paris and Madrid, with very flattering marks of consideration in both those capitals, he returned home; and, having purchased a sixth part of the property of Covent-garden patent, &c. became manager of that theatre, where he has ever since continued indefatigably to discharge the multifarious and difficult duties of that arduous station.

"This rapid sketch of Mr. Kemble's life might have been swelled to a very imposing bulk, by the insertion of some of those diverting and contradictory anecdotes respecting him, which lie scattered and forgotten in various obscure publications; but,—as most of them that we have seen are only humorous traditions and ancient theatrical stories new-revived, stolen from the true owners, and by temporary ill-humour on recent occurrences, in which he was, unluckily, destined to play his part, set down, *mutato nomine*, to Mr. Kemble's account; and as the rest of them are, by the acknowledgment of their original propagator, the mere inventions of his own prolific imagination,—we shall not condescend to abuse the reader's patience, or credulity, by reviving and giving them any currency. The poet shall not say of us,

"Destroy his fib and sophistry;—in vain;  
The creature's at his dirty work again."

"Mr. Kemble having been so much the subject of public notice of various kinds, we have taken great pains to ascertain the accuracy of the account here given of him. The result of our inquiries has been, a strong support of the declaration of the late excellent and judicious Isaac Reed: "I know not from what cause it has arisen (says he), but I think I have observed a more than common degree of inaccuracy in facts and dates relative to the stage."\*\*\*Immediately on

the death of Mr. Quin, in 1766, a pamphlet was published, professing to be an account of his life, in which the fact of his having killed a brother actor was related; but so related, that no one circumstance belonging to it could be depended on, except that a man was killed. Neither the time when the accident happened, the place where, the cause of the quarrel, the progress of it, or even the name or identity of the person, were stated agreeable to truth; and all these fables were imposed on the public at a time when many people were living, who could have contradicted them from their own personal knowledge." Shakspeare, 8vo. 1803, vol. ii. p. 411.

"It has been observed, that, whether on or off the stage, Mr. Kemble never lost sight of his profession. While performing, he is ever attentive to the minutest circumstance, whether relating to his own part, or to the sentiments expressed by others who may be concerned in the scene: when off the stage, he is diligently engaged in the pursuit of whatever may be connected with the history or illustration of his art. He has, therefore, at a prodigious expense, made an unrivalled collection of the dramatic works of British genius, and of books relative to the history of the stage; and, during the long period of his management in the two winter theatres, the public have been indebted to his researches into our ancient drama for the revival of many pieces of acknowledged merit, which had been long neglected and almost forgotten; but which his very judicious alterations have contributed to restore to their merited popularity."

As an instance of merit neglected, and benevolence forsaken in the last extremity, Mrs. Ryves may, with propriety, be introduced. Such has frequently been the fate of *genius* and of *virtue*; yet to stimulate liberality to the protection of talents, examples of this nature can never be unavailing.

"RYVES, ELIZABETH, was the author of three dramatic pieces, viz.

"1. *The Prude*. C. O. 8vo. 1777.

"2. *The Triumph of Hymen*. M. 8vo. 1777.

"3. *The Debt of Honour*. Com. N. P.

"This lady, who possessed great literary talents, died of disappointment and neglect, at her lodgings in Store-street, in April 1797. She is supposed to have been the author of *The Hermit of Snowdon*. Her poetical compositions are distinguished by vigour, taste, and even an air of originality. She was well acquainted with Italian and French literature, and had made no small progress in the classics. She translated from the French, Rousseau's *Treatise on the Social Compact*, and many other works of acknowledged merit, and was thought by many to have been employed several years in conducting the historical department of Dodsley's *Annual Register*; but we believe that was not the case. A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* has said of her, "A woman more benevolent God never created." When her affairs were in a most *hortical posture* (as indeed they often were, for she managed them but inconsiderately), and she lodged in an obscure part of the city, she would spend her last shilling, herself unprovided with a din-

ner, in the purchase of a joint of meat for a starving family that occupied the floor above her ; yet, it seems, she herself was forsaken on her death-bed."

The next article is, in itself, so interesting, and so much the general theme, that we need only observe, we should insert it if we had no better reason than for the elegance with which it is composed : we could, however, were it necessary, adduce many still better.

"SHERIDAN, THE RIGHT HON. RICHARD BRINSLEY, who has been, with great propriety, styled the *Congreve* of the present day, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan, mentioned in the preceding and subsequent articles. He was born at Quilca, near Dublin, about the year 1752 ; and at the age of six years was brought to England, and placed at Harrow school, where he received his education, under the care of Dr. Summer. After having finished his studies at that seminary, he entered himself of the Middle Temple society, with a view to the profession of the law ; but the attractions of dramatic poetry seem to have suspended his ardour in that pursuit. At the age of eighteen, he joined with another gentleman in translating the epistles of Aristænetus from the Greek ; and, before he arrived at the age of twenty-two, his first play, *The Rivals*, was acted. In the year 1776, Mr. Garrick, having resolved to quit all his theatrical connexions, entered into a treaty with Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Linley, and Mr. Ford, for the sale of his share and interest in the patent ; which agreement was soon afterwards finished, and our author became one of the managers of Drury-lane theatre. On the 13th of April 1773, he was married to Miss Elizabeth Linley, an accomplished lady of exquisite musical talents. Amidst the cares of a theatre, Mr. Sheridan had not kept clear of the concerns of the political drama. Among the connexions that he had formed in this way was the late Right Hon. Charles James Fox. To that great man, then at the height of his talents, we may, most probably, attribute Mr. Sheridan's commencement of senatorial honours. After a variety of expectations from parliamentary interests, he offered himself a candidate for the independent borough of Stafford, in the election of 1780, against the gentleman who had for some years represented it, and succeeded. His connexion with Mr. Fox naturally led him to the support of his party, at that time in opposition. His first effort in Parliament was on the subject of the employment of the military during the riots arising from the Protestant petition. On the accession to power of the second administration formed under the Marquis of Rockingham, in 1782, when Lord Shelburne and Mr. Fox were principal secretaries of state, and Burke was paymaster of the forces, Mr. Sheridan became under-secretary to his friend, and with him resigned, when the death of that noble Marquis again changed the disposition of power. Again Mr. Sheridan returned to his former exertions with new vigour, and, in conjunction with other persons, set up a periodical paper, called *The Jesuit*, which had not been long established, when its authors rendered themselves liable to a pro-

secution. This was not long delayed; for Mr. Pitt, then just twenty-three years old, was at the head of the administration, Mr. Dundas was the treasurer of the navy, &c. and Lord Shelburne at the head of the Treasury-board. The powerful party under Lord North was now in opposition, as well as that of Mr. Fox. A coalition was therefore, brought about by means of Edmund Burke, the mutual friend of both, for the purpose of creating a majority against administration. This was that celebrated coalition, against which every party joined in mutual recrimination. On the debate of the preliminary articles of peace (February 17, 1783), Mr. Sheridan had warmly seconded Lord John Cavendish, in an amendment of the address, which went to omit the approval of the treaty. Mr. Pitt, in answer to him, thought proper to commence his speech with the following exordium:

"No man (he said) admired more than he did, the abilities of that Honourable Gentleman, the elegant sallies of his thought, the gay effusions of his fancy, his dramatic turns, and his epigrammatic points: and if they were reserved for the *proper stage*, they would, no doubt, receive, what the Honourable Gentleman's abilities always did receive, the plaudits of the audience; and it would be his fortune; "*Sui plausu gaudere theatri.*" But *this was not* the proper scene for these elegancies; and he therefore called the attention of the House to the question," &c.

"In his reply to this, Mr. Sheridan said, that "On the particular sort of personality which the Right Honourable Gentleman had thought proper to make use of, he need not make any comment; the *propriety*—the *taste*—the *gentlemanly point* of it, must have been obvious to the House. But (continued he), let me assure the Right Honourable Gentleman, that I do now, and will at any time, when he chooses to repeat this sort of allusion, meet it with the most sincere good humour. Nay, I will say more—flattered and encouraged by the Right Honourable Gentleman's panegyric on my talents, if ever I again engage in the compositions to which he alludes, I may be tempted to an act of presumption—to attempt an improvement on one of Ben Johnson's best characters—that of the Angry Boy in *The Alchymist*."—The Coalition triumphed for a time, and Mr. Sheridan again returned to place (April 1783), as secretary to the Treasury, of which the Duke of Portland was first lord. Mr. Fox, at the same time, was secretary for the foreign affairs, and Lord North for the home department, while Mr. Burke, as before, was paymaster. In defence of the Bill for the Government of India, of his friend Mr. Fox, Sheridan evinced powers which appeared to astonish equally his auditors and the public. The time was, however, arrived when the whole men and measures of the English government were to experience a change, and Mr. Sheridan, with his friends, receded into a long exile from power, on Mr. Pitt's more general assumption of it.—The latter gentleman now became first lord of the Treasury and chancellor of the Exchequer, with a number of new characters in the highest departments of the state. This did not, however, interrupt Mr. Sheridan's career to excellence and importance as a parliamentary orator; for on the trial of Mr. Hast-

ings, arising out of the disorders in the government of India, on which he had already distinguished himself, he was appointed a manager.

"The great estimation in which he then stood, may be readily conceived by the following eulogium, pronounced on him by Burke, upon his exertions in the above business :

"He has this day surprised the thousands who hung with rapture on his accents, by such an array of talents, such an exhibition of capacity, such a display of powers, as are unparalleled in the annals of oratory ; a display that reflected the highest honour upon himself—lustre upon letters—renown upon Parliament—glory upon the country. Of all species of rhetoric, of every kind of eloquence that has been witnessed or recorded, either in ancient or modern times ; whatever the acuteness of the bar, the dignity of the senate, the solidity of the judgment-seat, and the sacred morality of the pulpit, have hitherto furnished, nothing has surpassed, nothing has equalled, what we have heard this day in Westminster-hall. No holy seer of religion, no sage, no statesman, no orator, no man of any description whatever, has come up, in the one instance, to the pure sentiments of morality ; or in the other, to that variety of knowledge, force of imagination, propriety and vivacity of allusion, beauty and elegance of diction, strength and copiousness of style, pathos and sublimity of conception, to which we have this day listened with ardour and admiration. From poetry up to eloquence, there is not a species of composition, of which a complete and perfect specimen might not, from that single speech, be culled and collected."—Mr. Fox said, that "all he had ever heard or read, when compared with it, dwindled into nothing."—Mr. Pitt acknowledged, "that he had surpassed all the eloquence of ancient or modern times, and that his speech (on the third charge against Mr. Hastings) possessed every thing that genius or art could furnish, to agitate and control the human mind."

"The next great occasion in which the powers of his eloquence were called forth, was the question of regency : in which he supported, with great dignity, the rights of his Royal patron. Throughout the whole of this important period, the Prince of Wales honoured Mr. Sheridan with his confidence, and which has since remained with a steady constancy. About the same time he also lost his father, who died at Margate, August 14, 1788.

"The true friend of liberty, he always displayed himself as a genuine loyalist. During the melancholy period of the naval mutiny, he said—'Whatever difference in political sentiments might prevail in the country, the moment was come when his Majesty had an undoubted right to call upon all his subjects for their zealous co-operation in maintaining the due execution of the laws, and in giving every possible efficiency to the measures of Government.' In all questions that regard liberty of the subject, Mr. Sheridan has ever been prominent and active : and in questions of commerce and finance, as well as military affairs, he has surprised his most intimate friends.

"Mr. Sheridan had, previous to his entering into Parliament, increased his property in the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, by the purchase of Mr. Lacy's share in the patent, in addition to his own ; yet the

increased expenses of an establishment calculated for all that was great and gay, rendered the increase of fortune unequal to their support, and produced embarrassments, of which, however they may, on some occasions, delight in the recital, we should not feel warranted in the insertion.

"In 1792, he lost his lady, who died of a lingering decline. Mr. Wilkes said of her, she was "the most modest, pleasing, and delicate flower" he had seen.

"Once more he lent his aid to the interests of Drury-lane Theatre, as well as the drama at large. In the latter end of the season of 1799, appeared the tragedy of *Pizarro*, translated from the German of Kotzebue; but translated with such freedom and additional beauties, that it might be said to be his own. It was most happily adapted to the times and to the genius of the British nation, with all the graces and combinations of dramatic interest; hence the applause it met with, was unbounded.

"Notwithstanding the success of the establishment for which M. Sheridan's talents were so ably exerted, its finances were in a state that required the frequent interference of the Lord Chancellor; the decisions of whom were, however, always to the honour of Mr. Sheridan.

"It was about this time that he purchased the pleasant villa of Polesden, near Leatherhead, in Surrey, formerly the residence of Admiral Geary; soon after which, he was appointed receiver-general of the Dutchy of Cornwall, to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

"On the retirement of Mr. Pitt, Mr. Sheridan acted, as usual, in accordance with Mr. Fox: and on the return of Mr. Pitt to office, he did not fail of his wonted rigour against him.

"On the death of that great statesman, Mr. Fox (after an absence from power of twenty-three years) was, by the unanimous voice of the Sovereign and the people, called into office, and Mr. Sheridan was invited to share the honours of his friend. He became a member of the privy council, and treasurer of the navy, and applied himself to the important duties of his situation with great diligence. But an event soon took place that checked the apparent serenity of his progress, as well as that of his copartners: this was the death of Mr. Fox.

"The pleasing prospects which honour, popularity, and power, might have given to the view of Mr. Sheridan, now soon faded before him. On the subject of the Roman Catholic question a difference in the cabinet took place, which occasioned a sudden dissolution of Parliament; in consequence of which, Mr. Sheridan again was found in opposition, in which he has continued ever since.

"Mr. Sheridan is the author and alterer of the following pieces;

"1. *The Rivals*. C. 8vo. 1775.

"2. *St. Patrick's Day*; or, *The Scheming Lieutenant*. F. 1775. N. P.

"3. *The Duenna*. C. O. 1775. 8vo. 1794.

"4. *A Trip to Scarborough*. C. altered from Vanbrugh, 1777; 8vo. 1781.

"5. *The School for Scandal*. C. 1777. N. P.

" 6. *The Tempest*. Altered, 1777. N. P.

" 7. *The Camp*. Dr. Ent. 1778. N. P.

" 8. *The Critic*; or, *A Tragedy Rehearsed*. D. P. 1779; 8vo. 1781.

" 9. *Pizarro*. T. 8vo. 1799.

" *The Camp* is very generally attributed to Mr. Sheridan's pen; though Mr. Tate Wilkinson positively denies that it was written by him.

" To this gentleman likewise has been ascribed,

" 10. *Robinson Crusoe*. Pantom. 1781; 8vo. 1797."

FROM THE BRITISH CRITIC.

*The Consolations of Erin*, an Eulogy, by Charles Philips, A. B. of the middle Temple, Author of the *Loves of Celestine* and *St. Aubert*, a Romantic Tale. 5s. Stockdale. 1811.

The other publication of this writer, which is announced in the title page of the present, we had occasion to reprobate for its puerility and want of decency. We have no scruple, however, in allowing him the claim of poetical talent, which we think he may easily improve. The *Consolations of Erin*, are, in this writer's estimation, the distinguished Irishmen of the present day, who are objects of their country's attention: and his eulogies are directed to Sheridan, Grattan, Kirwan, Curran, Lord Moira and others. The following, which is intended to praise Mr. Moore, may serve as a specimen.

" See see who comes with careless measure  
 Looking bliss and breathing pleasure,  
 Led along by beauty's choir,  
 With heart of feather, tongue of fire }  
 A Cupid carrying his lyre;  
 'Tis he the bard of voice divine,  
 Sweet melodist of love and wine,  
 He on whom monts and minions rail  
 The Muses little Nightingale,  
 Yes Erin, 'tis thy Patriot son,  
 Thy simple sweet Anacreon.

Monts, reader, in this author's language, means the friends of decency.

# SPIRIT OF MAGAZINES.

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FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

*A Biographical Memoir of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Knight; by James Northcote, Esq. R. A.*

[From the fourth number of "The Fine Arts of the English School," in which elegant work it accompanies a Portrait of Sir Joshua.]

IN the early part of the last century, the progress which the British nation had made in matters of taste, particularly in the department of painting, was not equal to the general advances made in science and literature. Philosophers, statesmen, poets, and warriors, had already exalted and dignified the character of Great Britain, but no Englishman had then appeared to raise the fine arts to a degree of eminence proportionate to the other glories of the country. An opportunity so favourable for the exercise of high talents, and ardent emulation, was the fortunate lot of Sir Joshua Reynolds. This illustrious painter, and distinguished ornament of the English nation, was born at Plympton in Devonshire, on the 16th of July, 1723. He was the son of the Rev. Samuel Reynolds and Theophila Potter, and was the seventh of eleven children, five of which died in their infancy. It has been said that young Joshua was for some time instructed in the classics by his father, who assiduously cultivated the minds of his children; but as it is known that the son did not display any marks of classical learning in the early part of his life, it is most probable that the mass of general knowledge, which afterwards so eminently distinguished him, was the consequence of great application to study in his riper years; a good classical scholar he never was, at any period of his life. That he was what the world terms a genius, and of the first order, cannot be disputed. He possessed talents of the highest kind, which he brought into full and constant action by a laudable ambition and a strong desire of acquiring eminence in the profession he adopted. I have

heard him say that his father at first intended him for the medical department; and that if such had been his lot, he should have felt the same ambition to become the most eminent physician of his age and country. For it was ever his decided opinion, that the superiority to be attained and displayed in any pursuit does not originate in an innate propensity of the mind to that pursuit in particular, but depends on the general strength in the intellect, and on the intense application of that strength to a specific purpose. It is true, indeed, that at an early period of his life he made some scrawling drawings from the ordinary book prints which he found in his father's study; but the same thing has been done by ten thousand boys before him, and will be done again by thousands yet to come. It is the most common refuge of idleness to escape the labour of an irksome lesson. We find also that he read the Jesuit's Perspective at the age of eight years: that he applied its rules in a drawing which he attempted to make of his father's school-house—a building fitted to his purpose, being on pillars—was a proof of his capacity and active curiosity. On showing it to his father, who was merely a man of letters, the surprise he excited, and the praise he obtained, naturally inflamed his ambition to conquer greater difficulties, in a field of knowledge in which he seemed to stand alone, from the ignorance of those about him in the graphic art. When Richardson's theory of Painting was put into his hands, he there saw the enthusiastic raptures in which an eminent painter is described: no wonder that he thought Raffaele the greatest man the world had produced; the book told him so, which was all he could know of Raffaele at that time. As he had shown those early inclinations towards the Arts, a neighbour and a friend of the family (a Mr. Cranch) advised the father to send his son to London, to be placed under the tuition of Mr. Hudson, a well known painter of portraits, who was also a native of Devonshire. This advice was taken, and young Reynolds first visited the metropolis, to be inspired by Hudson, on the 14th of October, 1741, when he was not full eighteen years of age.

In order to give the reader some idea of the state of the Arts at that time in this country, it must be observed, that Hudson was then the greatest painter in England; and the qualification that enabled him to hold this decided pre-eminence, was the ability of producing a likeness with that kind of address which, by the vulgar, is considered as *flattering* in the portrait. But after having done the head, Hudson's genius failed him, and he was obliged to apply to one Vanhaaken to put it on the shoulders and to finish the drapery, of both of which Hudson was totally incapable. Vanhaaken died, and for a time Hudson was driven almost to despair, and feared he must have quitted business. He met

with another drapery painter however, named Roth, who, though not so good as the former, yet was sufficiently qualified to carry on the manufactory. He outlived Hudson, and has executed some draperies for Sir Joshua even in his latter time.

Reynolds continued only two years with his master; in which time he made such a rapid progress, that a picture of his painting having been accidentally seen in Hudson's gallery, it gained such universal preference, that the preceptor immediately grew jealous of his pupil's excellence, and on that account they soon afterwards parted. Reynolds returned to Devonshire, where he is said, by his biographer, to have dissipated the three following years, making little effort, and as little improvement, to his great remorse of conscience afterwards; yet we know he produced a great many portraits at that period, several of which were certainly very fine: this he acknowledged on seeing some of them thirty years afterwards, and lamented that in so many years he had made so little progress.

He and his two youngest unmarried sisters took a house at Plymouth Dock; where he painted various portraits, some of which evince great capacity, but he was necessarily embarrassed by the want of experience. Here he became first known to the Edgcombe family, of Mount Edgcombe, who warmly patronized and strongly recommended him to the hon. Augustus Keppel, afterwards Lord Keppel. This officer was then fitting out at Plymouth dock as commodore, for his station in the Mediterranean. In this voyage Reynolds was invited to accompany him in the Centurion man of war, and they sailed May the 11th, 1749. On the 24th of the same month they arrived at Lisbon, where our artist saw several grand processions, and other sights novel to him, of which he gave an account in a letter to Lord Edgcombe, written with great simplicity. On the 23d of August he commenced his residence at Port Mahon, in Minorca, where he continued some time; and by the friendship of Keppel, as well as from his own merit, he was much employed in painting the portraits of almost all the officers on that station, and thereby much improved both his art and his purse. He next went to Leghorn, and thence to Rome. When arrived in that garden of the world, that great temple of the Arts—where I have enjoyed so much pleasure, now fading from my memory—his time was employed with industry, observation, and judgment: indeed in a manner worthy of his talents and his virtue. He contemplated with untired attention, and ardent zeal, the various beauties which marked the styles of different schools and different ages: he sought for truth, taste, and beauty at the fountain head. It was with no common eye that he beheld the productions of the great masters. He copied and sketched in the Vatican such

parts of the works of Raffaele and Michael Angelo as he thought would be most conducive to his future excellence in Art. He has confessed in his writings, that at the first sight of Raffaele's works he did not relish, or well comprehend their merits, but that he studied them till he did : I account for this from the difference in the dispositions of the two painters. Raffaele possessed a grandeur even to severity, and did not display in his pictures either the allurements of colour, or much effect of light and shade. Reynolds, from his natural disposition, cultivated grace, softness, and a captivating sweetness, and imparted these to his works in an unexampled degree.

After remaining in Italy about three years, in which time he visited most of the capital cities of that country, he returned to England by the way of France. At Paris he met his friend Mr. Chambers, the architect, (afterwards Sir William,) accompanied by his wife, then on their way to Rome: here he painted the portrait of Mrs. Chambers, from which a mezzotinto print is taken. On his arrival in England, in October, 1752, he went immediately to Plymouth, for the benefit of his health. During this visit he painted the portrait of his friend Dr. John Mudge, a remarkably fine head, of which also there is a print. This, and one other, of a young lady, were all he did till he left that town: as his friend Lord Edgumbe advised him to go to London, as the only place to establish his fame and fortune: accordingly he set off for the metropolis, and took handsome lodgings in St. Martin's Lane about the end of the year 1752. He soon afterwards removed to a large house in Great Newport street, where he dwelt some years. This period was the dawn of his splendour. His amiable modesty, accompanied by such extraordinary talents, soon gained him some powerful and active connexions: even his earliest employers were of the highest rank. The second portrait he painted in London was that of the old duke of Devonshire; which was followed by a whole length picture of his first patron Commodore Keppel, engraved by Fisher. He was now employed to pourtray several ladies in the first circles of fashion, which the polite world flocked to see; and he soon became one of the most distinguished painters, not only in England but in Europe. It should be remarked, that before his time there were no historical works which called upon the painter's skill; a true taste was wanting; vanity, however, was not wanting, and this crowded his sitting room with women who wished to be transmitted as angels, and with men who wanted to appear as heroes and philosophers. From Reynolds' pencil they were sure to be gratified: the Apotheosis was the simple operation of the painter's mind, which glowed with grandeur and with grace. In the delineation of character, mind, air, and attitude, in composition and general effect,

he was equally perfect ; and it may be justly said that his portraits assume the importance of history. Felicity and force of resemblance, combined with dignity and grace, characterize his works : these charms not only drew around him all the opulence and beauty of the nation, but gained him the merited honour of perpetuating the features of almost all the eminent and distinguished characters then living ; with most of whom, so attractive were his manners as well as his talents, that he preserved an intimacy, which only ended with life. In this assemblage of genius, each was improved by the other. Like a man of great mind, he ever cultivated the intimacy and friendship of all the learned and all the great of his time ; and often assisted those who were in difficulties, both with his advice and his purse. The circle of his friends was very extensive : many illustrious foreigners were personally intimate with him ; his society was sought by individuals of the highest quality, who revered his genius as much as they respected the worth of his private character. His house was long the resort of the learned, the elegant, and the polite ; all who were eminent for their virtue, or distinguished for their genius. From such connexions, his mind, rich in its own stores, received an accession of most extensive knowledge, and an inexhaustible treasure for conversation. He was rich in observation, anecdote, and intelligence. He had a mind ever open, and desirous to acquire useful knowledge ; a sound and penetrating judgment to select and separate what he did acquire, and infinite industry and application in rendering his acquirements useful.

At this period, finding himself sufficiently established to move in a higher sphere, he quitted his residence in Newport-street, and removed to Leicester Fields, where he bought a handsome house, to which he added a splendid gallery for exhibiting his works, and a commodious and elegant room for his sitters. In this speculation, as I have heard him confess, he laid out almost the whole property he had then realized. He also set up a handsome carriage, and his mode of living was suitably elegant.

In the year 1762, Mr. Reynolds having impaired his health by incessant application, again paid a visit to his native county ; and was accompanied by his friend Dr. Samuel Johnson. They were entertained at the seats of several noblemen and gentlemen, in the west of England ; and during their stay at Plymouth were the guests of Dr. Mudge, who was then a surgeon, and afterwards an eminent physician of that town. In 1765 he exhibited an admired whole length portrait of lady Sarah Bunbury, representing her as sacrificing to the Graces. Previous to this he had painted an excellent whole length portrait of lady Elizabeth Keppel, in the dress she wore as bridesmaid to the queen. He had also produced the picture of *Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy*,

which may be considered as his *first attempt* in historical composition.\* He had now attained the summit of his reputation as an Artist ; and maintained his dignified station to the close of his life. Cotes and Ramsey, shared, in some degree, with him in the fashion of the day ; for each of those painters had employment from the court of England, where Reynolds as an artist, never could become a favorite. Indeed he never received one commission from that enviable source of honour ; for the portraits of the king and queen, now in the council-room of the Royal Academy, were painted purposely for that institution at the request of Reynolds himself.

Without entering into a tedious detail of minute circumstances and petty animosities, at that time existing among the artists, I shall only observe, that to compose these jarring interests, and to give dignity to a new establishment, his majesty, in December, 1768, instituted "The Royal Academy of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture," which was composed of the ablest and most respectable artists then resident in Great Britain. Reynolds was made the first president by an unanimous vote : and on that occasion was knighted ; an honour which he received with satisfaction, as he well knew that it gave additional consequence to his works in the estimation of the vulgar. It is not matter of surprize that his election as president was unanimous : his professional rank, his large fortune, and the circle of society in which he moved, gave him a claim to the honour which none of his contemporaries possessed ; and it has been said that he refused to join the society on any other terms. Thus the Royal Academy was opened December the 10th, 1768, by Sir Joshua, with his first discourse. The task of giving lectures in the academy was no part of the prescribed duty of his office, but was voluntarily imposed on himself for reasons assigned in his fifteenth discourse.

He was soon afterwards made a freeman of his native borough of Plympton. This mark of respect was followed by being chosen alderman and mayor of the town : and so attached was he to the place of his birth, that he declared this gave him more pleasure than any other public mark of distinction he had received in his life. On this occasion he presented his portrait, painted by himself, to the corporation, who placed it in their town hall.

The variety of his critical talents, added to the eminence he had now gained, qualified him to share the honours of the first scientific institutions. He was accordingly admitted to the Royal, the Antiquarian, and the Dilletanti Societies : and when the late Lord North was installed chancellor of the University of Oxford, in July, 1773, Sir Joshua was at the same time admitted to the honorary degree of doctor of civil law. In the latter part

\* This picture is in the possession of J. J. Angerstein, Esq.

of the year 1775, he sent his portrait, painted by himself in his university dress, to be placed in the gallery of illustrious painters at Florence; he having been made a member of the Imperial Academy of that city. On the death of Ramsey, in August, 1784, Sir Joshua was sworn principal painter to his majesty. In the year 1790, some disagreement arose among the members of the Royal Academy, respecting the election of an academician. This was carried to such a degree of intemperance, that Sir Joshua determined to resign the chair and quit the society. At first the academicians treated this secession with hauteur; but soon found that the rank and character of their president was too important to be readily relinquished. In vain, however, they solicited his return; and the king was at last prevailed on to employ his influence. To comply with the sovereign's request Sir Joshua resumed his chair, and continued to occupy it with honour to himself, to the arts and to the nation, till the period of his death. He had not completed his sixty-ninth year when he was taken from the world which admired him, and the country he adorned, on the 23d of February, 1792. After lying in state at the Royal Academy, his remains were deposited, on the third of March following, with great funeral pomp, beneath the east end of St. Paul's cathedral church. Thus died Sir Joshua Reynolds, in whose works are displayed taste, feeling, imagination, grace, and grandeur. In his excellent discourses, he treats his favourite art with the depth of a philosopher, the accomplishments of a scholar, and the accuracy of a critic.

The *Lectures*, which he delivered at the Royal Academy on the 10th of December, at first every year, and subsequently every two years, are the works that chiefly confer on him the character of an estimable writer. These were designed to direct and animate the students in the pursuit of excellence, and indeed are replete with the soundest instructions, expressed in language at once simple, perspicuous, and elegant. The profound knowledge of art displayed in these discourses, is enriched by classical and appropriate illustrations. These great qualities, together with the uniform good sense and good taste which pervade his lectures, will ever entitle them to hold an eminent station in the ranks of English literature. His observations on the old masters are at once just and ingenious; several branches of the theory of art are treated with uncommon judgment and ability, and the style of writing is strongly marked by the simplicity of his own individual character and manner, and totally unlike that of any of his intimate literary friends to whom some silly critics have given the merit of those discourses. They have been translated into French; and the late Mr. J. Baretti published an edition of them in the Italian language.

When we contemplate Sir Joshua as a painter, we are to recollect, that after the death of Kneller, the arts in England fell to the lowest state of barbarism; and each professor either followed that painter's steps or else wandered in utter darkness, till Reynolds, like the sun, dispelled the mists, and threw an unprecedented splendour on the department of portraiture. To the grandeur, the truth, and simplicity of Titian, and to the daring strength of Rembrandt, he has united the chasteness and delicacy of Vandyke. Delighted with the picturesque beauties of Rubens, he was the first that attempted a bright and gay background; and defying the dull and ignorant rules of his master, at a very early period of life, emancipated his art from the shackles with which it had been encumbered in the school of Hudson. Indeed there is every reason to believe that he very rarely, if ever, copied a single picture of any master, though he certainly did imitate the excellent parts of many. His versatility in this respect was equalled only by the susceptibility of his feelings, the quickness of his comprehension, and the ardour which prompted his efforts. His principal aim, however, was *colour and effect*, and these he always varied as the subject required. Whatever deficiencies there may be in the designs of this great master, no painter, of any period, better understood the principles of colouring; nor can it be doubted that he carried that branch of his art to a very high degree of perfection. As for his portraits, those of dignified character have a certain air of grandeur, and those of women and children possess a grace, beauty, and simplicity, which have seldom been equalled, and never surpassed. In his attempts to give character where it did not exist, he has sometimes lost likeness, but the deficiencies of the portrait were often compensated by the beauty of the picture.

The attitudes of his figures are generally full of grace, ease, and variety. He could throw them into the boldest variations, and he often ventures on postures which would frighten inferior painters, or, if attempted, would inevitably destroy their credit. In light and shade, in colouring and expression, he stands without a rival. His lights display the knowledge he possessed, and with shade he conceals his defects; whether we consider the power, the brilliancy, or the form of his lights, the transparency of his shadows, with the just quantities of each, and the harmony, richness, and full effect of the whole, it is evident that he has not only far transcended every modern master, but that his excellencies, in these captivating parts of painting, vie with the works of the great models he has emulated.

The opinion he has given of Raffaele may with equal justice be applied to himself: "that his materials were generally borrowed, but the noble structure was his own." No one ever ap-

propriated the ideas of others to his own purpose with more skill than Sir Joshua. He possessed the alchemy of painting, by converting, as it were, whatever he touched into gold. Like the bee that extracts sweets from the most noxious flower, so his active observation could convert every thing into a means of improvement, from the puerile print on a common ballad, to the highest graces of Parmegiano. In short, there is no painter that ever went before him, from whom he has not derived some advantage, and appropriated the same with judicious selection and consummate taste. Yet after all that can be alledged against him as a borrower of forms, from other masters, it must be allowed that he engrafted on them excellencies peculiarly to his own: simplicity, sentiment, feeling, grace, and taste; together with richness, harmony of colour, and general effect. The severest critics, indeed, must admit that his manner is truly original, bold, and free. Freedom is certainly his principal *characteristic*: for to this he seems to have sacrificed every other consideration. He has, however, two manners: his early works are without that extreme freedom of his dashing pencil; being more minute and fearful, but the colouring is clear, natural, and good. In his later pictures, the colouring, though excellent, is often more artificial than chaste.

As an *Historical Painter*, he cannot be placed in the same rank which he holds in the line of Portraiture. The compositions of his portraits are unquestionably excellent, whilst his historical pictures are in this respect often very defective. They frequently consist of borrowed parts, which are not always in harmony with each other. Though often inaccurate, and deficient in style of drawing, they must however be allowed to possess consummate taste, and some of them great expression. His light, poetical pieces, much excelled those of a narrative or historical character.

Sir Joshua was a man of general information, and was candid in stating his opinions. It has been very justly observed, that there is as much wisdom shown in bearing other people's defects, as in approving their good qualities, and that a well regulated mind finds it easier to yeild to a perverse one than to direct and manage it. This wisdom was eminently possessed by Sir Joshua. His general manner, deportment, and behaviour, were amiable and prepossessing; his disposition was naturally courtly; he evinced a desire always to pay a due respect to persons in superior stations, and certainly contrived to move in a higher sphere of society than any other English artist had done before him. Thus he procured for professors of the arts a consequence, dignity, and reception, which they had never before possessed in this country. His conversation was remarkably elegant, affable, and

intelligent. He possessed an equal flow of spirits, 'which rendered him at all times a most desirable companion : ever ready to be amused, and to contribute to the amusement of others. In many respects both as a painter and a man, Sir Joshua Reynolds cannot be too much praised, studied and imitated. His incessant industry was never wearied into despondency by miscarriage, nor elated into negligence by success. All nature and all art combined to form his academy ; with a mind at once capacious and vigorous, to comprehend all the varieties of the picturesque, he had taste to select, and skill to combine whatever might serve the object he had in view. Although gentle and complying in his discourse with the world, yet in his profession, having by intense study matured his judgment, he never sacrificed his opinions to the casual caprices of his employers. Far from overrating his own talents however, he did not seem to hold them in that degree of estimation which they deservedly obtained from the public. In short, it may be safely said that his faults were few and those were much subdued by his wisdom : for no man had more reverence for virtue, or a higher regard for unsullied fame.

We close this honourable effusion to the memory of a great master, by one of his scholars whose skill has often interested the public, by adding the epitaph composed for Sir Joshua, during his life, and read to the literary club, by his friend Oliver Goldsmith :

Here REYNOLDS is laid, and, to tell you my mind,  
 He has not left a wiser, or better behind :  
 His pencil was striking, resistless and grand,  
 His manners were gentle, complying, and bland ;  
 Still born to improve us in every part,  
 His pencil our faces, his manners our heart :  
 To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,  
 When they judg'd without skill he was still hard of hearing ;  
 When they talk'd of their Raffaelles', Corregios', and stuff,  
 He shifted his trumpet\* and only took snuff.

\* Sir Joshua, being rather deaf, used an ear trumpet. A very fine portrait of himself, in the collection at Streatham, shows a front view of his face with his open hand to his ear.

FROM THE ANNUAL REGISTER.

## CONTROVERSY BETWEEN HUME AND ROUSSEAU.

IN 1762, the parliament of Paris issued an *arrêt* against Rousseau, on account of his *Emilius*, which had given offence to the ecclesiastical order. Hume was then at Edinburgh, where he received a letter from a friend at Paris, informing him that Rousseau intended to seek an asylum in England, and desiring our historian to do him all the good offices in his power. Mr. Hume believing that Rousseau had already put his design in execution, wrote to several of his friends in London, and warmly recommended this celebrated exile to their favour. He also wrote to Rousseau himself, assuring him of his desire to serve him, and inviting him to come to Edinburgh, and reside in his own house as long as he, Rousseau, should please to continue. No other motive, says Mr. Hume, in a pamphlet, which he published in French on this affair,—‘no other motive was wanting to incite me to this act of humanity, than the account given me of M. Rousseau’s personal character by the friend who had recommended him;—his well known genius and abilities, and above all, his misfortunes.

To this letter Rousseau returned the following answer :

“ SIR,

*Motiers-Travers, Feb. 19, 1763.*

“ I did not receive till lately, and at this place, the letter you did me the honour to direct to me at London, the 2d of July last, on the supposition that I was then in that capital. I should doubtless have made choice of a retreat in your country, and as near as possible to yourself, if I had foreseen what a reception I was to meet with in my own. There was no other nation I could prefer to England. And this prepossession, for which I have dearly suffered, was, at that time, very excusable ; but to my great astonishment, as well as that of the public, I have met with nothing but affronts and insults, where I hoped to have found consolation, if not gratitude. How many things make me regret the want of that asylum and philosophical hospitality I should have found with you ! My misfortunes, indeed, have constantly seemed to lead me in a manner that way. The protection and kindness of lord Marischal, your worthy and illustrious countryman, have brought Scotland home to me, if I may so express myself, in the midst of Switzerland ; he has made you so often bear a part in our conversation ; he has brought me so well acquainted with your virtues, while I before was only with your talents ; he has inspired me with the most tender friendship for you, and the most ardent desire of obtaining yours, before I knew you were disposed to grant it. Judge then of the pleasure I feel, at finding this inclination reciprocal. No, sir, I should pay your merit but half its due, if it were the subject only of my admiration.

Your great views, your astonishing impartiality, your genius would lift you far above the rest of mankind, if you were less attached to them by the goodness of your heart. My lord Marischal, in acquainting me that the amiableness of your disposition was still greater than the sublimity of your genius, rendered a correspondence with you every day more desirable, and cherished in me those wishes which he inspired, of ending my days near you. Oh, sir, that a better state of health, and more convenient circumstances, would but enable me to take such a journey in the manner I could like! Could I but hope to see you and lord Marischal one day settled in your common country, which should for ever after be mine, I should be thankful, in so agreeable a society, for the very misfortunes that led me into it, and should account the day of its commencement as the first of my life. Would to heaven I might see that happy day, more to be desired than expected! With what transports should I not exclaim, on setting foot in that happy country which gave birth to David Hume and the lord Marischal of Scotland,

“Salve, facis mihi debita tellus!

“Hæc domus, hæc patria est.”

Rousseau was afterwards obliged to fly from Motiers to avoid being stoned by the populace, whose religious zeal he had offended. He chose the isle of St. Peter in the midst of the lake of Bienné for the place of his retreat; and in a work intitled, *Les Reveries du Promeneur Solitaire*, he has introduced an interesting description of that island. His caprices again exposed him to the popular indignation, and he was ordered by their excellencies the syndics or magistrates to leave the country: he accordingly withdrew to Strasburgh.

From the date of the preceding letter, all correspondence ceased between Hume and Rousseau till about the middle of autumn 1765, when it was renewed by the following accident. The Marchioness de Verdelin happened to be on a journey to one of the provinces bordering on Switzerland; and being acquainted with Rousseau, she too the opportunity of paying a visit to him in his retreat at Motiers-Travers. He complained to the Marchioness, that his residence at Neufchatel was become extremely disagreeable, as well on account of the superstition of the people, as the resentment of the clergy; and expressed his fear, that he should shortly be under the necessity of seeking an asylum elsewhere: in which case England appeared to him to be the most eligible place he could retire to with perfect security. He added, that his friend lord Marischal had advised him to put himself under Mr. Hume's protection, and that if he did not think it would have been giving the latter too much trouble, he would have already addressed him on the subject.

Hume, who was then *chargé d'affaires* at Paris, but had a pros-

pect of soon returning to England, immediately wrote to Rousseau, and made him an offer of his services. To this letter he received the following answer.

"SIR,

Strasburgh, Dec. 4, 1765.

"Your goodness affects me as much as it does me honour. The best reply I can make to your offers is to accept them, which I do. I shall set out in five or six days to throw myself into your arms. It is the advice of my lord Marischal, my protector, friend, and father: it is the advice also of madame \* \* \*, whose good sense and benevolence serve equally for my direction and consolation; in fine, I may say it is the advice of my own heart, which takes a pleasure in being indebted to the most illustrious of my contemporaries, to a man whose goodness surpasses his glory. I sigh for a solitary and free retirement, where I may finish my days in peace. If this be procured me by means of your benevolent solicitude, I shall then enjoy at once the only good my heart desires, and the pleasure of being indebted for it to you.

"I am, sir, with all my heart, &c."

Rousseau having obtained a passport by the aid of his friends, repaired to Paris, and afterwards accompanied Mr. Hume to England. Many were the plans devised for obtaining a comfortable residence for him after his arrival, some of which are detailed in the *Exposé* inserted in the appendix. 'For upwards of two months,' says Hume, 'I employed myself and my friends in looking out for a situation which might be agreeable to him. We gave way to all his caprices, excused all his singularities, indulged him in all his humours; in short, neither time nor trouble was spared to procure him what he desired; and although he rejected most of the projects I had formed for his establishment, I thought myself sufficiently recompensed for my trouble, by the gratitude, and even affection with which he appeared to repay my solicitude.'

Mr. Davenport, a gentleman of family, fortune, and worth, had a house at Wooton, in the county of Derby, where he himself seldom resided. This house he offered to Rousseau, who finally agreed to live there at a very moderate board.

On his arrival at Wooton he wrote to Mr. Hume the following letter:

"Wooton, March 22, 1766.

"You see already, my dear patron, by the date of my letter, that I am arrived at the place of my destination; but you cannot see all the charms which I find in it; to do this, you should be acquainted with the situation, and be able to read my heart. You ought, however, to read there my sentiments with respect to you, sentiments which you have so well deserved. If I live in this agreeable asylum as happy as I hope to do, one of the greatest pleasures of my life will be, to reflect

that I owe it to you. To make another happy is to deserve to be happy one's self. May you, therefore, find in yourself the reward of all you have done for me! Alone, I might perhaps have met with hospitality, but I should never have relished it so highly as I now do, in owing it to your friendship. Retain still that friendship for me, my dear patron; love me for my sake, who am so much indebted to you; love me for your own, for the good you have done. I am sensible of the full value of your sincere friendship: I ardently wish it: I am ready to repay it with all mine, and feel something in my heart which may one day convince you that it is not without its value. As, for the reasons agreed on between us, I shall receive nothing by the post, I beseech you, when you have the goodness to write to me, to send your letters to Mr. Davenport. The affair of the carriage is not yet adjusted, because I know I was imposed on; it is a trifling fault, however, which may be only the effect of an obliging vanity, unless it should happen to be repeated. If you were concerned in it, I would advise you to give up, once for all, these little impositions, which cannot proceed from any good motive, when converted into snares for simplicity. I embrace you, my dear patron, with the same cordiality I hope to find in you."

Some days afterwards Mr. Hume received another letter from Rousseau, as follows:

*"Wooton, March 29, 1766.*

"You will see, my dear patron, by the letter which Mr. Davenport will have transmitted you, how I find myself situated in this place, according to my wishes. I might, perhaps, be more at my ease if I were less noticed; but the solicitude of so polite a host as mine is too obliging to give offence; and as every thing in life is mingled with inconvenience, that of being too good is one of those which is the most tolerable. I find a much greater inconvenience in not being able to make the servants understand me, and particularly in my not understanding a word of what they say. Luckily mademoiselle le Vasseur serves me as an interpreter, and her fingers speak better than my tongue. There is one advantage, however attending my ignorance, which is a kind of compensation; it serves to tire and keep at a distance impertinent visitors. The minister of the parish came to see me yesterday, who, finding that I spoke to him only in French, would not speak to me in English, so that our interview was almost without the interchange of a word. I have taken a fancy to this expedient, and shall make use of it with all my neighbours, if I have any. Nay, if I should learn to speak English, I will converse with them only in French, especially if I were so happy as to find they did not understand a word of that language. It is an artifice much of the same kind with that which the negroes say the monkies practise, who, though they are capable of speech, will not be prevailed upon to talk, lest they should be set to work.

"It is by no means true, that I agreed to accept of a model from Mr. Gosset as a present. On the contrary, I asked him the price;

which he told me was a guinea and a half, adding that he intended to present me with it; an offer I did not accept. I beg of you, therefore, to pay him for it, and Mr. Davenport will be so good as repay you the money. If Mr. Gosset does not consent to this, it must be returned to him, and purchased by some other hand. It is designed by M. du Peyrou, who long since desired to have my portrait, and caused one to be painted in miniature, which is not at all like me. You were more fortunate in this respect than he, but I am sorry that, by your assiduity to serve me, you deprive me of the pleasure of discharging the same friendly obligation with regard to yourself. Be so good, my dear patron, as to order the model to be sent to Messrs. Guinand and Hankey, Little St. Helen's, Bishopsgate-street, in order to be transmitted to M. du Peyrou by the first safe conveyance. It has been a frost ever since I have been here: the snow falls daily, and the wind is cutting and severe; notwithstanding all which I had rather lodge in the hollow trunk of an old tree in this country, than in the most superb apartment in London. Good day, my dear patron. I embrace you with all my heart."

When it was first proposed, that Rousseau should take up his residence in Britain, it was also in view with his friends to procure a pension of a 100*l.* a-year to him from his majesty; but the arrangement of this was likely to be much impeded by the peculiar sensibility of Rousseau's temper. As Hume and he were conversing together one evening at Calais, where they were detained on their way to England by contrary winds, our historian asked him, if he would accept of a pension from the king in case his majesty should grant it. He replied, that it was a matter of some difficulty to resolve on; but that he would be entirely guided by the advice of lord Marischal.

Encouraged by this answer, Hume, immediately on his arrival in London, stated the matter to his majesty's ministers, and particularly to general Conway, secretary of state, and general Græme, secretary and chamberlain to the queen. Application was accordingly made to their majesties, who readily assented, on condition that the transaction should not be made public. The reason of this stipulation was, that these great personages did not chuse to appear publicly to countenance the author of obnoxious writings. Hume afterwards wrote to lord Marischal, to whom Rousseau also wrote, and expressed himself highly pleased with the conditional article of secrecy. Lord Marischal, as it will easily be supposed, sent his approbation, and Rousseau set out for Wooton, the completion of the affair being retarded by the indisposition of general Conway.

"In the mean time," observes Mr. Hume, "I began to be afraid, from what I had observed of M. Rousseau's disposition and character, that his natural restlessness of mind, would prevent his enjoying that repose, to which the hospitality and secu-

rity he found in England invited him. I saw with infinite regret, that he was born for storms and tumults, and that the disgust which might succeed the peaceful enjoyment of solitude and tranquillity, would soon render him a burden to himself and every body about him. But as I lived at the distance of a hundred and fifty miles from the place of his residence, and was constantly employed in doing him good offices, I did not expect that I myself should be the victim of this unhappy disposition."

The late lord Orford, better known as Horace Walpole, happened to be at Paris, while Hume resided there; and his turn for pleasantry led him to exercise it at the expense of poor Rousseau, in the following letter written in the name of the king of Prussia.

"MY DEAR JEAN JACQUES,

"You have renounced Geneva, your native land. You have been driven from Switzerland, a country of which you have made such boast in your writings. In France you are outlawed: come then to me. I admire your talents, and amuse myself with your reveries; on which, however, by the way, you bestow too much time and attention. It is high time to grow prudent and happy: you have made yourself sufficiently talked of for singularities little becoming a truly great man: show your enemies that you have sometimes common sense: this will vex them without hurting you. My dominions offer you a peaceful retreat; I am desirous to do you good, and will do it, if you can but think it such. But if you are obstinate in refusing my assistance, you may expect that I shall say not a word about it to any one. If you persist in perplexing your brains to find out new misfortunes, chuse such as you like best; I am a king, and can make you as miserable as you can wish; and, what your enemies certainly never will, I will cease to persecute you, when you are no longer vain of persecution.

"Your sincere friend,

"FREDERICK."

Although this letter had been written three weeks before the departure of the two philosophers from the French capital, its author, out of regard to Hume, concealed it from him, although they lodged in the same hotel. Walpole afterwards showed it to his friends, and copies of it being taken, the epistle was handed about and spread over Europe. "It was," says Hume, "in every body's hands when I saw it, for the first time, in London. I believe every one, who knows any thing of the liberty of this country, will allow that such a piece of raillery could not even by the utmost influence of king, lords, and commons, by all the authority ecclesiastical, civil, and military, be kept from finding its way to the press."

It was accordingly published in the St. James's Chronicle, and a few days afterwards the following piece appeared in the same paper.

M. Rousseau to the Author of the St. James's Chronicle.

"SIR,

Wootton, April 7, 1766.

"You have been wanting in that respect which every private person owes to crowned heads, in publicly ascribing to the king of Prussia a letter full of extravagance and baseness; by which circumstance alone you might be very well assured he could not be the author. You have even dared to subscribe his name, as if you had seen him write it with his own hand. I inform you, sir, that that letter was fabricated at Paris; and, what rends and afflicts my heart, the impostor has his accomplices in England.

"In justice to the king of Prussia, to truth, and to myself, you ought therefore to print the letter I now write you, and to which I set my name; by way of reparation for a fault, which you would undoubtedly reproach yourself for, if you knew of what atrociousness you have been made the instrument. Sir, I make you my sincere salutations."

However much Mr. Hume might regret, that his friend should have condescended to notice a puerile *jeu d'esprit* in a newspaper, he never could have surmised that he himself would have been accused of being the writer of it. "I am surely," says he, "the last man in the world, who, in common sense, ought to be suspected: yet, without even the pretence of the smallest proof of probability, I am, of a sudden, the first man, not merely suspected, but fixed upon to be the publisher: I am, without any inquiry or explanation, insulted in a public journal: I am, from the dearest friend, converted into a treacherous and malignant enemy; and all my present and past services are at once adroitly cancelled. Were it not ridiculous to employ reasoning on such a subject, and with such a man, I might ask M. Rousseau, why I am supposed to have any malignity against him! My actions, in a hundred instances, had sufficiently demonstrated the contrary; and it is not usual for favours conferred to beget ill will in the person who confers them."

Two days after the last letter of Rousseau to Hume (29th March) in which he employs the most fulsome adulation, he wrote to M. d'Ivernois, in a very different style, his sentiments of our author; and it appears from the following passage of his letters to that gentleman, that at the time this philosopher was overwhelming Mr. Hume with ardent expressions of gratitude, he had conceived against him the most absurd suspicion and violent animosity.

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"Wooton, March 31, 1766.

"My friend, I wrote you the day before yesterday, and the same evening I received your letter of the 15th. It had been opened and sealed again: it came to me through Mr. Hume, who is very intimate with the son of the juggler Fronchin, and resided in the same house with him. He is also much connected with my most dangerous enemies at Paris, and if he be not a cheat, I owe him in my heart many reparations, I owe him thanks for the trouble he has taken respecting me, in a land where I know not the language. He concerns himself much about my little interests; but my reputation gains not by this, and I know not how it happens, that the public papers, which spoke much of me, and always with honour, before our arrival, have ceased to do so since he came to London, or only speak to my disadvantage. All my affairs, all my letters pass through his hands: those I write arrive not; those I receive, are open. Several other circumstances render me suspicious of his conduct, and even of his zeal. I cannot yet discover what his intentions are, but I cannot help thinking them sinister; and I am much deceived, if all our letters are not divulged by the jugglers, who will infallibly endeavour to injure us. In the hope of learning something to aid my inquiry, seal your letters with more care, and I will try on my part to open with your correspondents a direct communication, without the letters passing through this dangerous entrepot."

Rousseau had brought over with him a copy of M. du Peyrou's letters concerning the treatment he met with at Neufchatel, and given them to Mr. Becket, the bookseller, to publish. A delay having arisen in consequence of the indisposition of the translator, the fretful Rousseau immediately perceived conspiracy and treason in this circumstance; and under that impression wrote the following letter to Messrs. Becket and De Hondt: a farther explanation of the accidental causes of this delay will be afterwards given.

"GENTLEMEN,

Wooton, April 9, 1766.

"I was surprised at not seeing published the translation of the letters of M. du Peyrou, which I had transmitted to you, and about which you seemed so earnest. But on reading in the public papers a pretended letter of the king of Prussia to me, I readily conceived why those of M. du Peyrou had not appeared. Well, gentlemen, as the public wish to be deceived, let them be so. I myself feel but very little interest in it, and hope that the black vapours raised at London, will not disturb the serenity of the air I breathe here. But it appears to me, that as you make no use of the copy, you ought to have returned it, before my bringing it to your recollection. Have the goodness, I request you, to send it back, &c."

It was the practice of Rousseau, on the occurrence of a storm, of which he himself was generally the author, to fill Europe with

his complaints; and he was not wanting in industry upon the present occasion. The countess de Boufflours, the common friend of both philosophers, had long interested herself in behalf of Rousseau, and was one of those who had arranged his journey to England; she was a woman of ability, a sçavante, mistress of the prince of Conti, and very desirous of being his wife. To this lady the angry citizen of Geneva, two days after he had written to the editor of the *James's Chronicle*, sent a letter containing a violent attack on the integrity of Mr. Hume. He wrote in a like style to the marchioness de Verdelin, to lord Marischal, to M. d'Ivernois, and M. de Malsherbes.

Inconscious of having committed any fault, the unsuspecting Hume continued his kind offices in behalf of Rousseau, and renewed his solicitations respecting the pension, as soon as the state of general Conway's health permitted. The general applied again to his majesty, who likewise renewed his consent. Application had been also made to the marquis of Rockingham, then first commissioner of the treasury. In fine, Hume, having happily accomplished his purpose according to his wishes, informed Rousseau of his success; but all his exertions were blasted by the following letter, which the philosopher thought proper to write to general Conway.

"SIR,

*May 12, 1766.*

"Affected by a most lively sense of the favour his majesty has honoured me with, and of your goodness, which procured it me: I experience the most agreeable sensation in reflecting that the best of kings, and the person most worthy of his confidence, are pleased to interest themselves in my fortune. This, sir, is an advantage of which I am justly tenacious, and which I will never deserve to lose. But it is necessary I should speak to you with the frankness you admire. After so many misfortunes, I thought myself armed against all possible events; there have happened to me some, however, which I did not foresee: and which indeed an ingenuous mind could not have foreseen. Hence it is that they affect me so much the more severely, and the trouble in which they involve me deprives me of the ease of mind necessary for directing my conduct. All I can reasonably do, in so distressed a situation, is to suspend my resolutions about every affair of such importance as that in agitation. So far from refusing the beneficence of the king from pride, as is imputed to me, I am proud of acknowledging it, and am only sorry I cannot do so more publicly. But when I actually receive it, I wish to be able to give up myself entirely to those sentiments which it would inspire, and to have a heart replete with gratitude for his majesty's goodness and yours. I am not at all afraid that this manner of thinking will make any alteration in yours towards me. Deign, therefore, sir, to preserve that kindness for me, till a more happy opportunity: you will then be satisfied, that I defer taking advantage of it, only to render myself more worthy of it. I beg of you, sir, to accept of my most humble and respectful salutations."

This letter appeared both to general Conway and to our historian a plain refusal, as long as the stipulation of secrecy was insisted on. Hume, however, being willing to overlook the apparent neglect in writing him, prevailed on the general to keep the matter still open, and wrote a friendly letter to Rousseau, exhorting him to return to his former way of thinking, and to accept of the pension. As to the pretended distress which he mentions in his letter to the general, all fears were removed by a letter from Mr. Davenport, who reported his guest to be at the time extremely happy, easy, cheerful, and even sociable. 'I saw plainly in this occurrence,' observes Mr. Hume, 'the usual infirmity of my friend, who wishes to interest the world in his favour by passing for sickly, and persecuted, and distressed, and unfortunate, beyond all measure, even while he is the most happy and contented. His pretences of an extreme sensibility had been too frequently repeated, to have any effect on a man who was so well acquainted with them.'

After waiting three weeks in vain for an answer to his letter, but having to do with a very eccentric character, and still accounting for his silence by supposing him ashamed to write to him, Hume nevertheless determined not to abate in his endeavours to do him an essential service; and accordingly renewed his application to the ministers, the result of which he communicated him in the following letter:

*" Lisle-street, Leicester-fields, June 19, 1766.*

" SIR,

" As I have not received any answer from you. I conclude, that you persevere in the resolution of refusing all marks of his majesty's goodness, as long as they must remain a secret. I have, therefore, applied to general Conway to have this condition removed; and I have been so fortunate as to obtain his promise that he would speak to the king for that purpose. "It will only be requisite," said he, "that we know previously from M. Rousseau, whether he would accept of a pension publicly granted him, that his majesty may not be exposed to a second refusal. He gave me authority to write to you on the subject; and I beg to hear your resolution as soon as possible. If you give your consent, which I earnestly entreat you to do, I know that I can depend on the good offices of the duke of Richmond to second general Conway's application; so that I have no doubt of success. I am, my dear sir, your's with great sincerity."

Five days afterwards Rousseau returned the following answer:

*" Wooton, June 23, 1766.*

" SIR,

" I imagined that my silence, truly interpreted by your conscience, had said enough; but since you have some design in not understand-

ing me, I shall speak. You have but ill disguised yourself. I know you, and you are not ignorant of it. Before we had any connexion, quarrels or disputes : while we knew each other only by literary reputation, you affectionately made me an offer of the good offices of yourself and friends. Affected by this generosity, I threw myself into your arms; you brought me to England apparently to procure me an asylum; but, in fact, to bring me to dishonour. You applied to this noble work, with a zeal worthy of you heart, and a success worthy of your abilities. To succeed, it was not necessary to take so much pains; you live in the world and I in solitude. The public love to be deceived, and you were formed to deceive them. I know one man, however, whom you cannot deceive; I mean yourself. You know with what horror my heart rejected the first suspicion of your designs. I told you with tears in my eyes, while I embraced you, that if you were not the best of men, you must be the basest. In reflecting on your secret conduct, you must say to yourself, sometimes, you are not the best of men; and I doubt, if, under that impression, you will ever be the happiest.

"I leave your friends and you to carry on your schemes as you please; and I give up to you, without regret, my reputation during life, certain that, one day, justice will be done to the reputation of both. As to your good offices in matters of interest, which you have made use of as a mark, I thank you for them, and shall dispense with profiting by them. I ought not to hold a correspondence with you any longer, or to accept of it, even to my advantage, in any affair in which you are to be the mediator. Adieu, sir, I wish you the truest happiness; but as we ought not to have any thing to say to each other for the future, this is the last letter you will receive from me."

To this letter Mr. Hume immediately sent the following reply :

*June, 26, 1766.*

"As I am conscious of having ever acted towards you the most friendly part, of having always given you the most tender and the most active proofs of sincere affection, you may judge of my extreme surprise on perusing your epistle. Such violent accusations, confined altogether to generalities, it is as impossible to answer, as it is impossible to comprehend them. But affairs cannot, must not remain on that footing. I shall charitably suppose, that some infamous calumniator has belied me to you. But, in that case, it is your duty, and, I am persuaded, it will be your inclination, to give me an opportunity of detecting him, and of justifying myself; which can only be done by your mentioning the particulars of which I am accused. You say, that I myself know that I have been false to you; but I say it loudly and will say it to the whole world, that I know the contrary; that I know my friendship towards you has been unbounded and uninterrupted; and that though I have given you instances of it, which have been universally remarked both in France and England, the public as yet are acquainted only with the smallest part of it. I demand, that you name to me the man who dares assert the contrary; and, above all, I demand, that

he shall mention any one particular in which I have been wanting to you. You owe this to me; you owe it to yourself; you owe it to truth, and honour, and justice, and to every thing deemed sacred among men. As an innocent man—for I will not say, as your friend; I will not say, as your benefactor; but I repeat it, as an innocent man, I claim the privilege of proving my innocence, and of refuting any scandalous falsehood which may have been invented against me. Mr. Davenport, to whom I have sent a copy of your letter, and who will read this before he delivers it, will, I am confident, second my demand, and tell you, that nothing can be more equitable. Happily I have preserved the letter you wrote me after your arrival at Wootton; and you there express, in the strongest terms, in terms indeed, too strong, your satisfaction in my poor endeavours to serve you. The little epistolary intercourse, which afterwards passed between us, has been all employed on my side to the most friendly purposes. Tell me, then, what has since given you offence. Tell me the man who accuses me. Even after you have fulfilled all these conditions to my satisfaction, and to that of Mr. Davenport, you will still have great difficulty to justify your employing such outrageous terms towards a man, with whom you have been so intimately connected, and who was entitled, on many accounts, to have been treated by you with more regard and decency.

“ Mr. Davenport knows the whole transaction about your pension, because I thought it necessary that the person who had undertaken your settlement, should be fully acquainted with your circumstances; lest he should be tempted to perform towards you concealed acts of generosity, which, if they accidentally came to your knowledge, might give you some grounds of offence.

“ I am, sir.”

In consequence of Mr. Davenport's interposition, Rousseau was prevailed on to write, three weeks afterwards, the following long epistle to Hume, which is the more interesting, as it contains Rousseau's statement of facts, and to which are subjoined the notes annexed by our historian, in his French pamphlet, already mentioned, and inserted in the appendix.

“ Wootton, July 10, 1766.

“ SIR,

“ I am indispensed, and little in a condition to write; but you require an explanation, and it must be given you. It was your own fault, that you had it not long since; but as you did not desire it, I was silent: at present you do, and I have sent it. It will be a long one: for this I am sorry; but I have much to say, and wish not to return hereafter to the subject.

“ I live retired from the world, and am ignorant of what passes in it. I have no party, no associate, no intrigue. I am told nothing, and I know only what I feel, but that I well know, as care has been taken to make me severely feel. The first care of those who engage in bad designs is to secure themselves from legal proofs of detection; it would not be very advisable to seek a remedy against them at law.

The innate conviction of the heart admits of another kind of proof, which influences the sentiments of an honest man. You well know the basis of mine.

" You ask me, with great confidence, to name your accuser. That accuser, sir, is the only man in the world whose testimony I should admit against you: it is yourself. Without reserve or fear, I shall give myself up to the natural frankness of my disposition; and being an enemy to every kind of artifice, I shall speak with the same freedom, as if you were a person in whom I placed all that confidence which I no longer have in you. I will give you a history of the emotions of my heart, and of what produced them. While speaking of Mr. Hume in the third person, I shall make yourself the judge of what I ought to think of him. Notwithstanding the length of my letter; I shall pursue no other order than that of my ideas, beginning with the premises, and ending with the demonstration.

" I quitted Switzerland, wearied out by the barbarous treatment which I had experienced, but which affected only my personal safety, while my honour was secure. I was going, as my heart directed me, to join lord Marischal, when I received at Strasburgh a most affectionate invitation from Mr. Hume, to go over with him to England, where he promised me the most agreeable reception and more tranquillity than I had met with. I hesitated some time between my old friend and my new one; in this I was wrong. I preferred the latter, and in this was still more so; but the desire of visiting in person a celebrated nation, of which I had heard both so much good and so much ill, prevailed. Assured that I was not to lose George Keith, I was flattered by the acquisition of David Hume. His great merit, extraordinary abilities, and established probity of character, made me desirous of annexing his friendship to that with which I was honoured by his illustrious countryman. Besides, I gloried not a little in setting an example to men of letters, in a sincere union between two men so different in their principles.

" Before I had received an invitation from the king of Prussia, and Lord Marischal, and while undetermined about the place of my retreat, I had requested and obtained, by the interest of my friends, a passport from the court of France. I made use of this, and went to Paris to join Mr. Hume. He saw, and perhaps saw too much of the favourable reception I met with from a great prince, and, I will venture to say, from the public. I yielded, as it was my duty, though with reluctance, to that *ecclat*; concluding how far it would excite the envy of my enemies. At the same time, I saw, with pleasure, the regard which the public entertained for Mr. Hume sensibly increasing throughout Paris, on account of the good work he had undertaken with respect to me. Doubtless he was affected too; but I know not if it was in the same manner as I was.

" We set out with one of my friends, who came to England almost entirely on my account. When we landed at Dover, I was transported with the thoughts of having set foot in this land of liberty, under the conduct of so celebrated a person; I threw my arms round his neck, and pressed him to my heart, without speaking a syllable; bath-

ing his checks, as I kissed them, with tears sufficiently expressive. This was not the only time, nor the most remarkable instance I have given him of the effusions of a heart full of sensibility. I know not what he does with the recollection of them, when that happens; but I have a notion they must be sometimes troublesome to him.

"On our arrival in London, all ranks of people eagerly pressed to give me marks of their kindness and esteem. Mr. Hume politely presented me to every body: and it was natural for me to ascribe to him as I did, the best part of my good reception. My heart was full of him: I spoke in his praise to every one; I wrote to the same purpose to all my friends: my attachment to him gathered new strength every day, while his appeared the most affectionate to me: of which he frequently gave me instances that touched me extremely. That of causing my portrait to be painted, however, was not of the number. This seemed to me to carry with it too much affectation, and had an air of ostentation which by no means pleased me. All this, however, might have been easily excusable, if Mr. Hume had been a man apt to throw away his money, or had a gallery of pictures, containing the portraits of his friends. After all, I freely confess, that, on this head, I may be in the wrong.

"But what appears to me an act of friendship and generosity the most undoubted and estimable, in a word, the most worthy of Mr. Hume, was the care he took to solicit for me of his own accord, a pension from the king; to which, most assuredly, I had no right to aspire. As I was a witness to the zeal he exerted in that affair, I was greatly affected by it. Nothing could flatter me more than a piece of service of that nature; not merely for the sake of interest; for, too much attached perhaps to what I actually possess, I am not capable of desiring what I have not; and as I am able to subsist on my labour and the aid of my friends, I covet nothing more. But the honour of receiving testimonies of the goodness, I will not say of so great a monarch, but of so good a father, so good a husband, so good a master, so good a friend, and, above all, so worthy a man, sensibly affected me; and when I considered farther, that the minister who had obtained for me this favour, was a living instance of that probity so useful to mankind, and so rarely met with in one of his situation, I could not forbear to pride myself, at having for my benefactors, three men, whom, of all the world, I could most desire to have my friends. Thus, so far from refusing the pension offered me, I only made one condition necessary for my acceptance; and that was the consent of a person, whom I could not, without neglecting my duty, fail to consult.

"Being honoured with the civilities of all the world, I endeavoured to make a proper return. In the mean time, my bad state of health, and my custom of living in the country, made my residence in town very disagreeable. Immediately country-houses presented themselves in plenty; I had my choice of all the counties of England. Mr. Hume took the trouble to receive these proposals, and to represent them to me; accompanying me to two or three places in the neighbouring counties. I hesitated a good while in my choice, and increased the difficulty of determination. At length I fixed on this place, and im-

mediately Mr. Hume settled the affair; all difficulties vanished, and I departed. I arrived at this solitary, convenient, and agreeable habitation; where the owner of the house superintends every thing, and provides every thing; and where nothing is wanting. I became tranquil and independent; and this seemed to be the wished for moment, when all my misfortunes were to have an end. On the contrary, it was now they began; misfortunes more cruel than any I had yet experienced.

"Hitherto I have spoken in the fulness of my heart, and to do justice, with the greatest pleasure, to the good offices of Mr. Hume. Would to heaven, that what remains for me to say were of the same nature! It would never give me pain to speak what would redound to his honour; nor is it proper to set a value on benefits till one is accused of ingratitude; and Mr. Hume now accuses me. I will, therefore, venture to make one observation. In estimating his services by the time and pains they cost him, they were of an infinite value, and that still more from his good will in their performance; but for the actual service they were of to me, it was much more in appearance than in reality. I did not come over as a mendicant to beg my bread in England; I brought the means of subsistence with me. I came merely to seek an asylum in a country which is open to every stranger. I was, besides, not so totally unknown, that even, if I had arrived alone, I should have wanted either assistance or service. If some persons have sought my acquaintance for the sake of Mr. Hume, others have sought it for my own. Thus when Mr. Davenport, for example, was so kind as to offer my present retreat, it was not for the sake of Mr. Hume, whom he did not know, and whom he saw only in order to desire him to make me his obliging proposal. So that when Mr. Hume endeavours to alienate from me this worthy man, he seeks to take from me what he did not give me. All the good that has been done me, would have been done me nearly the same without him, and perhaps better; but the evil would not have been done me: for why should I have enemies in England? Why are those enemies the very friends of Mr. Hume? Who could have excited their enmity against me? It was certainly not I, who knew nothing of them, nor ever saw them in my life: I should not have had a single enemy, if I had come to England alone.

"I have hitherto dwelt upon public and notorious facts, which, from their own nature, and my acknowledgment, have made the greatest *eclat*. Those which are to follow are not only particular, but secret, at least, in their cause, and all possible measures have been taken to keep the knowledge of them from the public; but as they are all well known to the person interested, they will not have the less influence towards his own conviction.

"A very short time after our arrival in London, I observed there an absurd change in the minds of the people regarding me, which soon became very apparent. Before I arrived in England, there was not a country in Europe in which I had a greater reputation, I might indeed venture to say, greater estimation. The public papers were full of encomiums on me, and a general outcry prevailed against my

persecutors. This was the case at my arrival, which was announced in the newspapers with triumph: England prided itself in affording me refuge, and justly gloried on that occasion in its laws and government. On a sudden, and without the least assignable cause, this tone was changed; and that so speedily and totally, that of all the caprices of the public, there never was known any thing more surprising. The signal was given in a certain magazine, equally full of follies and falsehoods, in which the author, being well informed, or pretending to be so, gives me out for the son of a musician. From this time, I was constantly spoken of in the public prints in a very equivocal or slighting manner. Every thing that had been published concerning my misfortunes was misrepresented, altered, or placed in a wrong light, and always as much as possible to my disadvantage. So far was any body from speaking of the reception which it met with at Paris, and which had made but too much noise, it was not even supposed, that I durst have appeared in that city; and one of Mr. Hume's friends was very much surprised when I told him I came through it.

"Accustomed as I had too much been to the inconstancy of the public, to be affected by this instance of it, I could not help being astonished, however, at a change so very sudden and general, that not one of those who had so much praised me in my absence, appeared, now I was present, to think even of my existence. I thought it something very odd, that, exactly after the return of Mr. Hume, who has so much credit in London, so much influence over the booksellers and men of letters, and such great connections with them, his presence should produce an effect so contrary to what might have been expected; that among so many writers of every kind, not one of his friends should show himself to be mine; while it was easy to be seen, that those who spoke of him were not his enemies, since, in noticing his public character, they reported that I had come through France under his protection, and by favour of a passport which he had obtained of the court; nay, they almost went so far as to insinuate, that I came over in his retinue, and at his expense.

"All this was of little signification, and was only singular; but what was much more so, was, that his friends changed their tone with me as much as the public. I shall always take a pleasure in saying, that they were still equally solicitous to serve me, and that they exerted themselves greatly in my favour; but so far were they from showing me the same respect, particularly the gentleman at whose house we alighted on our arrival, that he accompanied all his actions with discourse so rude, and sometimes so insulting, that one would have thought he had taken an occasion to oblige me, merely to have a right to express his contempt. His brother, who was at first very polite and obliging, altered his behaviour with so little reserve, that he would hardly deign to speak a single word to me, even in their own house, in return to a civil salutation, or to pay any of those civilities which are usually paid in like circumstances to strangers. Nothing new had happened, however, except the arrival of J. J. Rousseau and David Hume; and certainly the cause of these alterations

did not come from me, unless indeed too great a portion of simplicity, discretion, and modesty be the cause of offence in England.

"As to Mr. Hume, he was so far from assuming such a disgusting tone, that he gave in to the other extreme. I have always looked upon flatterers with an eye of suspicion; and he was so full of all kinds of flattery, that he even obliged me, when I could bear it no longer, to tell him my sentiments on that head. His conduct was such as to render few words necessary; yet I could have wished he had sometimes substituted, in place of such gross encomiums, the style of a friend; but I never found in his language any thing which savoured of true friendship, not even in his manner of speaking of me to others in my presence. One would have thought that, in endeavouring to procure me patrons, he strove to deprive me of their good will; that he sought rather to have me assisted than beloved; and I have been sometimes surprised at the rude turn he has given to my behaviour before people, who might not unreasonably have taken offence at it. An example will explain this. Mr. Penneck, of the museum, a friend of lord Marischal, and pastor of a parish where they wished me to reside, came to see us. Mr. Hume made my excuses, while I myself was present, for not having paid him a visit. 'Doctor Maty,' said he, 'invited us to the museum on Thursday, where M. Rousseau should have seen you; but he chose rather to go with Mrs. Garrick to the play; we could not do both the same day.' You will confess, sir, this was a strange method of recommending me to Mr. Penneck.

"I know not what Mr. Hume might say of me in private to his acquaintances, but nothing was more extraordinary than their behaviour to me, even by his own confession, and even often through his own means. Although my purse was not empty, and I needed not that of any other person, as he very well knew; yet any one would have thought, that I was come over to subsist at the expense of the public, and that nothing more was to be done than to give me alms in such a manner as to save me a little embarrassment. I must own, that this constant and insolent piece of affectation was one of those things which made me averse to reside in London. This certainly is not the footing on which a man should be introduced in England, if there be a design of procuring him ever so little respect; but this display of charity may admit of a more favourable interpretation, and I consent it should. To proceed.

"At Paris was published a fictitious letter from the king of Prussia, addressed to me, and replete with the most cruel malignity. I learned with surprise, that the publisher of it was one Mr. Walpole, a friend of Mr. Hume. I asked him, if it was true; but in answer to this question, he asked me from whom I had the information. A moment before he had given me a card for this same Mr. Walpole, for the purpose of prevailing on him to bring over some papers of mine from Paris, which I wanted to have by a safe hand.

"I was informed that the son of that quack Fronchin, my most mortal enemy, was not only the friend of Mr. Hume, and under his protection, but that they both lodged in the same house; and when Mr. Hume found that I knew this, he imparted it in confidence to me;

assuring me that the son by no means resembled the father. I lodged a few nights myself, together with my governante, in the same house; and from the air and coldness with which we were received by the landladies, who are his friends, I judged in what manner either Mr. Hume, or that man, who, as he said, was by no means like his father, must have spoken to them both of her and me.

"All these facts put together, added to a certain appearance of things on the whole, insensibly gave me an uneasiness, which I rejected with horror. In the mean time, the letters I wrote did not come to hand; those I received had often been opened; and all went through the hands of Mr. Hume. If at any time a letter escaped him, he could not conceal his eagerness to see it. One evening in particular I remember a circumstance of this kind, which greatly struck me. After supper, as we were sitting silent by the fire-side, I caught his eyes intently fixed on mine, as indeed happened very often; and that in a manner of which it is difficult to give an idea. At that time he gave me a stedfast, piercing look, mingled with a sneer, which greatly disturbed me. To get rid of my embarrassment, I endeavoured to look full at him in my turn; but, in fixing my eyes upon his, I felt the most inexpressible terror, and was soon obliged to turn them away. The speech and physiognomy of the good David is that of an honest man; but where, great God! did this honest man borrow those eyes which he fixes on his friends?

"The impression of this look remained with me, and gave me much uneasiness. My trouble increased even to a degree of fainting; and if I had not been relieved by a flood of tears I must have been suffocated. Presently after this I was seized with the most violent remorse; I even despised myself; till, at length, in a transport, which I still remember with delight, I sprang on his neck, and embraced him eagerly; while almost choaked with sobbing, and bathed in tears, I cried out, in broken accents, *No, no, David Hume cannot be treacherous; if he be not the best of men, he must be the basest.* David Hume politely returned my embraces, and gently tapping me on the back, repeated several times, in a placid tone, *Why, what, my dear sir! Nay, my dear sir! Oh! my dear sir!* He said nothing more. I felt my heart yearn within me. We went to bed; and I set out the next day for the country.

"Arrived at this agreeable asylum, to which I have travelled so far in search of repose, I ought to find it in a retired, convenient, and pleasant habitation; the master of which, a man of understanding and worth, spares in nothing to render my residence agreeable. But what repose can be tasted in life, when the heart is agitated? Afflicted with the most cruel uncertainty, and ignorant what to think of a man whom I ought to love, I sought to get rid of the fatal doubt, by placing confidence in my benefactor. For from what inconceivable caprice should he display so much apparent zeal for my happiness, and, at the same time, entertain secret designs against my honour? Among the observations which disturbed me, each fact was in itself of no great moment; it was their concurrence that was surprising; yet I thought, perhaps, that Mr. Hume, informed of other facts of which I was ignorant, could

have given me a satisfactory solution of them, if we had come to an explanation. The only inexplicable thing was, that he refused to come to such an explanation; which both his honour and his friendship for me rendered equally necessary. I perceived there was something in the affair which I did not comprehend, and which I earnestly wished to know. Before I came to an absolute determination, therefore, with regard to him, I was desirous of making a last effort, and to write him with a view to try to recover him, if he had permitted himself to be seduced by my enemies, or to prevail on him to explain himself one way or other. Accordingly I wrote him a letter, which he ought to have found very natural, if he were guilty; but very extraordinary, if he were innocent. For what could be more extraordinary than a letter full of gratitude for his services, and, at the same time, of distrust of his sentiments; and in which, placing, as it were, his actions on one side, and his sentiments on the other, instead of speaking of the proofs of friendship he had given me, I besought him to love me, for the good he had done me. I did not take the precaution to preserve a copy of this letter; but as he has done so, let him produce it; and whoever reads it, and sees in it a man labouring under a secret trouble, which he is desirous of expressing, but is afraid to do so, will, I am persuaded, be curious to know what *eclaircissement* it produced, especially after the preceding scene. None: absolutely none. Mr. Hume contented himself, in his answer, with telling me the obliging offices Mr. Davenport proposed to do for me. As for the rest, he said not a word on the principal subject of my letter, nor on the situation of my heart, of the distress of which he could not be ignorant. I was more struck with this silence, than I had been with his phlegm during our last conversation. I was wrong: this silence was very natural after the other, and was no more than I ought to have expected. For when one has ventured to declare to a man's face, *I am tempted to believe you a traitor*, and he has not the curiosity to ask you for what, it may be depended on he will never have any such curiosity as long as he lives: and it is easy to judge of this man from these slight indications

"After the receipt of his letter, which was long delayed, I determined to write to him no more. Soon after, every thing served to confirm me in the resolution to break off all farther correspondence with him. Curious to the last degree concerning the minutest circumstance of my affairs, he was not content to learn them of me in our conversations; but, as, I learned, never let slip an opportunity of being alone with my governante, to interrogate her even importunately concerning my occupations, my resources, my friends, my acquaintances, their names, situations, places of abode; nay, with the most jesuitical address, he would ask the same questions of us separately. One ought undoubtedly to interest one's-self in the affairs of a friend; but one ought to be satisfied with what he thinks proper to tell of them, especially when people are so frank and confiding as I am. Indeed all this petty inquisitiveness is very little becoming a philosopher.

"About the same time I received two other letters which had been opened. The one from Mr. Boswell, the seal of which was in so

bad a condition, that Mr. Davenport, when he received it, made the same remark to Mr. Hume's servant. The other was from M. d'Ivernois, in Mr. Hume's packet: it had been sealed up again by means of a hot iron, which, being awkwardly applied, had burnt the paper round the impression. On this I wrote to Mr. Davenport, and desired him to take charge of all letters which might be sent to me, and to trust none of them in any body's hands, under any pretext whatever. I know not whether Mr. Davenport, who certainly was far from thinking that precaution regarded Mr. Hume, shewed him my letter; but I know that Mr. Hume had every reason to think he had lost my confidence, and that he proceeded nevertheless in his usual manner, without troubling himself about the recovery of it.

"But what was to become of me, when I saw, in the public papers, the pretended letter of the king of Prussia, which I had never before seen; that fictitious letter, printed in French and English, given for genuine, even with the signature of the king, and in which I recognized the pen of M. d'Alembert as certainly as if I had seen him write it.

"In a moment, a ray of light discovered to me the secret cause of that touching and sudden change in the English public respecting me; and I saw that the plot, which was put in execution at London, had been laid in Paris.

"M. d'Alembert, another intimate friend of Mr. Hume, had been long my secret enemy, and lay in watch for opportunities to injure me without exposing himself. He was the only person among the men of letters, of my old acquaintance, who did not come to see me, or send their civilities during my last journey through Paris; I knew his secret disposition, but I gave myself very little trouble about it, contenting myself with occasionally apprising my friends of it. I remember, that being asked about him one day by Mr. Hume, who afterwards asked my governante the same question; I told him that M. d'Alembert was a cunning, artful man. He contradicted me with a warmth that surprised me; who did not then know that they stood so well with each other, and that it was his own cause he defended.

"The perusal of the letter above-mentioned alarmed me a good deal, when, perceiving that I had been brought over to England in consequence of a project which began to be put in execution, but of the end of which I was ignorant, I felt the danger without knowing where it was, or on whom to rely. I then recollected four terrifying words which Mr. Hume had made use of, and of which I shall speak hereafter. What could be thought of a paper in which my misfortunes were imputed to me as a crime, which tended, in the midst of my distress, to deprive me of the compassion of the world, and, to render its effect still more cruel, pretended to have been written by a prince who had afforded me protection? What could I divine would be the consequence of such a beginning? The people in England read the public papers, and are in no wise prepossessed in favour of foreigners. Even a coat, cut in a different fashion from their own, is sufficient to excite their ill-humour. What then had not a poor stranger to expect in his rural walks, the only pleasures of his life,

when the good people were persuaded he was fond of being pelted with stones? Doubtless they would be ready enough to contribute to his favourite amusement. But my concern, my profound and cruel concern, the bitterest indeed I ever felt, did not arise from the danger to which I was exposed. I had braved too many others to be much moved by that. The treachery of a false friend to which I had fallen a prey, was the circumstance that filled my too susceptible heart with deadly sorrow. In the impetuosity of its first emotions, of which I never yet was master, and of which my enemies have artfully taken the advantage, I wrote several letters full of distress, in which I did not disguise either my uneasiness or indignation.

"I have, sir, so many things to mention, that I forget half of them by the way. For instance, a narrative in form of a letter, on my mode of living at Montmorency, was given by the booksellers to Mr. Hume, who shewed it me. I agreed to its being printed, and Mr. Hume undertook the care of editing it; but it never appeared. I had brought over with me a copy of the letters of M. du Peyrou, containing a relation of the treatment I had met with at Neufchatel. I gave them into the hands of the same booksellers at their own request, to have them translated and reprinted. Mr. Hume charged himself with the care of them; but they never appeared. The supposititious letter of the king of Prussia, and its translation, had no sooner made their appearance, than I immediately comprehended why the other pieces had been suppressed, and I wrote as much to the booksellers. I wrote several other letters also, which probably were handed about London: till at length I employed the credit of a man of quality and merit, to insert a declaration of the imposture in the public papers. In this declaration I concealed no part of my extreme concern; nor did I in the least disguise the cause.

"Hitherto Mr. Hume seems to have walked in darkness. You will soon see him appear in open day, and act without disguise. We have only to act ingenuously towards cunning people: sooner or later they will infallibly betray themselves.

"When this pretended letter from the king of Prussia was first published in London, Mr. Hume, who certainly knew that it was fictitious, as I had told him so, said nothing of the matter; he did not write to me, but was totally silent; and did not even think of making any declaration of the truth, in favour of his absent friend. It answered his purpose better to let the report take its course, as he did.

"Mr. Hume having been my conductor into England, was in a manner my protector and patron. If it were natural in him to undertake my defence, it was not less so, that, when I had a public protestation to make, I should address myself to him, but having already ceased writing to him, I had no wish to renew our correspondence. I addressed myself therefore to another person. This was the first slap on the face I gave my patron. He felt nothing of it.

"In saying that the letter was fabricated at Paris, it was of very little consequence to me whether it was understood particularly of M. d'Alembert, or of Mr. Walpole, whose name he borrowed on the occasion. But in adding that what afflicted and tore my heart was, that

the impostor had got his accomplices in England, I expressed myself very clearly to their friend, who was in London, and was desirous of passing for mine. For certainly he was the only person in England, whose hatred could afflict and rend my heart. This was the second slap on the face I gave my patron. He felt nothing of it.

"On the contrary, he maliciously pretended, that my affliction arose solely from the publication of the above letter, in order to make me pass for a vain man, who was excessively affected by satire. Whether I am vain or not, certain it is I was mortally afflicted: he knew it, and yet wrote me not a word. To this affectionate friend, who had so much at heart the filling of my purse, it gave little trouble to think that my heart was bleeding with sorrow.

"Another piece appeared soon after, in the same papers, by the author of the former, and still, if possible, more cruel, in which the writer could not disguise his rage at the reception I met with at Paris. This, however, did not affect me; it told me nothing new. Libels may take their course without giving me any emotion; and the inconstant public may amuse themselves as long as they please with the subject. This is not an affair of conspirators, who, bent on the destruction of my honest fame, are determined by some means or other to effect it: it was necessary to change the battery.

"The affair of the pension was not determined. It was not difficult, however, for Mr. Hume to obtain its settlement, from the humanity of the minister and the generosity of the prince. He was charged with informing me of it, and he did so. This, I must confess, was one of the most critical moments of my life. How much did it cost me to do my duty. My preceding engagements, the necessity of shewing a due respect for the goodness of the king, the honour of being the object of his attentions and those of his minister, with the desire of shewing how sensible I was of both, and the advantage of being made a little more easy in circumstances in the decline of life, surrounded as I was by enemies and evils; in fine, the embarrassment I was under to find a decent excuse for declining a benefit already half accepted: all these together made the necessity of that refusal very difficult and cruel; for necessary it was, else I should have been one of the basest of mankind to have voluntarily laid myself under an obligation to a man who had betrayed me.

"I did my duty, though not without reluctance. I wrote immediately to general Conway, and, in the most civil and respectful manner possible, without giving an absolute refusal, excused myself from accepting the pension for the present.

"Mr. Hume had been the negotiator of this affair, and the only person who had spoke of it. Yet I not only did not give him any answer, though it was he who wrote to me on the subject, but did not even so much as mention him in my letter to general Conway. This was the third slap on the face I gave my patron; which, if he does not feel, it is certainly his own fault: he can feel nothing.

"My letter was not clear, nor could it be so to general Conway, who did not know the motives of my refusal; but it was very plain to Mr. Hume, who knew them but too well. He nevertheless pre-

tended to be deceived as well with regard to the cause of my discontent, as to that of my declining the pension ; and in a letter he wrote me on the occasion, gave me to understand that the king's goodness might be continued towards me, if I would re-consider the affair of the pension. In a word, he seemed determined, at all events, to remain still my patron, in spite of my teeth. You will imagine, sir, he did not expect my answer ; and he had none.

" Much about this time, for I do not exactly know the date, nor is such precision necessary, appeared a letter from M. de Voltaire to me, with an English translation, which still improved on the original. The noble object of this ingenious performance was to draw on me the contempt and hatred of the people among whom I was come to reside. I made not the least doubt that my dear patron was one of the instruments of its publication ; particularly when I saw that the writer, in endeavouring to alienate from me those who might render my life agreeable, had omitted the name of him who brought me over. He doubtless knew that it was superfluous, and that with regard to him, nothing more was necessary to be said. The omission of his name so impolitically in this letter, recalled to my mind, what Tacitus says of the picture of Brutus, omitted in a funeral solemnity, viz. that every body took notice of the circumstance, merely because the picture was not there.

" Mr. Hume then is not mentioned, but he lives and converses with people that were mentioned. It is well known, that his friends are all my enemies,—the Fronchins, d'Alemberts, and Voltaires : but it is much worse in London, for here I have no enemies but what are his friends. For why, indeed, should I have any other ? Why should I have even these ? What have I done to lord Littleton, whom I don't even know ? What have I done to Mr. Walpole, of whom I know as little ? What do they know of me, except that I am unfortunate, and the friend of their friend Hume ? What can he have said to them, for it is only through him they know me ? I can very well imagine that, considering the part he has to play, he does not unmask himself to every body ; for then he would be disguised to nobody. I can very well imagine that he does not speak of me to general Conway, or the duke of Richmond, as he does in his private conversations with Mr. Walpole, and his secret correspondence with M. d'Alembert ; but let any one observe the clue which has been unravelled at London since my arrival, and it will easily be seen whether Mr. Hume does not hold the principal thread.

" At length the moment arrived when it was thought proper to strike the great blow ; the effect of which was prepared by a new satirical piece, published in the newspapers. Had there remained in me the least doubt, it would have been impossible to have harboured it after perusing this piece, as it contained facts unknown to any body but Mr. Hume, though exaggerated, it is true, in order to render them odious to the public.

" It was said in this paper that my door was open to the rich and shut to the poor. Where is the man who knows when my door was open or shut, except Mr. Hume, with whom I lived, and by whom

every body was introduced that I saw? I will except one great personage, whom I gladly received without knowing him, and whom I should still have more gladly received if I had known him. It was Mr. Hume who told me his name, when he was gone; on which information I was really chagrined, that, as he deigned to mount up two pair of stairs, he was not received in the first floor.

"As to the poor I have nothing to say. I was constantly desirous of seeing less company; but, unwilling to displease any one, I suffered myself to be directed by Mr. Hume, and received every body he introduced, without distinction, whether rich or poor.

"It is said in the same piece, that I received my relations very coldly, *not to say any thing worse*. This general charge relates to my having once received with some indifference the only relation I have out of Geneva, and that in the presence of Mr. Hume. It must necessarily be either Mr. Hume, or this relation, who furnished that piece of intelligence. Now, my cousin, whom I have always known for a friendly relative, and a worthy man, is incapable of furnishing materials for public satires against me. Besides, his situation in life confining him to the conversation of persons in trade, he has no connexion with men of letters, or paragraph-writers, and still less with satirists; so that the article could not come from him. At the worst, can I help thinking that Mr. Hume must have endeavoured to take advantage of what he said; and that he construed it in a way the most favourable to his own purpose? It is not improper to add, that after my rupture with Mr. Hume, I wrote an account of it to my cousin.

"In fine, it is said in the same paper, that I am apt to change my friends. No great subtilty is necessary to comprehend what this reflection was preparative to.

"But let us inquire into facts. I have preserved some very valuable and solid friends for twenty-five or thirty years. I have others whose friendship is of a later date, but no less firm: and if I live, I may preserve them still longer. I have not found, indeed, the same security in general among those friendships I have made with men of letters. I have for this reason sometimes changed them, and shall always change them when they appear suspicious; for I am determined never to have friends by way of ceremony; I wish to have them only with a view to show them my affection.

"If ever I was fully and clearly convinced of any thing, I am convinced that Mr. Hume furnished the materials for the above paper. What is still more, I have not only this absolute conviction, but it is very clear to me that Mr. Hume intended I should: for how could it be supposed that a man of his subtilty would expose himself thus, if he had wished to conceal himself?—What was his design in it? Nothing is more clear. It was to raise my resentment to the highest pitch, that he might, with greater eclat, strike the blow he was preparing to give me. He knew, that, to make me commit a number of absurdities, he had nothing more to do than to put me in a passion. We are now arrived at the critical moment, which is to show whether he reasoned well or ill.

"It is necessary to have all the presence of mind, all the phlegm and resolution of Mr. Hume, to be able to take the part he took, after all that had passed between us. In the embarrassment I was under, in writing to general Conway, I could make use only of obscure expressions; to which Mr. Hume, in quality of my friend, gave what interpretation he pleased. Pretending therefore, that he knew very well to the contrary, that it was the circumstance of secrecy which gave me uneasiness, he obtained the promise of the general to endeavour to remove it; and then this stoical and truly unfeeling man wrote to me the most friendly letter, in which he informed me that he was exerting his endeavours to remove this cause; but that before any thing could be done, it was necessary to know whether I would accept without that condition, in order to expose his majesty to a second refusal.

"This was the decisive moment, the end and object of all his labours. An answer was required: he would have it. To prevent effectually my neglect of it, he sent to Mr. Davenport a duplicate of his letter; and not content with that precaution, wrote me word, in another billet, that he could not possibly stay any longer in London to serve me. I was giddy with amazement, on reading this note. Never in my life did I meet with any thing so unaccountable.

"At length he obtained from me the so much desired answer, and began presently to triumph. Already, in writing to Mr. Davenport, he had treated me as a brutal man, and a monster of ingratitude. But he wanted to do still more. He thinks his measures well taken, and no proofs can be made to appear against him. He demands an explanation: he shall have it, and here it is.

"That last stroke was a master-piece. He himself proves every thing, and that beyond reply.

"I will suppose, though by way of impossibility, that my complaints against Mr. Hume never reached his ears; that he knew nothing of them; but was as perfectly ignorant of them, as if he had no cabal with those who are acquainted with them,—as completely as if he had resided all the while in China. Yet our behaviour to each other; the last striking words which I said to him in London; the letter which followed replete with fears and anxiety; my persevering silence, more expressive than words; my public and bitter complaints with regard to the letter of M. d'Alembert; my letter to the minister, who did not write to me, in answer to that which Mr. Hume wrote to me himself, and in which I did not mention him; and in fine my refusal, without deigning to address myself to him, to acquiesce in an affair which he had managed in my favour, with my own privacy, and without any opposition on my part; all this must have spoken in a very forcible manner, I will not say to any person of the least sensibility, but to every man of common sense.

"Strange, that after I had broken off all correspondence with him for three months; after I had made no answer to any of his letters, however important the subject of it, surrounded as I was by both public and private marks of that affliction which his infidelity occasioned,—this man, of so penetrating a genius when he pleases, and

yet so dull as if by nature, should see nothing, feel nothing, be moved at nothing; but without one word of complaint, justification, or explanation, should continue to give the most striking marks of his good will to serve me, in spite of myself! He wrote to me affectionately, that he could not stay any longer in London to do me service; as if we had agreed that he should stay there for that purpose! This blindness, this insensibility, this obstinacy, are not in nature; they must be accounted for from other motives. Let us set his behaviour in a still clearer light; for this is the decisive point.

"Mr. Hume must necessarily have acted in this affair, either as one of the first or last of mankind. There is no medium. It remains to determine which of the two it is.

"Could Mr. Hume, after so many instances of disdain on my part, have still the astonishing generosity to persevere sincerely in serving me? He knew it was impossible for me to accept his good offices, while I entertained for him such sentiments as I had conceived. He had himself avoided an explanation. So that to serve me without justifying himself, would have been to render his services useless; this, therefore, was no generosity.

"If he supposed that in such circumstances I should have accepted his services, he must have believed me to have been a villain. It was then in behalf of a man whom he supposed to be a scoundrel, that he so warmly solicited a pension from his majesty. Can any thing be imagined more extravagant?

"But, suppose that Mr. Hume, constantly pursuing his plan, should only have said to himself, This is the moment for its execution: for, by pressing Rousseau to accept the pension, he will be reduced either to accept or refuse it. If he accepts it, I shall, with the proofs I have in hand against him, be able completely to disgrace him: if he refuses after having accepted it, he will have no pretext, but must give a reason for such refusal. This is what I expect: if he accuses me, he is ruined.

"If, I say, Mr. Hume reasoned with himself in this manner, he did what was consistent with his plan, and in that case very natural. Indeed, this is the only way in which his conduct in the affair can be explained, for upon any other supposition, it is inexplicable: if this be not demonstrable, nothing ever was.

"The critical situation in which he had now reduced me, recalled strongly to my mind the four words which I mentioned above, and which I heard him say and repeat, at a time when I did not comprehend their full force. It was the first night after our departure from Paris. We slept in the same chamber, when, during the night, I heard him several times cry out with great vehemence, in the French language, *I have you, Rousseau*. I know not whether he was awake or asleep.

"The expression was remarkable in the mouth of a man, who is too well acquainted with the French language to be mistaken with regard to the force or choice of words. I took these words, however, and I could not then take them otherwise than in a favourable sense, although the tone of voice indicated this less than the expression. It

was indeed a tone of which it is impossible for me to give any idea; but it corresponded exactly with those terrible looks I have before mentioned. At every repetition of these words I was seized with a shuddering and horror I could not resist; though a moment's recollection restored me, and made me smile at my terror. The next day, all this was so perfectly obliterated, that I did not even once think of it during my stay in London and its neighbourhood. It was not till my arrival in this place, that so many things have contributed to recal these words to my mind; and indeed recal them every moment.

"These words, the tone of which dwells on my heart, as if I had but just heard them; the long and fatal looks so frequently cast on me: the patting me on the back, with the repetition of *my dear sir*, in answer to my suspicions of his being a traitor: all this affects me to such a degree, after what preceded, that the recollection, had I no other cause, would be sufficient to prevent all return of confidence: not a night indeed passes but I think I hear, *I have you, Rousseau*, ring in my years, as if he had just pronounced them.

"Yes, Mr. Hume, I know you *have me*; but that only by mere externals: you have me in the public opinion and judgment of mankind. You have my reputation, and perhaps my security. The general prepossession is in your favour; it will be very easy for you to make me pass for the monster you have begun to represent me; and I already see the barbarous exultation of my implacable enemies. The public will no longer spare me, and without any further inquiry; every body is on the side of those who have conferred favours, because each is desirous to attract the same good offices, by displaying a sensibility of the obligation. I foresee readily the consequences of all this, particularly in the country to which you have conducted me; and where, being without friends and a stranger to every body, I lie almost entirely at your mercy. The sensible part of mankind, however, will comprehend that I must have been so far from seeking this affair, that nothing more terrible could possibly have happened to me in my present situation. They will perceive that nothing but my invincible aversion to all kind of falsehood, and the impossibility of my professing a regard for a person who had forfeited it, could have prevented dissimulation on my part, at a time when my interests made it, on so many accounts, a law. But the sensible part of mankind are few in number, nor do they make a noise in the world.

"Yes, Mr. Hume, you *have me*, by all the ties of this life; but you have no power over my probity or my fortitude, which being independent either of you or of mankind, I will preserve in spite of you. Think not to frighten me with the fortune that awaits me. I know the opinions of mankind. I am accustomed to their injustice, and have learned to care little about it. If you have taken your resolution, as I have reason to believe you have, be assured mine is also taken. I am feeble indeed in body, but my strength of mind was never greater. Mankind may say and do what they please. It is of little consequence to me; but it is of consequence to me, that I should end as I have begun; that I should maintain my rectitude and

candour to the end, whatever may happen; and that I should have no cause to reproach myself either with meanness in adversity, or insolence in prosperity. Whatever disgrace may attend, or misfortune threaten me, I am prepared. Though I am to be pitied, I am much less so than you; and all the revenge I shall take on you, is, to leave you the tormenting consciousness of being obliged, in spite of yourself, to respect the unfortunate person you have oppressed.

"In concluding this letter, I am surprised at my having been able to write it. If it were possible to die with grief, every line was sufficient to kill me. Every circumstance of the affair is equally incomprehensible. Such conduct as yours is not in nature: it is contradictory, and yet it is demonstrable. On each side of me there is an abyss, and I am lost in one or the other.

"If you are guilty, I am the most unfortunate of mankind; if you are innocent, I am the most culpable. You even make me desire to be that contemptible object. Yes, the situation to which you see me reduced, prostrate at your feet, crying out for mercy, and doing every thing to obtain it; publishing aloud my own unworthiness, and paying the most marked homage to your virtues, would be to my heart a state of joy and genial emotion, after the state of restraint and mortification into which you have plunged me.

"I have but one word more to say. If you are guilty, write to me no more: it would be superfluous, for certainly you could not deceive me. If you are innocent, deign to justify yourself. I know my duty; I love, and shall always love it, however difficult and severe. There is no state of abjection from which a heart, not formed for it, may not recover. Once again, I say, if you are innocent, deign to justify yourself; if you are not, adieu for ever.

"JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU."

After hesitating some time whether he should make any reply to this strange memorial, Hume at last resolved to write to Rousseau, as follows:

*Lisle-street, Leicester-fields, July 23, 1766.*

"SIR,

"I shall only answer one article of your long letter: it is that which regards the conversation we had the evening before your departure. Mr. Davenport had contrived a good-natured artifice, to make you believe that a retour chaise was ready to set out for Wootton; and I believe he caused an advertisement to be put in the papers, in order the better to deceive you. His purpose only was to save you some expenses in the journey, which I thought a laudable project; though I had no hand either in contriving or conducting it. You entertained, however, a suspicion of his design, while we were sitting alone by my fire-side; and you reproached me with concurring in it. I endeavoured to pacify you, and to divert the discourse; but to no purpose. You sat sullen, and was either silent, or made me very peevish answers. At last you rose up, and took a turn or two about the room; when all of a sudden, and to my great surprise, you clapped

yourself on my knee, threw your arms about my neck, kissed me with seeming ardour, and bedewed my face with tears. You exclaimed, 'My dear friend, can you ever pardon this folly! After all the pains you have taken to serve me, after the numberless instances of friendship you have given me, here I reward you with this ill-humour and sullenness. But your forgiveness of me will be a new instance of your friendship; and I hope you will find at bottom, that my heart is not unworthy of it.'

"I was very much affected, I own; and I believe a very tender scene passed between us. You added, by way of compliment no doubt, that though I had many better titles to recommend me to posterity, yet perhaps my uncommon attachment to a poor unhappy and persecuted man would not be altogether overlooked.

"This incident was somewhat remarkable; and it is impossible that either you or I could so soon have forgot it. But you have had the assurance to tell me the story twice, in a manner so different, or rather so opposite, that when I persist, as I do, in this account, it necessarily follows that either you are, or I am, a liar. You imagine, perhaps, that because the incident passed privately without a witness, the question will lie between the credibility of your assertion and of mine. But you shall not have this advantage or disadvantage, which ever you please to term it. I shall produce against you other proofs, which will put the matter beyond controversy.

"First, you are not aware, that I have a letter under your hand, which is totally irreconcilable with your account, and confirms mine.

"Secondly, I told the story the next day, or the day after, to Mr. Davenport, with a view of preventing any such good-natured artifices for the future. He surely remembers it.

"Thirdly, as I thought the story much to your honour, I told it to several of my friends here. I even wrote an account of it to Mad. de Boufflers at Paris. I believe no one will imagine that I was preparing before-hand an apology, in case of a rupture with you; which, of all human events, I should then have thought the most incredible, especially as we were separated almost for ever, and I still continued to render you the most essential services.

"Fourthly, the story, as I tell it, is consistent and rational: there is not common sense in your account. What! because sometimes, when absent in thought (a circumstance common enough with men whose minds are intensely occupied), I have a fixed look or stare, you suspect me to be a traitor, and you have the assurance to tell me of such black and ridiculous suspicions! For you do not even pretend that before you left London you had any other solid grounds of suspicion against me.

"I shall enter into no detail with regard to your letter: you yourself well know, that all the other articles of it are without foundation. I shall only add in general, that I enjoyed about a month ago, an uncommon pleasure, in thinking that, in spite of many difficulties, I had, by assiduity and care, and even beyond my most sanguine expectations, provided for your repose, honour, and fortune. But that pleasure was soon embittered, by finding that you had voluntarily and

wantonly thrown away all those advantages, and was become the declared enemy of your own repose, fortune, and honour: I cannot be surprised after this that you are my enemy. Adieu, and for ever.

"D. H."

Not content with writing this exculpatory letter, Mr. Hume called on Mr. Horace Walpole, to state publicly the concern he had in the affair; and an epistolary correspondence took place between these two gentlemen, which nearly terminated in an open rupture.

"Mr. Hume to Mr. Walpole

"DEAR SIR,

"When I came home last night, I found on my table a very long letter from d'Alembert, who tells me, that on receiving from me an account of my affair with Rousseau, he summoned a meeting of all my literary friends at Paris, and found them all unanimously of the same opinion with himself, and of a contrary opinion to me with regard to my conduct. They all think I ought to give to the public a narrative of the whole. However, I persist still more closely in my first opinion, especially after receiving the last mad letter. D'Alembert tells us, that it is of great importance for me, to justify myself from having any hand in the letter from the King of Prussia. I am told by Crawford, that you had wrote it a fortnight before I left Paris, but did not shew it to a mortal for fear of hurting me; a delicacy of which I am very sensible. Pray recollect if it was so. Though I do not intend to publish, I am collecting all the original pieces, and I shall connect them by a concise narrative. It is necessary for me to have that letter, and Rousseau's answer. Pray, assist me in this work. About what time, do you think, were they printed?

"I am, &c."

To this letter, Mr. Walpole sent the following answer, which Hume inserted in the *Exposé* he published, with the exception of the first paragraph, and the concluding sentence; an omission which gave much offence to the former gentleman.

"Arlington-Street, July 26, 1766.

"DEAR SIR,

"Your set of literary friends are what a set of literary men are apt to be, exceedingly absurd. They hold a consistory to consult how to argue with a madman; and they think it very necessary for your character, to give them the pleasure of seeing Rousseau exposed; not because he has provoked you, but them. If Rousseau prints, you must; but I certainly would not, till he does.

"I cannot be precise as to the time of my writing the king of Prussia's letter; but I do assure you with the utmost truth, that it was several days before you left Paris, and before Rousseau's arrival there, of which I can give you a strong proof, for I not only suppressed the

letter while you staid there, out of delicacy to you ; but it was the reason why, out of delicacy to myself, I did not go to see him, as you often proposed to me, thinking it wrong to go and make a cordial visit to a man, with a letter in my pocket to laugh at him. You are at full liberty, dear Sir, to make use of what I say in your justification, either to Rousseau, or to any body else. I should be very sorry to have you blamed on my account ; I have a hearty contempt of Rousseau, and am perfectly indifferent what the literati of Paris think of the matter. If there is any fault, which I am far from thinking, let it lie on me. No parts can hinder my laughing at their possessor, if he is a mountebank. If he has a bad and most ungrateful heart, as Rousseau has shewn in your case into the bargain, he will have my scorn likewise, as he will of all good and sensible men. You may trust your sentence to such, who are as respectable judges as any that have pored over ten thousand more volumes.

“ Yours, &c.

“ P. S. I will look out the letter and the dates as soon as I go to Strawberry-hill.”

All hopes of accommodating the unfortunate difference between Hume and Rousseau having vanished, it soon came to the knowledge of the public, who felt an interest in it, proportioned to the celebrity of the personages concerned. Both parties thought it incumbent on them to justify themselves ; and, with this view, Rousseau wrote letters to several of their common friends, detailing all the circumstances of his story.

The extensive correspondence which Rousseau had on the Continent, enabled him to circulate every where his complaint, and he generally affected the greatest anxiety that all letters to him should have an envelope addressed to another, lest they should be kidnapped or opened. He wrote to M. Guy, a bookseller at Paris, who was engaged in printing his Dictionary of Music ; and in this, as in all his other letters, he accused Hume of having entered into a league with his enemies to betray and defame him, and challenged him to print the papers which had passed between them. Guy communicated the letter to several persons at Paris, and a translation of it was inserted in the newspapers at London.

The publicity of this accusation overcame the scruples which Mr. Hume felt in laying the matter before the world, as longer silence might be construed to his disadvantage. In the beginning of the rupture, he had deemed it a duty which he owed to his friends, to draw up and communicate to them a narrative of his connexions with Rousseau ; but he had hitherto resisted their solicitations to print it. This narrative was now translated into French, and published by his friends at Paris. It was immediately translated into English under Hume's own eye, who took

the precaution to deposit all the original letters in the British Museum.

The literary world, as it may be supposed, took part in this dispute between two characters so celebrated as Hume and Rousseau; and although the conduct of the latter was universally condemned, a few took up the pen in his defence. In November 1766, there was published at Paris a pamphlet under the title of *Observations sur l'Exposé succinct de la Contestation qui s'est élevée entre M. Hume et M. Rousseau*; and in the same year was published at London, and translated into French, *Justification de J. J. Rousseau dans la Contestation qui lui est servenué avec M. Hume*. There also appeared at London *A Letter to the Hon. Horace Walpole concerning the Dispute between Mr. Hume and M. Rousseau*. The Parisian press gave to the public *Reflexions sur qui s'est passé au Sujet de la Rusture de J. J. Rousseau et de M. Hume*; and also a very long tract, entitled *Plaidoyer pour et contre J. J. Rousseau et le Docteur D. Hume, l'Historien Anglois: avec des Anecdotes interessantes relative au sujet: ouvrage moral et critique, pour servir de suite aux œuvres de ces deux grands hommes*. In the first part of this work, the author is exceedingly severe against Hume, but he afterwards softens a little as to him, and attacks Rousseau at great length. It is written in a sprightly style, and is rather interesting. He appears, however, to be totally unacquainted with Hume's character, and confesses and lamets his ignorance of our historian's works: the word *Docteur*, prefixed to Hume's name in the title, is a faint evidence of this. He is inclined, on the whole, to ascribe Rousseau's conduct à un dérèglement de son esprit—et non pas à la perversité de son cœur.

Even the fair sex stood forward in defence of their favourite man of feeling; and a lady at Paris signalized herself in a pamphlet, which was rewarded with the thanks of Rousseau: it was entitled *La Vertu vengée par l'Amitié, ou Recueil de Lettres sur J. J. Rousseau, par Madame \*\*\**. Voltaire, on the other side, addressed a letter to Mr. Hume, in which he assailed the unfortunate Genevese with all the acuteness of his satire, and the brilliancy of his wit.

While occupied in composing an elaborate review of this controversy, and gravely weighing the conduct of both parties, we accidentally met with the following *jeu d'esprit* in the St. James's Chronicle, the newspaper in which the translation of the celebrated letter of the king of Prussia first appeared. Before inserting it, however, we may premise, that it does not seem possible for any unprejudiced person to suppose that Mr. Hume could entertain the slightest malevolence towards his *protégé*, or that the concern he took in his behalf originated from any other

motive than the most generous philanthropy. We may bewail the eccentricity of mind which could conjure up suspicions like those entertained by Rousseau, and give consequence to empty trifles; but justice and honour call on us to condemn the man who could convert these into premeditated crimes, and found on them injurious accusations against innocence—nay, more, against the very person who had loaded him with benefits. It must be owned, that symptoms of a crazy intellect were at times perceptible in the conduct of Rousseau: his caprices, his brutal rudeness, his eternal wrangling with all who came in contact with him as friends and benefactors, were forcible indications of a species of mental derangement. We may, therefore, relax a little from the austere laws of criticism, and indulge in a harmless jocularly, now, perhaps, the best medium through which this singular dispute can be contemplated.

The humorous production alluded to is in the form of an indictment as follows:

*Heads of an Indictment laid by J. J. Rousseau, philosopher, against D. Hume, Esq.*

1. That the said David Hume, to the great scandal of philosophy, and not having the fitness of things before his eyes, did concert a plan with Messrs. Fröschin, Voltaire, and D'Alembert, to ruin the said J. J. Rousseau for ever, by bringing him over to England, and there settling him to his heart's content.

2. That the said David Hume did, with a malicious and traitorous intent, procure, or cause to be procured, by himself, or somebody else, one pension of the yearly value of 100*l.* or thereabouts, to be paid to the said J. J. Rousseau, on account of his being a philosopher, either privately or publicly, as to him the said J. J. Rousseau should seem meet.

3. That the said David Hume did, one night after he left Paris, put the said J. J. Rousseau in bodily fear, by talking in his sleep; although the said J. J. Rousseau doth not know, whether the said David Hume was really asleep, or whether he shammed Abraham, or what he meant.

4. That, at another time, as the said David Hume and the said J. J. Rousseau were sitting opposite each other by the fire-side in London, he, the said David Hume, did look at him, the said J. J. Rousseau, in a manner of which it is difficult to give any idea: that he, the said J. J. Rousseau, to get rid of the embarrassment he was under, endeavoured to look full at him, the said David Hume, in return, to try if he could not stare him out of countenance; but in fixing his eyes against his, the said David Hume's, he felt the most inexpressible terror, and was obliged to turn them away, insomuch that the said J. J. Rousseau doth im-

his heart think and believe, as much as he believes any thing, that he the said David Hume is a certain composition of a white-witch and a rattle-snake.

5. That the said David Hume on the same evening, after politely returning the embraces of him, the said J. J. Rousseau, and gently tapping him on the back, did repeat several times, in a good-natured easy tone, the words, *Why, what, my dear sir ! Nay, my dear sir ! Oh my dear sir !*—From whence the said J. J. Rousseau doth conclude, as he thinks upon solid and sufficient grounds, that he the said David Hume is a traitor ; albeit he, the said J. J. Rousseau, doth acknowledge, that the physiognomy of the good David is that of an honest man, all but those terrible eyes of his, which he must have borrowed ; but he the said J. J. Rousseau vows to God he cannot conceive from whom or what.

6. That the said David Hume hath more inquisitiveness about him than becometh a philosopher. and did never let slip an opportunity of being alone with the governante of him the said J. J. Rousseau.

7. That the said David Hume did most atrociously and flagitiously put him the said J. J. Rousseau, philosopher, into a passion ; as knowing that then he would be guilty of a number of absurdities.

8. That the said David Hume must have published Mr. Walpole's letter in the newspapers, because, at that time, there was neither man, woman, nor child, in the island of Great Britain, but the said David Hume, the said J. J. Rousseau, and the printers of the several newspapers aforesaid.

9. That somebody in a certain magazine, and somebody else in a certain newspaper, said something against him the said John James Rousseau, which he, the said J. J. Rousseau, is persuaded, for the reason above-mentioned, could be nobody but the said David Hume.

10. That the said J. J. Rousseau knows, that he, the said David Hume, did open and peruse the letters of him the said J. J. Rousseau, because he one day saw the said David Hume go out of the room, after his own servant, who had, at that time, a letter of the said J. J. Rousseau's in his hands ; which must have been in order to take it from the servant, open it, and read the contents.

11. That the said David Hume did, at the instigation of the devil, in a most wicked and unnatural manner, send, or cause to be sent, to the lodgings of him, the said J. J. Rousseau, one dish of beef-steaks, thereby meaning to insinuate, that he, the said J. J. Rousseau, was a beggar, and came over to England to ask alms ; whereas be it known to all men by these presents, that he,

the said John James Rousseau, brought with him the means of subsistence, and did not come with an empty purse ; as he doubts not but he can live upon his labours, with the assistance of his friends ; and in short can do better without the said David Hume than with him.

12. That beside all these facts put together, the said J. J. Rousseau did not like a certain appearance of things on the whole.

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FROM THE LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

### DEATH OF MR. HORNE TOOKE.

THE death of this remarkable character is not an occurrence of every day, it is the death of a man, who in the period in which he has lived, and the sphere which he has filled, has been more active and more conspicuous, than any other person now living. From the commencement of the reign of his present majesty, to the day of Horne Tooke's death, scarcely has any public occurrence passed in which he has not had a greater share than belonged to his mere private station. He has accordingly been the most active individual in a period of general activity. He has lived in more revolutions of politics and parties than any other man of the day, and in all of them have his talents or his intrigue, his good or bad intentions, and indefatigable spirit and exertions rendered him an actor.

Mr. Tooke was born in a humble station of life ; his father is said to have been a poulterer. But as this father, who lived in some of the small streets about Westminster, had the spirit to send his son to a public school, and afterwards to a college, it is a reasonable conclusion either that he was richer than ordinary, or that he possessed a very superior mind to what usually belongs to his condition.

His father at any rate was sufficiently respectable to be the treasurer of a public charity. This was the Middlesex Hospital, of which Horne Tooke himself afterwards became one of the governors.

Mr. Tooke was sent to Westminster School at a very early age, and is said to have passed through all the forms of that distinguished seminary. This course of itself, in such a mind as that of Horne Tooke, was sufficient to render him the eminent scholar which he afterwards exhibited himself. It is the character of Westminster School, that it puts its pupils *in the right way*, and imbibes them with a right mind, and therefore

they have only to follow in future life the plan which is there traced for them.—This is all that any school can do, and it is more we believe than is done by the greater part of them. To begin well is to ensure a good conclusion. It is related in a memoir of Horne Tooke, inserted in a work published some time since, that he was removed from Westminster to Eton at the usual age. This, however, must be a mistake, as Westminster and Eton are not in the relation of school and college to each other. It is possible that Horne Tooke might have had the advantage of both these eminent schools, but is more probable that this is an error.

In the year 1754, he was sent to Cambridge, and entered himself of St. John's college. We do not know what was the reputation of this college at the time, but it is certainly a high honour to its name in literature that it has sent forth such a profound scholar as Horne Tooke.

He studied at college with the most exemplary industry, and he acquired the necessary fruit of such assiduity, an early proficiency in learning and philology.

Mr. H. Tooke was educated for the church, and his first prospects are said to have been very promising. He entered into holy orders at the usual age, and immediately obtained the living of Brentford. He had connections whose favour did not stop at this point. The duke of Newcastle, we believe, from some kind of interest, took him into his patronage, and Horne Tooke obtained a promise, that he should be appointed one of the royal chaplains. Fortunately, however, (for such we must consider it) for the interests of religion, Mr. Horne's star here interposed.

The nation very shortly became convulsed by party dissensions. The English were too easily persuaded that lord Bute possessed a dangerous and unconstitutional influence. The opposition, in parliament, as anxious at that time as at the present, to adopt any watch-word that might rally the popular affections around them, filled the kingdom with exclamations against the Double Cabinet, and the "influence behind the throne which controlled the throne itself."—This was the clamour of the day. And the incidental affair of the expulsion of Wilkes, which in ordinary times would have been considered only as an irregularity, and rectified as such, added fuel to the flames, and rendered the country and metropolis one scene of mob, sedition, and clamour.

Mr. Horne immediately embraced the popular cause, and united himself with Wilkes. He visited him at Paris during his exile, and when he failed in his attempt to obtain his return in parliament in 1768, Mr. Horne warmly adopted his interests,

canvassed the town and country for him, opened houses, solicited votes and subscriptions, and ultimately procured him to be returned as the member for Middlesex.

Shortly afterwards a rupture ensued between these friends. Mr. Tooke did not find Wilkes that violent patriot which he had anticipated. When Wilkes had obtained what he wanted, and was provided for by the liberality of the city who made him their chamberlain, Wilkes was satisfied and therefore quiet. Horne Tooke lost his firebrand, and he resented it by a public attack and abuse of him.

Junius, the writer of the letters under that name, imputed this dispute to its just origin: Horne Tooke wrote a letter in reply to him, which appears in the collection of that work. It is certainly an admirable specimen of his talents, and only excites a regret, that such wit, satire, and eloquence, should be accompanied by so little goodness.

Junius replied in an angry declamation, and Horne Tooke rejoined in another, as singular for its boldness, as for its splendour and real eloquence. In this answer, Mr. Tooke first announced himself the champion of those principles, which afterwards set Europe in a flame. He employed, amongst others, the following pointed sentence, which, however true in the abstract, no honest man should openly produce as a maxim of action:—"The king, whose actions justify rebellion to his government, deserves death from the hand of every subject, and should such a time arrive, I should be as free to act as any."—Now, though there is nothing erroneous in the bare abstract assertion of this principle, yet it is one of those, which tend to weaken the necessary respect and attachment of sovereigns and subjects. Questions of this nature must never be argued. The matter must speak for itself.

Mr. Horne again came forward as the popular advocate in the American war. When the war was commenced by the skirmish at Lexington, Mr. Horne opened a subscription, and advertised in the public papers "for the relief of our unfortunate brethren in America basely murdered by the British troops."—The attorney-general very properly prosecuted him for this insult on the government, and the jury very justly found him guilty.—He was in consequence imprisoned in the king's bench.

Mr. Horne Tooke had now nothing to hope from ecclesiastical preferment. He now, therefore, with the most shameless indecency, if not direct impiety, threw off his clerical gown, and produced himself as a layman. He resigned the living of Brentford, and entered himself of the Society of the Inner Temple. He kept his commons regularly, and studied the law as a profession.

The period at length arrived, in which, having kept the ne-

cessary terms, he was to be called to the bar. He put in his claim for this nomination. But the benchers, with a feeling which did them honour, unanimously rejected him, on the grounds, that having been in holy orders they could not countenance such an indecent and impious desertion.

As Mr. Horne Tooke's abilities and his violence were occasionally of great use to the leaders of parties, he was occasionally much courted and highly considered by them. Mr. Fox declared him to be a man of very eminent use to the commonwealth, and publicly patronised and praised him.

Mr. Tooke came forward as a candidate for Westminster in 1790. Mr. Fox and lord Hood stood at the same time. On this occasion he kept himself in reserve till the very morning of the election, when he published a hand-bill, in which he declared his purpose. Mr. Tooke did not of course succeed, and he presented in consequence a petition to parliament, in which he treated all parties with the utmost insolence. It was written, however, in his usual style of plain energy and popular eloquence.

Mr. Tooke next appeared as the advocate of the French revolution, and he soon attracted the attention of government upon his movements and avowed principles. He was arrested as a traitor, and tried by a special commission. The jury acquitted the whole of them, but the popular voice, or at least the best part of the people, though they did not approve of the violence of the accusation, felt only one regret, that they had not been all tried for sedition instead of treason.

Mr. Tooke, in the interval of his political pursuits, has published several excellent pieces of literature. His principal work of this kind is the "Diversions of Purley," a most profound and learned Grammatical Treatise.

Mr. Tooke likewise published an attack on his royal highness the prince regent, and in a pamphlet on the Marriage Act, took occasion to speak with his usual contempt of the royal family.

Lord Camelford, an eccentric character, at length procured Mr. Tooke to be returned as member of parliament for the borough of Old Sarum. On Monday, Feb. 16, 1801, he took his seat, and on the 4th of May he was declared ineligible, as having been in holy orders. His seat was in consequence vacated, and a new writ issued.

From this period Mr. Tooke has been only known as the friend and political instructor of sir Francis Burdett, and whatever may be the feeling of the country upon the loss of a man of so much faction, bustle, and celebrity, sir Francis, we believe, will have occasion sincerely to regret his death.

Mr. Horne Tooke died at Wimbledon, about twelve o'clock

on Wednesday night, in the 77th year of his age. He had lost the use of his lower extremities, and his dissolution had been for some time expected. Symptoms of mortification recently appeared, which soon occasioned his death. He was attended by his two daughters, Dr. Pearson, Mr. Cline, and sir Francis Burdett. Being informed of his approaching change, he signified, with a placid look, that he was fully prepared, and had reason to be grateful for having passed so long and so happy a life, which he would willingly have had extended if it had been possible. He expressed satisfaction at being surrounded in his last moments by those most dear to him; and his confidence in the existence of a Supreme Being, whose final purpose was the happiness of his creatures. His facetiousness did not forsake him. When supposed to be in a state of entire insensibility, sir Francis Burdett mixed up a cordial for him, which his medical friends said it would be to no purpose to administer; but sir Francis persevered, and raised Mr. Tooke, who opened his eyes, and seeing who offered the draught, took the glass and drank the contents with eagerness. He had previously observed, that he should not be like the man at Strasburgh, who, when doomed to death, requested time to pray, till the patience of the magistrates was exhausted, and then, as a last expedient, begged to be permitted to close his life with his favourite amusement of *ninepins*, but who kept bowling on, with an evident determination never to finish the game. He desired that no funeral ceremony should be said over his remains, but that six of the poorest men in the parish should have a guinea each for bearing him to the vault in his garden.

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FROM THE LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

## SINGULAR AND INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

IN the wars betwixt the Russians and the Turks, there are many barbarities committed by the troops of both nations, and they frequently rather contrive which shall lay a plan for a murder with more ingenuity, than fight with the open bravery and generosity of European warfare. The following story, told and vouched as a truth by a respectable officer in the service of the Court of Muscovy, is a most remarkable instance of this.—The two armies, he said, were encamped at no great distance from each other, on the banks of the Danube, and there was a deep morass between them, at the approaches to which each of the armies had piquets. Owing to the length of time the war had been carried on in the country, necessaries were becoming somewhat

scarce ; and the officers, in particular, having been deprived of many of these little luxuries which are considered of so much importance in a camp, were very liberal to any one who could provide for them.

Amongst others, whom the love of money tempted to engage in this traffic, there was an old woman of a very singular character and appearance. She was accustomed to bargain with the officers, to afford them every thing, at a very inconsiderable price, on condition, that if they were killed before that time, she should have their property. Many of them were extremely willing to make an agreement on these terms, as they had no prospect of fighting for a long while after the time she mentioned ; and they were accordingly supplied in every thing they wished.

Every one, to the great surprise of their comrades, were killed almost at her day, and almost in such a manner as could excite no suspicion that she had the smallest connexion with it ; it was perhaps their turn to go out on a foraging party, and they were met by a detachment of the enemy on the same errand, or some dangerous post was given to their charge, on which they were attacked, and their whole party cut to pieces. The thing, however, happened so naturally, that others only cursed the luck of the old witch, and continued to make agreements with her ; " among others," said the officer, " I was tempted, through curiosity, as much as other motives to visit her, and bargained for something, on condition that she should have my gold watch and seals, should I be killed before the expiration of a fortnight. The time past on till the last evening, and at that time it was not my turn to do any duty, till two days after. I was making merry upon the subject of Madame Grim's disappointment, and took a walk out to see the guard march off for a post on the outside of the camp, to which a great deal of importance had been always attached, as it was the only pass by which the Turks could surprise us. It was likewise the only thing of which I was afraid in my bargain ; for, during the whole of the week, every detachment that had been sent to watch it, had been found in the morning dead, to a man, with their heads cut off ; and although the numbers had been almost doubled every time, it had been of no avail ; none of them returned alive. I was quite secure, but felt a little of that horror which naturally seizes one on very narrowly escaping a terrible danger, especially as many of the officers, killed on this spot, had fallen just at the time the old hag had predicted.

The men were drawn up, and ready to march, and my comrades were telling me I was one of the luckiest fellows in the world ; when a message was sent from head-quarters for the next officer, in order to assume the command of the guard, as

he, whose turn it was, had fallen sick. I was somewhat disconcerted at this; but still, as it was not my turn, I found all safe; and to my great satisfaction the guard at last marched off; while I betook myself to my tent for the night. Imagine my consternation, however, when not many minutes after, orders were sent that I should mount and follow the detachment, as the officer had his arm broke by a fall from his horse. There was no alternative, so with as good a grace as might be, I took my place; comforting myself that I had twice as many men as any of the others, and would at least stand against the Turks, though much superior in numbers, till I could send for assistance. The post was on the side of a deep morass, and only accessible by two ways, one from the Turkish camp, and one backwards, by which we reached it. Nothing seemed to disturb us, and I had entirely forgotten my superstitions; the night was very beautiful, and the dead stillness of every thing around, interrupted only at slow intervals by the neighing of the horses, or the solitary voice of the sentinels, made the scene all solemn. We were in this situation for a considerable time, when, as if it had been thunder, the shouts of men, the clattering of horses, and the sound of arms were heard close upon our post; and, in a moment, several troops of Turkish hussars, half naked, and brandishing their cimetars in defence, were seen galloping down the descent of the opposite ground. The moon shone full upon them, and their savage appearance, together with their number, which was more than double ours, made us all tremble. It was impossible to think of retreating; that would have ruined us, for we had a post of honour; and to meet such a host of savages was certain death. They were on us in an instant, I had only time to draw up my men with their backs to the morass. The Turks cut and slaughtered at a terrible rate: and though my brave fellows behaved like heroes, they were hewed to pieces in a twinkling; I was left with only one or two, and was most dreadfully wounded; cut across my breast with a sabre, my head bleeding, and almost blind with rage and blood, I was still eager for revenge, and would have had it—the leader of the murderers was just at the point of my sabre, and I going to stab him to the heart, when one of his attendants perceiving my design, made a furious blow at me; his cimetar, however, or something else, terrified the horse, which ran backwards, and sunk me into one of the deepest holes in the morass. He was inevitably gone, and I felt myself suffocated. By some means, however, I caught hold of the grass on the banks, and hung there a few minutes till I recovered my senses. The Turks supposing I was dead, made no more inquiries after me, while I was obliged to witness such a scene of horror as never human being saw. The field was

strewed with men and horses, dead and dying, and the Turks were busy cutting off the heads of those they had killed. They went away at last, and I endeavoured to extricate myself, in which, by my weakness, I was several times unsuccessful. I came out, however; but guess my horror when I was instantly seized by a gigantic Turk, whom I had not observed pillaging the dead bodies; he very coolly took out a knife to cut my head off. I besought him in the name of God to spare me, and I told him I had friends who would give him a large reward if he did. He said he was not certain of that, but if he took my head to the camp, he would get thirty dollars for the delivery of it, and was proceeding to his purpose, notwithstanding my struggles, when I luckily perceived a dagger at his belt; I drew it, and stabbed him as near the heart as I could think; he instantly fell; and thanking Heaven for preserving me through so much, I took up the shaft of a lance, and supported myself on it to the camp. The general had my story the next day, and came to inquire of me. I was so weak that I could hardly collect myself sufficiently to speak; something, however, came across me about the old woman, and I could only say that the guard should be doubled, but a false number be given out in the camp. This was done accordingly, and the Turks found themselves fairly outnumbered. I then told my suspicions; and when the old hag was seized, and brought a little to it by the fear of being given to the soldiers for a mark to be shot at, she confessed she had always made it her practice to inform the Turks of the number of men to be set on our out-posts.—She had frequently done us the like good offices. With respect to her contrivances she confessed a great deal, and that when she witnessed a combat between two, one of which was a friend, she contrived to irritate the other's horse somehow in such a manner that it threw him. The soldiers insisted she should be burnt alive, but the commander contented himself with nailing her ears to a post for a day, and giving her the knout.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

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*Remarkably large alligator killed : a much more remarkable fact stated ; the remains being eaten raw, by the natives of the adjacent town.*

\* \* Though we have no reason to doubt the truth of this information, yet as it seems to us to be contrary to the general principles and practices of the Hindoos, we should be glad of any additional testimony from eye witnesses, in elucidation of this peculiarity.

Extract of a letter from Ghazeepore, dated 21st April, 1811.

"Several large alligators having been observed for several days, about noon, to assemble at a particular spot near the bank of the river, two officers of his majesty's 67th regt. went out with a determination to shoot one of them, which they effected with a rifle gun. The animal, however, was not immediately brought on shore. He was picked up three days afterwards. The ball had entered the head, and passed out on a line leading directly under each eye. Several other balls had struck him on the body ; but were thrown off by the scales, without penetrating. Upon being measured, he was found to be 29 feet in length, and seven feet in circumference. The jaw from under each orbit of the eye, to its extremity, measured three feet, and contained 52 teeth in the upper, and 48 in the lower jaw. After separating the integuments, the knife passed through nearly eight inches of fat ;—upon opening the stomach, there were found several half digested human limbs ; the heads of two children, and a very great number of small stones, which probably had been swallowed in order to assist digestion.

"I was not previously aware that the natives of Hindoostan, who exclude almost all animals from their bill of fare, would condescend to eat the flesh of the alligator, but the fact was incontestably proved on this occasion ; for on our coming away after the dissection, an immense number of people came from the city of Ghazeepore, and having cut the remains of the animal that we had left, into small morsels, the whole was almost immediately devoured by the crowd, who seemed delighted with their meal : the bones were picked and not a particle except the bones and scales were left."

*Copenhagen and its inhabitants, described by a recent German Writer.*—A German literary journal gives extracts from a work by the late M. Calligen, councillor of state and director general of the academy of surgery established at Halle, entitled *Physical picture of Copenhagen*. This performance is written in the Danish language, and contains new and interesting information on the state of that city. The population of Copenhagen is considerably increased : in 1800 the in-

habitants were reckoned at 87,391; in 1806 they were found to be 97,438; in 1809, they exceeded 100,000. The climate is very disagreeable, by reason of prevailing humidity, united to the ever changing temperature, and the violence of the winds. Even the Norwegians and the Swedes complain of the cold, although the thermometer gives  $+ 6.17^{\circ}$  of Reaumur for the medium temperature of the year. Rheumatisms and chills are the prevailing diseases. The natives of Copenhagen are, generally speaking, of middling stature, light hair and pale complexions: the women are remarkable for countenances bespeaking mildness and candour; but regular beauties are rare. Beneficence is one of the characteristic features of the inhabitants of the Danish metropolis. An acquaintance with the foreign languages is general; French, English, German, Italian, Spanish are spoken. The want of order in the interior of family arrangements, with a luxury disproportionate to the abilities of those who display it, are two sources of vexation to individuals. The number of marriages have diminished in the same ratio as the population has increased.

The author details other particulars of the manner of living in Copenhagen, among which the imitation of natural objects by painting, in splendid dinners, is distinguished. A table well loaded, and even sumptuously, is in high repute. The consumption of tea, sugar, and coffee, is very great: that of the last mentioned article amounts to 1,500,000 lb. annually. The populace not having good wines, nor even good beer, console themselves with an habitual use of brandy; which this author deems, and justly, a national misfortune.

The administration of the public hospitals with that of mendicity in general, may serve for models in their kind. The latter, however, is barely adequate to the assistance demanded by the indigent, the number of which is lamentably increased since the bombardment. In the twenty-five years from 1750 to 1775 the number of deaths constantly exceeded that of births: but since the improvements adopted in bringing up children, the establishments of beneficence, and medical police, improvements which may be dated in 1776 and 1777, the births have often been found to exceed the deaths in an extraordinary proportion for so great a city. Suicides are very frequent; almost as frequent as in London; for according to a very moderate calculation one resident in every thousand ends his days by his own hands. In addition to that misery which inevitably attends on luxury and debauchery; superstition, unhappy love, and the reading of novels, are the ordinary causes of the disposition to this crime.

*Eagle killed; attacks Mun.*—Paris, Jan. 18. A few days ago was killed at Moyeuve, in the department of the Moselle, an Eagle of extraordinary size. The manner in which this bird came by his death, has something worthy to figure in a collection of imaginary tales; but, the fact is attested by witnesses worthy of credit. M. G. was out shooting at crows. He took aim at one, and fired at him. At the instant when he stooped to pick up his game, the eagle darted on the sportsman, and seized him by the body. Astonished at such an attack, he had hardly power to struggle with his enemy, and hardly voice enough

to call out for assistance. However, his situation was discovered; several persons ran to his aid; and the eagle was killed.

*Hearing restored to a patient deaf and dumb.*—Paris. M. Itard, physician to the Institution of the Deaf and Dumb, has performed an operation on a youth named Dietz, aged 15 years, who was deprived of the enjoyment of hearing and of speech. The mode was by perforation of the ears. The first part of the operation was performed on the 2d of last July; the first injections were made four days afterwards; they began to pass by the mouth on the 12th. Young Dietz, who before had been insensible to the report of a cannon, gave towards the end of the month signs of emotion, arising from vertigo, and dulness in his head. A few days afterwards he was capable of hearing speech. At this acquisition he could not restrain his joy; his eyes brightened, and he seemed to have obtained a new source of delight. Several words were pronounced as lessons to him; these he repeated with tolerable facility. It was necessary to habituate him gradually to his new powers, lest too strong and too numerous sensations should have done as much harm as mild and gentle impressions might do good. This fact was demonstrated, when a musical instrument was first played before him: he was observed to tremble, to turn pale, and was ready to faint, in a moment; but quickly he experienced all the transports arising from a pleasure the intensity of which caused his cheeks to glow, his eyes to sparkle, his pulse to rise, his respiration to quicken; and, in short, which produced upon him a species of intoxication and delirium.

*American Merchant Vessels.*—Smyrna, Aug. 17. Two American merchant vessels lately arrived here. As the United States have no treaty with the Porte, those ships hoisted the *English flag*, in order to obtain admission into the port. But, on the representation of the English factors, who were displeased to see foreigners make use of their national flag in order to deprive them of a part of their commerce, which is not too flourishing, the English Consul forbade them from using the British colours, and informed the custom-house that those vessels were not of his nation. This information accordingly subjected the Americans to the usual Turkish demands: 8 or 9 per cent. as custom-house duties were immediately laid on their cargoes, instead of 3 which are paid by the English. They then threatened to return without breaking bulk: at length they were allowed to land on paying 4 per cent. But scarcely had they emptied their hold, when the officers seized six barrels of indigo, which the owners will find some difficulty in getting restored, or payment of any kind made in return.

*Depravity.*—A peasant, of the name of J. Angley, was lately convicted at Mentz, along with a woman with whom he cohabited, of having murdered ten persons during eighteen months. It appeared, by the evidence, that the criminal was a wood-cutter, and resided six miles from the city; being idle, and desirous of subsisting without labour, he determined to rob all single travellers who passed through a neighbouring wood; for this purpose he used to conceal himself in a

high tree, and take deliberate aim at his victim : if he fell, he descended to finish his work, and after plundering, buried the body ; if, on the contrary, he missed his aim, or the person, though wounded, attempted to escape, he gave the signal to a dog which he had trained, and which effectually prevented that design. The number of persons who had suddenly disappeared while passing through the wood, gave rise to suspicions, and led to the apprehension of Anglely and the woman, both of whom, struck with remorse, made a full confession of their guilt. Anglely and the woman were executed, and the dog was shot by order of the magistrates.

*Anecdote of the French Police.*—A merchant of high respectability in Bordeaux, had occasion to visit the metropolis upon commercial business, carrying with him bills and money to a very large amount. On his arrival at the gates of Paris, a genteel looking man opened the door of his carriage, and addressed him to this effect :—" Sir, I have been waiting upon you for some time. according to my notes you were to arrive at this hour ; and your person, your carriage, and your portmanteau, exactly answering the description I hold in my hand, you will permit me to have the honour of conducting you to Monsieur De Sartine." The gentleman, astonished and alarmed at this interruption, and still more so at hearing the name of the Lieutenant of Police mentioned, demanded to know what Monsieur De Sartine wanted with him ; adding at the same time, that he never had committed any offence against the laws, and that he could have no right to interrupt or detain him. The messenger declared himself perfectly ignorant of the cause of the detention ; stating at the same time, that when he had conducted him to Monsieur De Sartine, he should have executed his orders, which were merely ministerial. After some further explanations, the gentleman permitted the officer to conduct him to the hotel of the Lieutenant of Police. Monsieur De Sartine received him with great politeness ; and after requesting him to be seated, to his great astonishment he described his portmanteau, and told him the exact sum in bills and specie which he had brought with him to Paris, and where he was to lodge, his usual time of going to bed, and a number of other circumstances, which the gentleman had conceived could only be known to himself.—Monsieur De Sartine having thus excited attention, put this extraordinary question to him.—" Sir, are you a man of courage ?"—The gentleman still more astonished at the singularity of such an interrogatory, demanded the reason why he put such a strange question, adding at the same time that no man ever doubted his courage.—Mons. De Sartine replied,—" Sir, you are to be robbed and murdered this night !—If you are a man of courage you must go to your hotel, and retire to rest at the usual hour : but be careful that you do not fall asleep ; neither will it be proper for you to look under your bed or into any of the closets which are in your bed-chamber (which he so accurately described) ;—you must place your portmanteau in its usual situation, near your bed, and discover no suspicion ;—leave what remains to me. If, however, you do not feel your courage sufficient to bear you

out, I will procure a person who shall personate you, and go to bed in your stead."—After some further explanation, which convinced the gentleman that Mons. De Sartine's intelligence was accurate in every particular, he refused to be personated, and formed an immediate resolution literally to follow the directions he had received :—He accordingly went to bed at his usual hour, which was eleven o'clock. At half past twelve (the time mentioned by Mons. De Sartine) the door of the bed-chamber burst open, and three men entered with a dark lantern, daggers, and pistols.—The gentleman, who, of course, was awake, perceived one of them to be his own servant.—They rifled his portmanteau undisturbed, and settled the plan of putting him to death.—The gentleman, hearing all this, and not knowing by what means he was to be rescued, it may naturally be supposed was under great perturbation of mind during such an awful interval of suspense, when, at the moment the villains were preparing to commit the horrid deed, four police officers, acting under M. De Sartine's orders, who were concealed under the bed, and in the closet, rushed out and seized the offenders with the property in their possession, and in the act of preparing to commit the murder. The consequence was, that the perpetration of the atrocious deed was prevented, and sufficient evidence obtained to convict the offenders.—Mons. De Sartine's intelligence enabled him to prevent this horrid offence of robbery and murder,—which, but for the accuracy of the system, would probably have been carried into execution.

*Gray Bear.*—The quadrupeds of America are in general smaller than those of the old Continent, but the gray bear recently found in the remote parts of North America, near the head of the Missouri, forms a striking exception to the general observation. The gray bear, which also is known to be very numerous in the Andes of South America, is supposed to be a distinct species. It is asserted that the gray bear has been seen at the head of the Missouri, of the enormous weight of two thousand pounds (two hundred and fifty stone), butcher's weight ! This animal is more dangerous to man than any other on the surface of the globe. When impelled by hunger, it attacks every creature within its reach. The scent of the gray bear is as fine as that of a hound, and the animal on which he fixes his pursuit has no chance of escape, unless possessing extraordinary powers of flight, as the motion of his pursuer is so swift. From some animals, a tree becomes a secure refuge, but the gray bear climbs, not only with facility, but with great nimbleness, takes the water like a duck, and swims with great velocity.

*Inoculating Sheep.*—A Russian counsellor has found out a method of inoculating sheep. He dissolves the virus, or matter, in water, and steeps it in a piece of thread, which is afterwards drawn through the extremity of the ear, where it is left hanging like an ear-ring. At the end of a few days the inoculated sheep has the same symptoms as a child that has been vaccinated. September is the most favourable time for this operation.

# POETRY.

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## PARODY

*On a song in "The Camp."*

*Enlisting a Critic for the Edinburgh Review.*

- Jef.* YOU little Reviewer, come list with me;  
But first, prithee, answer me questions three.  
*R.* I long, Master *J—y*, to list with you,  
For I 'm hungry, and wish to have something to do.  
*J.* First, can you rail well?  
*R.* Neatly, neatly.  
*J.* Flourish in sentiments?  
*R.* Sweetly, sweetly.  
*J.* Cut up an author well?  
*R.* O, completely.  
*J.* The answers are honest, bold, and free,  
Go on, and in time you a S—d—y will be.  
*J.* When Authors are angry, and dare you to fight,  
Will you go to the field, tho' you feel in a fright?  
*R.* I can go, Sir, like you, tho' I'd much rather not;  
And wou'd dine with three lords ere I'd fight with one Scott.  
*J.* Next can you lie well?  
*R.* Roundly, roundly.  
*J.* Scout Universities?  
*R.* Soundly, soundly.  
*J.* Prate when you 're ignorant?  
*R.* O, profoundly.  
*J.* The answers are honest, bold, and fair,  
Come dip in this gall, and a Critic you are.
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FROM THE LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

## THE VOICE OF PRAISE.

THERE is a voice of magic power,  
To charm the old, delight the young—  
In lordly hall, in rustic bower,  
In every clime, in every tongue,  
Howe'er its sweet vibration rung,  
In whispers low, in poet's lays,  
There lives not one who has not hung,  
Enraptur'd on the voice of praise.

The timid child, at that soft voice,  
Lifts for a moment's space the eye;  
It bids the flattering heart rejoice,  
And stays the step prepar'd to fly:

'Tis pleasure breathes that short quick sigh,  
And flushes o'er that rosy face;  
Whilst shame and infant modesty  
Shrink back with hesitating grace.

The lovely Maiden's dimpled cheek,  
At that sweet voice still deeper glows;  
Her quivering lips in vain would seek,  
To hide the bliss her eyes disclose;  
The charm her sweet confusion shows,  
Oft springs from some low broken word;  
O praise! to her how sweetly flows  
Thine accent from the lov'd one heard!

The Hero, when a people's voice  
Proclaims their idol victor near,  
Feels he not then his soul rejoice,  
Their shouts of love, of praise to hear!  
Yes! fame to the generous mind is dear—  
It pierces to their inmost core;  
He weeps, who never shed a tear,  
He trembles, who ne'er shook before.

The Poet too—ah well I deem,  
Small is the need the tale to tell;  
Who knows not that his thought, his dream,  
On thee at noon, at midnight dwell?  
Who knows not that the magic spell  
Can charm his every care away;  
In memory cheer his gloomy cell,  
In hope can lend a deathless day.

'Tis sweet to watch affection's eye,  
To mark the tear with love replete,  
To feel the softly breathing sigh,  
When friendship's lips the tones repeat;  
But oh! a thousand times more sweet,  
The praise of these we love to hear!  
Like balmy showers in summer heat,  
It falls upon the greedy ear.

The lover lulls his rankling wound,  
By hanging on his fair one's name!  
The mother listens for the sound  
Of her young warrior's growing fame;  
Thy voice can soothe the mourning dame,  
Of her soul's wedded partner riven;  
Who cherishes the hallow'd flame,  
Parted on earth to meet in Heaven!

That voice can quiet passion's mood,  
Can humble merit raise on high,  
And from the wise and from the good  
It breathes of immortality;  
There is a lip, there is an eye,  
Where most I love to see it shine,  
To hear it speak, to feel it sigh—  
My mother, need I say 'tis thine!

# LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

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## RECENT BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

The complete works of Adam Smith, L. L. D. with an account of his Life and Writings, by Dugald Stewart.

Of the Management of Light in Illuminations, with an account of a new Portable Lamp. By Benjamin, Count of Rumford.

Traits of Nature, a Novel, in 5 vol. By Miss Burney.

## RECENT AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

The American Law Journal, No. 1, of the second series. By John E. Hall, Esq. Baltimore.

*By John F. Watson, Philadelphia.*

The second edition of "Epitome Historiæ Sacræ."

*By Moses Thomas, Philadelphia,*

A new and very interesting pamphlet, entitled "The Resources of Russia, in the event of a war with France." Price 37 1-2 cents.

*By Munroe and Francis, Boston.*

The Healing Waters of Bethesda; a Sermon, preached at Buxton Wells, England, to the company assembled there for the benefit of the *Medicinal Waters*, on Whitsunday, June 2d, 1811, by the Rev. Claudius Buchanan, D.D. late vice-provost of the College of Fort William, in Bengal.

*By Anthony Finley, Philadelphia.*

Retrospection; a poem, in familiar verse, by Richard Cumberland. Price, in extra boards, 50 cents.

*By Kimber and Conrad, Philadelphia.*

An Introduction to Mensuration and Practical Geometry. By John Bonycastle, of the royal academy, Woolwich. To which is added an Appendix, containing a System of Gauging. From the tenth London edition, revised and corrected. 12mo. price \$1 25.

*By Bradford and Reed, Boston.*

A respectful Address to the Trinitarian Clergy, relating to their manner of treating opponents. By Noah Worcester.

## PROPOSED BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

A new edition of Junius, by a descendant of his printer, Woodfall, is in the press, containing his correspondence with Mr. Woodfall.

An eminent member of the Church of England, is engaged on a work on the characters of Caiaphas and Barnabas; in which an attempt is made to exculpate the Jews from the charge of having crucified our *Saviour*, and prove the same to have been wholly and solely the work of the Roman Government.

## PROPOSED AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

*By Cummings and Hilliard, Boston.*

By subscription—Essays on the nature and principles of Taste. By Archibald Alison, L.L. B. F.R.S. From the last Edinburgh edition.

*By Hale and Hosmer, Hartford, Connecticut.*

Memoirs of the Life and writings of John Calvin, with a selection from his letters, together with Sketches of the lives of the most distinguished reformers among his cotemporaries. By the Rev. E. Waterman, 1 vol. 8vo.

SELECT  
REVIEWS OF LITERATURE,  
FOR AUGUST, 1812.

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FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

*The Crisis of the Dispute with America.* By a Merchant of the Old School.  
8vo. London, 1811.

THIS is a sensible and useful pamphlet, published by a very respectable merchant, who writes on a subject in which he feels the interest of one actually engaged in the affairs he treats of, and suffering severely under the evils of which he complains. He has inserted the very admirable letters recently addressed to the Prince Regent by Mr. Cobbet, which contain a great variety of arguments, urged with the usual force and effect of that writer; and on a side of the question much more sound, in our apprehension, than that which he used formerly to espouse. Nothing can be more gratifying to those who really love truth, and seek the good of their country, than to see such instances of able and well-informed men meeting on the same ground, after being kept separate by honest differences of opinion: and they who brawl against such changes of sentiment, only show themselves equally careless of the interests of the state and the cause of truth, and incapable of estimating the merits of that candour which acknowledges and retracts an involuntary error.

We propose, on this occasion, to offer a few reflections to our readers upon the subject of the disputes with America. Not that it is at all our intention to enter fully into the question of the negotiation now pending with the government of the United States;—but, from a conviction of the ruinous consequences of an American war, and the utter worthlessness of the objects for which our rulers are contending, we feel it quite incumbent on

us to say a few words on some of the points in issue between the two countries. In truth, there is but one question, in the present times, more important than the American—we mean the Irish; and it seems to be the design of the government, to exercise the patience of the nation, and rouse the alarms of all men of sense and worth, in a pretty equal degree, on both those momentous topics. The scruples under which his majesty's conscience was said to labour, affording no longer any pretence for deferring that act which strict justice, as well as the soundest policy, has so long enjoined towards the sister kingdom,—and the illustrious person at the head of affairs having heretofore been supposed to feel any thing rather than reluctance to grant the Catholics a participation in the constitution—his royal highness being in truth understood to be pledged to the cause by repeated declarations and promises—it is with incredible sorrow and disappointment, that the country now sees the question of *time* once more raised—the measure again deferred—and the whole influence of government—of the Prince of Wales's government!—exerted to prevent the Catholic question from being carried. However little men of observation, and knowing in the discernment of human character, might have expected from the executive government of the Prince, in other respects—how much soever they might shut their ears to the fairy tales of a golden age, and a patriot king, wherewithal they had been flattered by more sanguine seers—still we believe the least credulous were unprepared for the strange spectacle with which the new reign has actually opened—the total abandonment of the Irish cause to its avowed enemies—and the Prince of Wales ranging himself all at once among the most decided adversaries of the Catholic body. *This* is disappointment wholly unparalleled in the history of political predictions; it is a *change* of sentiment, more sudden, and more violent, than any in the records of party conduct; it is a *departure* from a previous system—an *exchange* of feelings—a surrender of antipathies, and shifting of predilections—a *new-moulding* of political principles, of which the whole annals of courts and senates may in vain be searched for a parallel;—and they who viewed, in the Prince's former conduct towards Ireland, only matter of regret—who saw his attachment for the rights of the Catholics with alarm for the safety of the Church, may now congratulate themselves on the most marvellous instance of a total regeneration which the entire range of profane history can furnish.

After this wondrous manifestation of the powers of what is called *influence*, it would be foolish to admire any longer at lesser miracles—to pause over any favour which may be shown to corrupt men and measures inconsistent with reform—or to

feel any disappointment at the near prospect of a most lamentable extension of the hostilities which already press upon the resources of the country. But it is good to have our eyes at length opened—to see things, *and men*, in their real colours and natural proportions—and to know upon whom we can *now* rely for the salvation of the state, from the only remaining perils which it has yet to encounter. We now *must* allow, that the people themselves alone can extricate the country from its difficulties ; and that it would be idle to seek for a check to the pernicious system of the court and its ministers from any other quarter than the public voice. That voice, if firmly, yet peacefully raised, is, we know, irresistible. It has awed the most undaunted—steadied the most capricious—and disconcerted the most perfidious of princes. It has been found more than a match for monarchs, whose courage, seconded by the decent regularities of their private life, and upheld by talents of no ordinary description, seemed well fitted to overpower the liberties of their subjects, and to establish a dominion in which the royal will might prevail, uncontrolled by the sentiments or wishes of the community. Even against such an influence we have no doubt that it may still make itself heard with effect ; and assuredly it can have nothing to dread from a conflict (if in the course of ages such a conflict should await it) with adversaries of a different description. Let this voice but interfere, and Ireland may yet be saved to the empire ; and peace with our brethren in America may still be maintained.

With a view to assist the people in considering the questions relating to this last subject, we purpose at present to treat of them in a plain and intelligible shape. They are indeed such as any one may easily understand ; and it would be hard to conceive a point more worthy of exercising the attention of the country, or a moment better calculated to rouse them to a view of their dearest interests. The universal prevalence of distress, and the general tendency towards discontent, are admitted. To a certain degree, say one class of reasoners, the policy of the enemy has succeeded ; and the Continent is closed to our trade. The enemy's policy, say their opponents, seconded by our own, has effected what, alone, it never could have done ; and, by the concurrence of the two systems, England is excluded from the Continental market. Both agree in the fact ; each party acknowledges that the result has been, to confine our trade, and reduce the demand for our wares. Then, the next measure of our rulers being an American war, it is for the country to reflect, how vast an addition this would make to its distresses. Or, if the interruption of intercourse with America has already been complete, and if to this cause is to be ascribed a part of the

pressure, it is for the country to consider, how great, and how instantaneous a relief the renewal of that intercourse would bring. Why then should we go to war with America? And wherefore do we not suffer that intercourse to be restored? These are questions which every one must desire to see answered, who reflects that the United States buy yearly from Yorkshire and Lancashire, and the neighbouring counties, above twelve millions worth of their manufactures; and that if, to a final shutting up of this vast market, were added an open rupture with the Americans, they have above fifteen thousand sail of vessels ready to become privateers, and to prey on whatever commerce might remain to us—sheltered by almost all the ports in Europe, and by those which stud a coast of 1500 miles in length on the other side of the Atlantic, in the midst of all our colonies. We urge not these matters as reasons for taking fright, and being driven by America into any concessions derogatory to our honour, or inconsistent with our interests: but we mention them as very good reasons for pausing before we determine, that the points demanded are such as we cannot, either in honour, or for our interest, yield; and we think they render it incumbent on those who would hold out at such a price, to satisfy themselves beyond all doubt that the right side of the argument is theirs.

The Americans are, in every respect the most important, and, in some sort, the only nation which has kept clear of all actual share in the wide-spreading hostilities that have swept over the face of the world during the last twenty years. To maintain this neutrality has, no doubt, been the leading object of many states; but, except America, no nation has been able to succeed; and she unquestionably owes her success to the distance of her situation from the scene of hostilities. In every war, neutrals are liable to be viewed with distrust and dislike by the contending parties, whose passions being roused, cannot easily excuse the calm unconcern of such as choose to remain bystanders; and whose losses and privations, the result of the war, fill them with envy towards those who not only escape unhurt by it, but gain a great portion of what the belligerents lose. Thus it always happens, that neutrality becomes odious to the combatants, instead of appearing, as it really is, an alleviation of the evils which their own passions are inflicting on the world, and on each other.

First, it is found out that '*this war*' is unlike all former wars;—that it is a war for national existence;—and that to take no part, which in other cases might be allowable and even laudable, in *this* grand contest, is highly criminal. Nor can any war be found, to which the same description and the same remarks

have not been applied;—from contentions about a few acres of snow—or a fishing or a fur station,—to the Polish partition, and the French and Spanish revolutions. This feeling being at the bottom of the sentiments entertained towards neutrals, an opportunity is speedily found or made, for giving vent to it in a regular and formal manner. The neutral is accused by one belligerent of assisting the other; and this branches into an infinite variety of charges. Sometimes this aid is given by employing the neutral vessel to cover the enemy's property. The belligerents take different views of the point; and the one which is most powerful at sea looks to the real ownerships of the cargo, while the other maintains, that the character of the vessel should be the only criterion whereby to judge of the character of the lading. Hence the question, whether free ships make free goods or not? A question which, in our humble apprehension, in point of right, is clearly with England—however remote her interest may be in asserting it, considering the vast interest she has in the extension of commercial dealings beyond that of any other country.

Then it is found that neutrals trade in articles immediately subservient to the military operations of one of the parties. The neutrals cannot deny that such conduct would be an infraction of neutrality; but they deny the fact, and refuse to be searched on their voyages—the only means whereby the belligerent can ascertain whether the charge be well founded or no. Thus arises the question of right of search, mixed up with some lesser discussions as to what shall be deemed contraband of war. This right of search has been extended to a case of a more delicate nature—for the reclaiming of deserters from the navy of a belligerent, sheltering themselves on board of neutral vessels—a right rendered still more delicate in the case of the British navy, where the men are not voluntarily enlisted, but forced into the service. When such deserters have taken refuge in neutral merchantmen, it seems as if it were no very violent extension of the right of search to allow the recovery of those men. But an attempt has been made to carry the claim a step farther, and search the vessels of the state; an attempt so inconsistent with all sound principle, and so utterly repugnant to the law of nations, that it was abandoned, almost as soon as it was challenged; and forms the solitary instance, we believe, of a dereliction of any maritime pretension on the part of this country during the late, or the present war.

Again, the neutral engages, during war, in trades from which he was excluded during peace; and each belligerent uniformly encourages this interposition of the neutral flag. Thus France opens her colonial trade to the neutral on the commencement of hostilities; and England, as regularly as she passes the prize act,

begins each war with a suspension of the branch of the navigation act, which excludes foreigners from the carrying trade. But although each belligerent approves this in his own case, he wishes to prevent the other from benefiting by it; and as the party which is weak at sea benefits the most, the party preponderating in this respect most zealously attempts to check it; and hence the principle contended for by England chiefly in the war 1756, and which has from that date received its name. But the most fruitful source of discord arises from the right of blockade; and as no assumed privilege of war more largely affects the neutral, or gives rise to more plausible complaints on his part, so it seems to merit somewhat of a nearer examination. It involves the whole question of Orders in Council, and the present disputes with America.

The right to blockade a strong place, as a fortress, or a city, of the enemy, that is to say, of cutting off all communication with it, for the purpose of compelling it to surrender, is as ancient and undoubted as the right of making war. This interruption of communication may, and in most cases probably will, affect peaceable subjects as well as persons bearing arms; and it may frequently affect the interest of third parties, or neutrals, by depriving them of a beneficial intercourse with the blockaded place. But the right to injure neutrals in this manner has never been denied; because the course of hostile operations absolutely required it, and the exercise of it had a tendency, by severely distressing the enemy, and producing a great change in the relative strength of the belligerents, to shorten the period of hostilities, and attain the great end of all war—the end to which every principle should bear a reference—the restoration of peace. From this clear and admitted right of blockade, it is perhaps a slight, but unquestionably a certain deviation, to allow the blockade of a place, not in its nature a position military—as a large and wealthy manufacturing town, or a convenient place of maritime trade. Here the sufferers are, in the first instance, peaceable citizens—who furnish indeed, by their wealth and their industry, the resources of war, but the protection of whom ought in general to be an object of public law. Yet the impossibility of drawing a line between those cases in which the distress of an enemy's financial resources may contribute to shorten the conflict, and *on the whole*, to lessen the evils of war, and those where it can only make the contest more miserable, without abridging its duration,—renders it quite necessary to allow of this extension of the right of blockade; and, accordingly, no one can deny the title of a belligerent to blockade any harbour, or any city, or any moderately large district, without regard to its military character, unless he is also prepared to dispute the right

of privateering by sea, and of levying contributions, and quartering troops ; and, in a word, marching troops through a territory on shore. War between governments, and peace between nations, is indeed a notion beautiful to contemplate ; but it was not made for human affairs ; and when pursued ever so short a way, will be found wholly inconsistent with the nature of hostilities. At any rate, it never was recognized, either by the practice of nations, or by any authority whatever, on matters of public law. It can form no part then of our present consideration.

If from single towns, or harbours, or small districts, we extend our view to large territories—to whole provinces—or large lines of coast—very different considerations must enter to qualify our inferences. Suppose a belligerent powerful enough to surround a whole kingdom by a cordon of troops, in such force as to prevent, by physical superiority, all ingress and egress at any part of the circle ; and the question is raised, not whether the entrance or egress of troops and stores may lawfully be stopt by these means ; but whether every cart, horse, and foot passenger may thus be stopt, and his goods confiscated, and his person imprisoned, for making the attempt—we acknowledge that there appears some difficulty in giving this question an affirmative answer. For here is evidently a most grievous injury inflicted upon the neighbouring neutral—so grievous indeed, that the case may well be put, in which the pressure of such a measure of hostility would fall as heavily on the neutral as on the enemy—on the party not intended to be at all affected by it, as on him against whom it was professedly levelled. For if two nations, lying contiguous, as Holland and Brabant, should be, as they naturally will be, each the best customer of the other, the blockade of the one which is at war with us, operates exactly as a blockade of the other also, which, so far from being at war, ought by all the principles of public law to be encouraged in its neutrality, and favoured, so long as it preserves a real and sincere indifference in its conduct towards the belligerents. To visit a nation of this description so severely, is surely a consummation to be greatly deprecated ; unless where some inducement of a very high and paramount kind may seem to dispense with the natural and just feeling of favour, and to authorize, upon more large views of general expediency, such a departure from ordinary principles. But as the prospect of speedily terminating hostilities by some such extraordinary pressure on the enemy, may be thought to justify even such a blockade as this—we are not disposed to deny it absolutely as a general principle ; and the admission must consequently be extended to such a blockade by sea of a whole coast, as a very powerful fleet, aided by innumerable

attendant vessels, may be capable of establishing so strictly, that at each part of the line ingress and egress may be prevented. This is perhaps a large admission; but we know not where else to draw the distinction: and at all events, we should never forget, that it is an admission full of danger, and leading to utter subversion of principle, in the utter disregard of neutral rights, unless it be carefully limited by its appropriate checks.

Now, what are those checks?—If there be no limit to this right but the good pleasure of the belligerents—if each party may bid against the other in mutual animosity, for the overthrow of the rights of third parties—and if those neutral rights may be encroached upon by both belligerents, according to their several desires of hurting each other, and their respective disregard of all other parties, or rather their respective dislike towards all who are not mixed in the contest,—then it is in vain to talk of neutral rights, or of neutrality at all. For each belligerent will begin by going to the utmost extremity—each will decree that the other shall be cut off from all communication with the rest of mankind—and the party which is weakest, and whose threat cannot be executed, will be despised by neutrals, while they will be drawn into the quarrel against the stronger power. Such a right then can only increase the calamities of war, in the first instance; and speedily it must enlarge their range, by involving all other nations in the dispute between the belligerents, and putting an end to the very character and condition of neutrality all the world over. *Some* limit then must evidently be fixed; and the one which the nature of things presents to us, seems, on every account, the reasonable and safe one to choose. *The power* of each party to execute his intentions, appears to be this natural limit. Each belligerent should be strictly confined to such a blockade only as he has actual means of enforcing. While this is clearly understood, it seems scarcely possible that the general principle can be liable to great abuse; for, whatever may be the wishes of the parties, they cannot go beyond certain bounds; and, as far as they can go, they exercise a real hostility,—to which, as their adversaries must expect they shall be exposed, so, neutrals must submit to its indirect consequences, in the hope that it may ultimately shorten the period of war.

That *this* limitation has, in general, and in the best times, been held by jurists, and admitted, by the practice of nations, to constitute an essential part of the right of blockade, we need not take great pains to show from history or from authority. We say, in general; for we are aware of attempts to disregard it having now and then been made in times of peculiar confusion and national animosity, when the voice of reason was little likely to be heard. The Dutch in Philip II.'s time, and the French du-

ring the revolution war, both acted, or attempted to act, in contravention of this principle. Thus, the *decree of the 18th January, 1797*, declares, that all vessels found on the high seas, with any English goods whatever on board, to whomsoever belonging, shall be good prize; and it requires *certificates of origin*, under the hands of French Consuls, exactly as the more recent decrees of Berlin and Milan do. (See *Robinson's Admiralty Reports, vol. I. p. 342.*) England at different times has declared large lines of coast, and whole colonies, to be in a state of blockade; but she has (*till the present war*) uniformly provided a naval force sufficient to make this blockade real and effectual; and as often as a question arose respecting the rights of neutrals to enter or sail from ports within such blockades, the inquiry essential to the decision has always been, whether such a force was stationed on the coast as was sufficient to blockade it effectually. According as this question was answered in the affirmative or negative, the decree of blockade was held to be good and lawful, or a mere nullity. As nothing can be more instructive than the decisions of our prize courts on this point, so, nothing can give us more gratifying views of the purity with which those tribunals administer the law of nations, and their impartiality in trying the delicate questions which come before them, between their own sovereign or their own countrymen, and the rulers or the people of foreign states. It is with pleasure, therefore, that we pause here, to consider how clearly the principles for which we are contending have been recognized, and indeed how anxiously and rigorously they have been enforced by the High Court of Admiralty under the presidency of Sir William Scott, and the Court of Prize Appeal, composed, practically speaking, of that learned and honourable judge, the late and the present Masters of the Rolls, and Sir William Wynne. In observing the train of decisions, it will be essential to keep the eye upon *dates* as well as points; the *time* is material in this question:

In the case of the *Frederick Molke, Boysen, December 10th, 1798*, Sir William Scott lays it down, 'that nothing further is necessary to constitute blockade, than that there should be a force stationed to prevent communication, and a due notice or prohibition given to the party.' (1. *Rob. 86.*) In the *Mercurius, Gerdes, December 7th, 1798*, referring to the doctrines maintained by the armed neutrality of 1780, he describes a place to be in a state of blockade, '*when it is dangerous to attempt to enter it.*' (*ibid. p. 84.*) In the same case he says, still more precisely, that '*a blockade may exist without a public declaration, although a declaration, unsupported by fact, will not be sufficient to establish it.*' And in support of this doctrine, he refers to the case

of the West Indian blockade of 1794, as decided by the Lords of Appeal. That case merits our attention; and, though there is no report of it in the books, yet it is sufficiently known, from the frequent references made to it in other cases, and from one or two reported cases expressly ruled on the principle of it. Such was the case of the *Betsey, Murphy*, December 18th, 1798, in which the principle in question was the chief point. It was the case of an American taken by the English at the capture of Guadaloupe, April 1794, and retaken by the French, at the recapture of the island in the following June. The question arose on the legality of the first seizure, which had been made on the ground that the vessel had broken the blockade of Guadaloupe. The captors stated by affidavit, 'that on the arrival of the British forces in the West Indies, a proclamation issued, inviting the inhabitants of *Martinique, St. Lucie, and Guadaloupe*, to put themselves under the protection of the English; that, on a refusal, hostile operations were commenced against them all; and that, in January, 1794, Guadaloupe was summoned, and was then put into a state of complete investment and blockade.' Upon this statement the learned Judge observes, 'The word *complete* is a word of great energy; and we expect from it to find that a number of vessels were stationed round the entrance of the port, to cut off all communication. But, from the protest, I perceive that the captors entertained but a very loose *notion* of the true nature of a blockade; for it is there stated, that on the 1st of January, after a general proclamation to the French islands, they were put into a state of complete blockade.'—'It is a term, therefore, which was applied to all those islands at the same time under the first proclamation. The Lords of Appeal,' (he continues) 'have pronounced, that such a proclamation was not, in itself, sufficient to constitute a legal blockade. *It is clear, indeed, that it could not, in reason, be held to produce the effect* which the captors erroneously ascribed to it. From the misapplication of these phrases in one instance, I learn that we must not give too much weight to the use of them on this occasion; and, from the generality of these expressions, I think we must infer, that there was not that *actual blockade which the law is now distinctly understood to require.*' An argument in favour of the blockade having been raised upon a declaration of the municipality, that '*the island was in a state of siege,*' Sir William Scott, with an indignant sneer at the revolutionary politicians of France, whom a dispenser of the public law may, above all other judges, be excused for holding in abhorrence, as the great contemners of the rights of neutrals, and the rash innovators on the ancient code of Europe, observes, that this '*is a term of the new jargon of France, which is sometimes applied to domestic disturbances, and cer-*

tainly is *not so intelligible* as to justify me in concluding, that the island was in *that state of investment* from a foreign enemy *which we require to constitute blockade.*' How rapid the progress of the jargon has been—how it has worked its way into the recesses of the Civil law, as well as of the Cabinet—how a single hint conveyed in that outlandish tongue has since become sufficient to convey ideas which whole sentences were formerly incapable of rendering intelligible—and how those who, in the infancy of their studies under French Doctors of the Law, had not organs of comprehending forms of blockade, which now-a-days they deal with as familiarly as if they had never been out of the University of Paris,—we shall probably have occasion to see more nearly before we close the present discussion. In the mean while, it may suffice to observe, as touching the *Betsey*, that the learned Judge having, for the reasons already mentioned, '*denied that a blockade existed till the operations of the forces were actually directed against Guadaloupe,*' (notwithstanding the proclamation of blockade months before), pronounced it, on this ground, to be a *case of restitution.* (1. Rob. 94. *et seqq.*)

To seek for confirmations of the same sound and correct principles, would be only to take at random the *dicta* of the same distinguished Judge during any part of the last, and the earlier stages of the present war, in every question that hinged upon the right of blockade, or incidentally connected itself with it. We have the principle in the logical form of a general definition, in the case of the *Vrouw Judith, Valkerts, January 17, 1799.* 'A blockade is a sort of circumvallation round a place, by which all foreign connexion and correspondence is, *as far as human force can effect it, to be entirely cut off.*' (1. Rob. 151.) It meets us again in the exhaustive shape—in a specification of the classes which compose the genus blockade; and from which blockade by mere declaration is carefully excluded. 'There are two sorts of blockade:—one by the *simple fact* only; the other by a notification accompanied with the fact. In the former case, when the fact ceases, otherwise than by accident or the shifting of the wind, there is immediately an end of the blockade.' He then says, that where a blockade has been notified, a counter-notice should be given at the same time that the fact ceases. 'It is, he adds, the duty undoubtedly of a belligerent country, which has made the notification, to notify in the same way, and immediately, the discontinuance of it. To suffer the fact to cease, and to apply the notification again at a distant time, would be a fraud on neutral nations, and a conduct which we are not to suppose that any country would pursue. I do not say that a blockade of this sort may not, in any possible case, expire *de facto*; but, I say, such a conduct is not hastily to be presumed against any

nation.' (*Neptunus, Knyph*, 1. *Rob.* 171.) Nor does there appear, in any of the cases argued before the court, as far as the very admirable reports of Sir C. Robinson, the present King's Advocate, have preserved the history of them, any attempt, in these days, even by the ingenuity of counsel, when labouring under a heavy case, to contend for any blockade other than such as actual force is employed to begin and support.

Such, then, we take to be the law of nations, as expounded by the highest authority on this important point. But, suppose that one of the belligerents neglecting, or openly violating this law, shall disregard the limits fixed by its own strength, and issue decrees, pretending to order what, in fact, it has no power to execute—*proclaiming* the coasts of its adversary to be blockaded, without providing a force sufficient even to attempt their circumvallation;—that the neutral may regard such conduct as wholly illegal, we have already seen; but what rights does it bestow, and what duties does it impose, on the other belligerent? Does this proceeding, in short, entitle the enemy to *retaliate*?—We shall again seek for a solution in the records of the first Prize tribunal in the world, and in the words of its ablest sage. In the noted case of the *Flad Oyen, Martenson*, a case, not of the less authority on the present occasion, that it overrules a material pretension introduced by the enemy during the last war, and favoured pretty anxiously by neutrals, Sir W. Scott combats the argument, that the practice followed, in some instances, by Great Britain, of condemning prizes in neutral ports, could ever justify France in a similar proceeding. 'That consequence, he says, I deny: *The true mode of correcting the irregular practice of a nation is by protesting against it, and by inducing that country to reform it.* It is *monstrous* to suppose, that because one country has been guilty of an irregularity, every other country is let loose from the law of nations, and is at liberty to assume as much as it thinks fit. - (1. *Rob.* 142.) This sentence would of itself be sufficient to establish, on an imperishable basis, the fame of the eminent judge who uttered it, and avowed himself ready to act upon its principles. Those principles are truly incontrovertible;—and we rejoice to reflect how constantly they have been illustrated in the practice of the more enlightened states of Europe, but especially of England. What but a conviction of their soundness prevented the fatal play of partition from making the round of the continent in 1774? What other consideration dissuaded the English cabinet during the greater part of the last war from imitating, under the mask of retaliation, the unjust and violent decrees of the French government against this country, and their manifest violation of neutral rights? Why else did the commanders of our army in 1794 meet the abominable edicts of

the Jacobins prohibiting quarter to the English, with a reproof to those insane rulers—a protest in the face of the world—and a generous recommendation to our troops to abstain from retaliation? In truth, were the contrary maxims allowed, the smallest breach of the law of nations would ensure the immediate and total overthrow of the system, which has done more for the civility and peace of the world than conquerors or mobs have been able to effect against those inestimable blessings.

The doctrine here laid down, was no doubt broached by Sir W. Scott incidentally, in the course of an elaborate argument, of which it did not form the main drift;—it was more of an *obiter dictum* than of a point ruled; and, unquestionably, it was not the principal point in the case. But the *dicta* of judges must not be taken like admissions of advocates in the course of argument—concessions of one point in order to justify another. A judge rules more or less solemnly, on every point which he deliberately decides upon; and as he is not arguing to support a particular doctrine, all that he lays down for law in explaining and recommending that doctrine, must be taken to be law, as far as his authority can make it so.

What, then, it may be asked, is the one belligerent to do when the other violates the clear law of nations, by establishing a blockade unsupported by actual force? The principle now contended for, and on the great authorities referred to, would justify this answer,—that the utmost extent of retaliation is to assist all neutrals in evading such an order of blockade. But if neutrals should be found willing to obey the order, it may seem fit that the retaliation should proceed a step further; and that England, for example, being declared in a state of blockade by France, should be authorised, in her turn, to declare France in a state of blockade with respect to whatever neutrals may acquiesce in the French declaration. This principle, however, must be taken with some limitations; because, if the French proclamation be a mere empty threat, a mere insult to the neutrals, incapable of really injuring either them or us, we shall not surely be justified in inflicting such a blockade as may utterly annihilate their intercourse with the enemy. The French decree says to America—Your ships shall not go to and from England;—it is a decree which France cannot execute: and if America refuses to go to war with her on account of it, what does she more, than despise a mere idle threat, or put up with an empty insult? This is no ground for retaliating on America. No one can pretend that England has a right to insist upon America accounting to her for all the insults she may endure; or to make that neutral state receive real injuries at her hands, because she has taken insults at the hands of her enemy. If, indeed, America not only refuses to

quarrel with France on this score, but ceases, in consequence of the French decree, to trade with England, it may be thought more reasonable that England should have the same right of preventing her from trading with France. Nevertheless, they who maintain this point, must be prepared to admit that neutrals have no longer a right to trade with whomsoever they please, and to give up a certain commercial intercourse at their own pleasure. The support of this doctrine of retaliation would lead to an acknowledgment, that a cessation of commercial intercourse is a just ground of war. However, we are not disposed to raise speculative questions, and argue on a state of facts which has never existed. America never did acquiesce in the French decrees; and she ceased to trade with England, only when England adopted a particular and strange modification of the new French principles of blockade. We shall take for granted the right of retaliating on the enemy at the expense of the neutral, and inquire how this right is limited, and whether it has been exercised under the fit limitations?

If any one were asked, what would be a proper retaliation of the blockade proclaimed against England? he would naturally answer—a similar blockade proclaimed against France. The object of such a measure would be sufficiently intelligible. Whether attainable or not is another question,—and one which belongs to the political view of the case—a view not now before us: but a blockade of France would have an intelligible reference to the blockade of England; and, while it only called upon neutrals to bear from us as much as they choose to bear from our enemy (the sole, though we fear no very triumphant justification of such a retaliating measure as relating to neutrals), it would offer some chance of compelling the enemy to alter his conduct—recur to the old established law of nations, and cease violating neutral commerce. England, however, by the first Orders in Council, inflicted no such retaliation upon France. She endeavoured, on the other hand, to monopolize, instead of retaliating. In answer to a decree which said, No one shall trade with England; she said, Every one shall trade with England, or give up all trading whatsoever,—instead of saying, as she ought to have done, No one shall trade with France. The blockade was thus affected to be retaliated; but it was in reality met,—not with a counter blockade, but with a monopoly;—and this conduct was both contrary to the rule which it pretended to follow, and wholly incapable of either making the neutral cease to acquiesce in the enemy's illegal proceedings, or compelling the enemy to abandon those measures. For it neither prevented the neutral from trading as extensively as before, nor distressed the enemy by cutting off his intercourse with neutrals;—it only ham-

pered, and insulted and harassed the trade of the former, and prescribed the way in which the latter should be traded withal. Both neutral and enemy might trade as largely as before, provided they choose to drive that traffic through the medium of British ports, and in such a way as somewhat, though very little, to assist the trade of those ports. It is therefore quite impossible to defend the Orders in Council of 1807 on the principle of retaliation. Their preamble states that principle—but only to abandon it, and adopt another of a perfectly different kind. The preamble says, we have a right to retaliate ;—but the order says, we will not do so useless and unprofitable a thing as to retaliate ; we will endeavour to get a little good trade out of the fire. The substance of the proclamation is—whereas we have a right to retaliate by blockade ; therefore we choose not to do so ; but we prefer making a certain profit by monopoly.

In April 1809, these orders were repealed ; and another set substituted in their place. The principle now resorted to was a blockade of a limited extent, comprehending the coasts of France, Holland, part of Germany, and the north of Italy ;—and as this blockade was absolute, admitting of no exceptions, and no evasion, by touching at British ports, it wears on the face of it an appearance of more strict retaliation than the measure to which it succeeded. Yet, how has it been followed up in practice ? By a series of Orders in Council, adapted to particular cases, authorising thousands of exceptions in a year to the blockade originally imposed, or pretended to be imposed, the breach of the blockade has now become the rule, instead of the exception : And, while we affect to prevent France from trading with any other country, in order to starve her into a compliance with the law of nations ;—while we tell America that we are reduced, by the state of the war and the conduct of the enemy, to the disagreeable necessity of preventing all commerce with France,—while we express our *unfeigned* regret, that the course of hostilities should fall heavy upon American trade, and protest, that nothing could reconcile us to such an act of apparent harshness towards neutral rights, but the absolute impossibility of permitting the enemy of all order, to trade in any degree whatever with any nation in the world (for our case is this, or it is nothing) : We at the same time encourage our own clandestine traffic with that same enemy as much as we can, and allow all neutrals who will submit to certain indignities, and to conditions beneficial to ourselves, as ample a trade with *blockaded* France as they ever before enjoyed : So that the principle of the original orders of 1807 is revived underhand, and in detail ; and the blockade of 1809, when interpreted by the licenses, is found to mean, like that of 1807, only a monopoly, under the imposing disguise of such a

measure as might press hard on the enemy, and oblige neutrals to resist his encroachments, while it forced him to observe the public law of Europe.

In what light such measures are viewed in our Prize courts, we may easily see, by consulting their latest decisions: for, till lately, they would allow of no illegal proceedings, even when strictly retaliatory. But, now that they have relaxed the ancient rules, and allowed one belligerent to break the law, in order to punish another for a breach of it, we shall still find them confining within much narrower bounds than the government is disposed to walk by, this right of retaliation. The case of the *Fox*, recently decided by Sir William Scott, is on many accounts of peculiar authority in the present discussion; but chiefly for this reason, that no former judgment of our Prize tribunals ever showed such difference to the municipal legislation of the country, and such disposition to mix it up with the public law in regulating their decisions. In the outset, Sir William Scott declares our Orders in Council to be purely '*retaliatory*'. They are so declared in their own language, and in the uniform language of the government which has established them. I have no hesitation in saying, that they would cease to be just if they ceased to be retaliatory; and they would cease to be retaliatory, from the moment the enemy retracts, in a sincere manner, those measures of his, which they were intended to retaliate.' p. 4.

It having been objected by Dr. Herbert, one of the counsel for the claimant, that the Orders in Council are not retaliatory, inasmuch as they are accompanied with the License trade, the learned Judge thus proceeds to comment on that objection. 'It is incumbent upon me, I think, to take notice of an objection of Dr. Herbert's to the *existence* of the Orders in Council—namely, that *British* subjects are, notwithstanding, permitted to trade with *France*, and that a blockade, which excludes the subjects of all other countries from trading with ports of the enemy, and at the same time permits any access to those ports to the subjects of the State which imposes it, is irregular, illegal, and null. *And I agree to the position, that a blockade, imposed for the purpose of obtaining a commercial monopoly for the private advantage of the State which lays on such blockade, is illegal and void, on the very principle upon which it is founded.*' (p. 10). He then endeavours to show that the License trade is not so extensive as to come, or to bring the measure of which it forms a part, within the scope of this observation. The fact, however, it now appears, is otherwise; a very large trade having been carried on under license between this country and the coast pretended to be blockaded by our Orders in Council. He further remarks, that the License trade is chiefly in the hand of foreigners: But surely it signifies

nothing to the principle, whether we, underhand, violate our own blockade by our own or by foreign vessels, so long as we prohibit neutrals from trading with France directly. The vast answer which he gives to the objection amounts to this, that the French decrees, conferring on us a right to blockade France rigorously, it is not for other countries to inquire how far this country may be able to relieve itself further from the aggressions of the enemy. But why is it not? and how does this agree with the large admission, that a blockade, which ends in 'commercial monopoly, is illegal and void, on the very principle upon which it is founded?' Is not this relaxation of the blockade, take it in whatever light we may, a relaxation, in our own favour, of the pressure which we pretend must needs be inflicted upon the enemy, and which we vindicate in regard to its effects upon neutrals, only on the ground of its absolute necessity to the subjugation of that enemy? Has not then the neutral a full right to complain of our conduct, in pretending to destroy his trade, for the better management of the war, and the more speedy attainment of peace, when all that we do, in reality, is to transfer it out of his hands into our own, for the more profitable carrying on of business, and the more speedy acquisition of wealth?—Have *we*, who do such things, any right to abuse the Dutch who blockaded a city, and secretly sold its provisions and stores—determined, it should seem, to make the most of their war, and, if they could not take the place, to turn its resistance to a good account?

The principle, then, of the new system—new at least in *our* Prize courts, and repugnant to the rules laid down by our most eminent Judges heretofore, is profit and monopoly, and not retaliation or self-defence. But, more recently, it has been recommended on such grounds, in a manner still more avowed and unblushing. His majesty's ministers are said to have lately declared, that the defence of their measures rested, not so much on their forcing the enemy to retract—for this ground it was necessary to abandon in the face of the notorious facts—but on their tendency to protect our trade from injurious competition. (*See Reports of the Debate on Lord Lauderdale's and Mr. Brougham's Motions upon the Orders in Council.*) It was contended, that if the Orders were withdrawn, there would be nothing to prevent the manufactures of the Continent from getting into other markets, as that of South America, possibly at peace freights, under cover of the American flag; and that we should be undersold, or at any rate lose the exclusive possession of those markets. It was inferred, that to the new measures we owed our present trade in a great degree; and that, to protect that trade, those measures must at all events be persevered in. We shall here wave all dispute about the matter of fact, on which this portentous doctrine

rests. We shall not inquire, whether our manufactures are really come to such a pitch, that they can only keep their ground by the assistance of main force. Nor shall we ask what the manufacturers themselves say upon this matter, and whether they have any such panic fears? We are at present dealing with a dry question of law—with mere matter of right; and to clear the way for the argument—indeed to raise the question at all—we must admit the facts, on the assumption of which this most strange of doctrines is brought forward; and for the first time, in the history of civilized governments, openly and daringly avowed, how often soever it may have been covertly acted upon, at least with a more decent shame.

We say, then, that though all the facts should be admitted—though the greatest gain should be allowed to flow from the Orders in Council, and in general from the newfangled right of blockade;—this affords not only no defence of those measures, if they are otherwise untenable upon principles, but is a topic which can not even be stated *at all* in the argument;—that it has no more to do with the question, than the great value of the booty has with the defence of the pirate who is on trial for having plundered it. The Americans have a right to trade with our enemy, unless we can show that justice, and the acknowledged rights of belligerents with regard to neutrals, limit or abrogate that right. We say, they shall not trade with our enemy; and when they complain of this infraction of their rights, we answer, that if they were permitted to carry on such a trade, it would interfere with the gains of our own commerce!

They who maintain such a monstrous position—they who throw it out even as a makeweight in the present discussion—must be prepared to contend, that love of gain is a just cause of hostilities;—and that a nation is at any time entitled to make war upon its neighbours, for the sake of increasing its own trade. Nay, they must be ready to maintain (for it is scarcely going a step further), that we have a just right to quarrel with an unfriendly people, for the sake of plundering their ships, and ransacking their ware-houses. Now, England has sometimes swerved from the only path which a great nation can ever pursue, consistently with its honour and character. She has carried on the slave-trade, and defended it because it was lucrative. She has seized the property of her neighbours, while they confided in the subsisting relations of peace. She has, on some plea of state-necessity, burnt the capital of a friendly state, in order to obtain possession of its warlike resources: But, to this period of time, she has never laid it down openly as a maxim, that all right, and all public law, is at an end—that interest alone is her guide—and that she has a title to despise all principles—to make a mock

of every thing like justice among nations, as often as she can make a profit by such monstrous deeds of perfidy and violence. Let us hope that such principles have been rashly hazarded, and will be quickly retracted. Surely, if an American war is so dear to our rulers—if they must at all risks have a rupture with the only free people beside ourselves now left in the world—if they are quite resolved upon finally shutting up the best and safest market which yet remains to our industry—they may find some less revolting pretext on which to found their measure; and we fervently trust, that so great a calamity may fall upon the country and the world, unattended by the additional and most needless aggravation of a manifesto, which outrages all the principles that hold either men or nations together, and stand between us and universal anarchy.

We have had occasion to speak of the legality, or illegality, of the Orders in Council, and the instructions connected with them, as a matter capable of being discussed and decided upon in judicatures actually existing. We have been supposing, that there are courts where redress may be obtained by individuals against acts of force, inconsistent with the law of nations; and we are willing to please ourselves with the idea, that the pernicious example of France has not shut up those fountains of justice, and left in their room some impure and uncertain channels, flowing at the command, or by the caprice, of politicians. The Prize courts are understood to be judicatures, which decide the questions coming before them according to the principles of the general law of nations, recognized all over the civilized world. This law is proverbially the same in every country, like that of nature: *Non est alia Romæ, alia Athenis*. Were it otherwise, indeed, there could be no such thing; and to speak of a *law of nations* would be a mockery. Two parties, then, come before such a court; the one demanding condemnation of a vessel or cargo, seized under a certain Order of Council, and the other resisting the demand, and claiming restitution. What questions do they thus raise for adjudication? First, whether the Order in Council was consistent with, or repugnant to the law of nations? Next, whether the seizure was made within the terms of the Order? The first of these questions is to the full as material as the second; because the court must decide according to the law of nations, and distribute equal justice between the government of the country where it happens to sit, and the governments or subjects of foreign states; and the Order being, in truth, a mere act of one of the two governments, its legality is a question for the court.

Such is the general doctrine, we apprehend, on this subject—but it is laid down so much more clearly and forcibly by the ce-

lebrated Judge to whose opinions we have so often referred, that we must be excused for calling in his justly revered authority to our support.—We allude to his beautiful judgment in the famous case of the Swedish convoy (*The Maria, Paulsen, June 11, 1799.*) This was a question, as our readers will recollect, respecting the right of search for contraband of war. The Swedish convoy had been met by an English cruizer; and, acting under the undisputed orders of their own government, they had refused to be searched. For this refusal of the convoy ship, and for preparing to repel force by force, the merchant ships were seized and brought in for condemnation. Each party acted under the orders of their respective governments, who severally held the opposite opinions touching the right of search;—England maintaining it in proclamations, orders and manifestoes—Sweden, with the other Baltic powers, denying it as they had done twenty years before; and embodying their denial in state papers and conventions. To determine this important and much disputed question between the two parties, was the delicate task which now devolved upon Sir William Scott—and which is universally admitted, we believe, to have been performed by him with the greatest justice and ability. ‘In forming my judgment, (says this distinguished Judge), I trust that it has not escaped my anxious recollection for one moment what it is that the duty of my station calls for from me; namely, to consider myself as stationed here, not to deliver occasional and shifting opinions, to *serve present purposes of particular national interest*, but to administer, with indifference, that justice which the law of nations holds out, without distinction, to independent states, some happening to be neutral, and some to be belligerent. The seat of judicial authority is indeed locally here in the belligerent country, according to the known law and practice of nations; but *the law itself has no locality*. It is the duty of the person who sits here, to determine this question exactly as he would determine the same question if sitting at Stockholm;—to assert no pretensions on the part of Great Britain which he would not allow to Sweden in the same circumstances;—and to impose no duties on Sweden as a neutral country which he would not admit to belong to Great Britain in the same character. If, therefore, I mistake the law in this matter, I mistake that which I consider as the universal law upon the question;—a question regarding one of the most important rights of belligerent nations, relatively to neutrals.’ (1. *Rob.* 350.)

He then inquires, whether the claim of England is supported by the principles of the law of nations, as collected from authority and from the general practice of states;—and, determining that it is consistent with those principles, he asks, whether the

authority of the neutral sovereign, being interposed, can legally vary the rights of the belligerent—which he answers very clearly in the negative : and, in every part of his argument, where he appeals to the practice of nations, he will be satisfied with nothing short of uniform and constant usage ;—where he relies on pretensions, those pretensions must have been acquiesced in by the world generally. Indeed, when he quotes the proclamation 1672, and the Order of Council 1664, he says, ‘ I am aware, that in those orders and proclamations are to be found some articles not very consistent with the law of nations, as understood now, or indeed at that time, for they are expressly censured by Lord Clarendon.’ ‘ But,’ he adds, ‘ the article I refer to is not of those he reprehends ; and it is observable, that Sir Robert Wiseman, then the king’s advocate-general, who reported upon the articles in 1673, and expresses a disapprobation of some of them as harsh and novel, does not mark this article with any observation of censure.’ (*ibid.* 368.)

In the same spirit we find the learned Judge ruling another great question, in the case of the *Flad Oyen, Martenson*, already referred to. Mentioning the pretension of the French government to condemn in neutral ports, as ‘ an attempt made for the very first time in the world, in the year 1799,’ he adds, ‘ In my opinion, if it could be shown that, regarding mere speculative general principles, such a condemnation ought to be deemed sufficient, that would not be enough ;—more must be proved : *it must be shown that it is conformable to the usage and practice of nations.*’—‘ A great part,’ he continues, ‘ of the law of nations, stands on no other foundation. It is introduced, indeed, by general principles, but it travels with those general principles only to a certain extent ; and if it stops there, you are not at liberty to go further, and to say that mere general speculations would bear you out in a farther progress. For instance, on mere general principles it is lawful to destroy your enemy ; and mere general principles make no great difference as to the manner by which this is to be effected ; but the conventional law of mankind, which is evidenced in their practice, does make a distinction, and allows some, and prohibits other modes of destruction ; and a belligerent is bound to confine himself to those modes which the common practice of mankind has employed, and to relinquish those which the same practice has not brought within the ordinary exercise of war, however sanctioned by its principles and purposes.’ We earnestly recommend this excellent passage to the attention of those who sent a brigade of blood-hounds to track and tear in pieces the Maroon negroes in Jamaica ; and more recently endeavoured to deprive the enemy’s hospitals of one of the most healing plants which Providence has bestowed

upon suffering mortals. To the authors of the same measures we would submit the following paragraph. 'It is my duty not to admit, that because one nation has thought proper to depart from the common usage of the world, and to meet the notice of mankind in a new and unprecedented manner, that I am on that account under the necessity of acknowledging the efficacy of such a novel institution, merely because general theory might give it a degree of countenance, independent of all practice, from the earliest history of mankind. The *institution must conform to the text law, and likewise to the constant usage upon the matter.*' (1. Rob. 139. et seqq.)

When we bear in mind the utter novelty of the new principles of blockade—their repugnance to constant usage, and to all sound general principle, and apply to them the reasonings now cited, we may feel disposed to conclude this part of the argument in the words of the same high authority, while discussing the doctrines of the armed neutrality. 'It is high time that the *legal merit* of such a pretension should be disposed of one way or other:—It has been for some few years past preparing in Europe,—it is extremely fit that it should be brought to the test of *judicial decision*; for a worse state of things cannot exist, than that of an undetermined conflict between the ancient law of nations, as understood and practised for centuries by civilized nations, and a modern project of innovation, utterly inconsistent with it; and, in my apprehension, not more inconsistent with it than with the amity of neighbouring states, and the personal safety of their respective subjects.' (1. Rob. 377.)

Such were the sound, enlightened, and consistent doctrines promulgated by the learned Judge, in the years 1798 and 1799—doctrines wholly unconnected with any '*present purpose of particular national interest*;'—uninfluenced by any preference or distinction to independent states;—delivered from a '*seat of judicial authority locally here*' indeed, but according to a law which '*has no locality*,' and by one whose '*duty it is to determine the question exactly as he would determine the same question, if sitting at Stockholm*;'—'*asserting no pretensions, on the part of Great Britain; which he would not allow to Sweden.*' If a question had then arisen on the legality of a seizure under the new law of blockade, we can entertain but little doubt how this eminent Judge would have dealt with it; and, certainly, none whatever, as to the authority which he would have allowed to the mere proclamation of the one belligerent, when cited in the manner, and with the force of statute law, to overrule the claim of a neutral. So, too, must neutral nations have thought; and, satisfied with the sound and impartial principles which were so explicitly laid down in the *cases of the Flad Oyen and Swedish con-*

they acquiesced in the particular application of them, hard though it happened to bear on their interests in those individual instances.

Twelve years have passed away since the period of those beautiful doctrines—an interval not marked by any general change of character among neutrals, or any new atrocities on the part of the belligerents,—distinguished by no pretensions which had not frequently before been set up by the different parties in the war, except that on both sides the right of unlimited blockade had been asserted. France, complaining that England, in 1806, and previously, exercised this power, had declared England and her colonies in a state of blockade; and England, in her turn, proclaimed all France, and her allies, blockaded. There were orders and decrees on both sides; and both parties acted upon them. The neutrals protested; and, recollecting the sound and impartial principles of our Prize courts in 1798 and 1799, they appealed to that ‘judicial authority which has its seat locally here,’ but is bound to enforce ‘a law that has no locality,’ and ‘to determine in London exactly as it would in Stockholm.’ The question arose, whether those orders and decrees of one belligerent justified the capture of a neutral trader; and on this point we find Sir W. Scott delivering himself with his accustomed eloquence,—with a power of language, indeed, which never forsakes him,—and which might have convinced any person, except the suffering parties to whom it was addressed.—*Case of the Fox, 30th May, 1811.*

‘It is strictly true, that by the constitution of this country, the King in Council possesses legislative rights over this court, and has power to issue orders and instructions which it is bound to obey and enforce; and these constitute the written law of this court. These two propositions, that the court is bound to administer the Law of Nations, and that it is bound to enforce the King’s Orders in Council, are not at all inconsistent with each other; because these Orders and Instructions are presumed to conform themselves, under the given circumstances, to the principles of its unwritten law. They are either directory applications of those principles to the cases indicated in them—cases which, with all the facts and circumstances belonging to them, and which constitute their legal character, could be but imperfectly known to the court itself; or they are positive regulations, consistent with those principles, applying to matters which require more exact and definite rules than those general principles are capable of furnishing.

‘The constitution of this court, relatively to the legislative power of the King in Council, is analogous to that of the Courts of Common Law relatively to that of the Parliament of this king-

dom. Those courts have their unwritten law, the approved principles of natural reason and justice ;—they have likewise the written or statute law in Acts of Parliament, which are directory applications of the same principles to particular subjects, or positive regulations consistent with them, upon matters which would remain too much at large, if they were left to the imperfect information which the courts could extract from mere general speculations. What would be the duty of the individuals who preside in those courts, if required to enforce an Act of Parliament which contradicted those principles, is a question which I presume they would not entertain *a priori* ; because they will not entertain *a priori* the supposition that any such will arise. In like manner, this court will not let itself loose into speculations as to what would be its duty under such an emergency ; because it cannot without extreme indecency, presume that any such emergency will happen ; and it is the less disposed to entertain them, because its own observation and experience attest the general conformity of such orders and instructions to its principles of unwritten law.' p. 2, 3.

Here there are two propositions mentioned, asserting two several duties which the court has to perform. One of these is very clearly described ;—the duty of listening to Orders in Council, and proclamations issued by one of the parties before the court ;—the other, the duty of administering the Law of Nations, seems so little inconsistent with the former, that we naturally go back to the preceding passage of the judgment where a more particular mention is made of it. 'This court,' says the learned Judge, 'is bound to administer the Law of Nations to the subjects of other countries, in the different relations in which they may be placed towards this country and its government. This is what other countries have a right to demand for their subjects, and to complain if they receive it not. This is its unwritten law evidenced in the course of its decisions, and collected from the common usage of civilized states.'

The faultless language of this statement all will readily confess and admire. The more judicial virtues of clearness and consistency may be more doubtful in the eyes of those who have been studying the Law of Nations under the same judge, when ruling the cases of the *Flad Oyen* and *Swedish Convoy*. It is with great reluctance that we enter upon any observations which may appear to question any thing stated by such accurate reporters as Dr. Edwards and Sir C. Robinson, to have been delivered in the High Court of Admiralty. But we have no choice left ;—we must be content to make our election between the doctrines of 1799 and 1811, and to abandon one or the other. The reluctance which we feel is therefore materially diminished ; for,

if we venture to dispute the law recently laid down by the learned judge, it is upon his own authority in times but a little removed from the present point of date, and nowise differing from them in any other respect.

How then can the court be said to administer the unwritten law of nations between contending states, if it allows that one government, within whose territories it 'locally has its seat,' to make alterations on that law at any moment of time? And by what stretch of ingenuity can we reconcile the position, that the court treats the English government and foreign claimants alike, determining the cause exactly as it would if sitting in the claimant's country, with the new position, that the English government possesses legislative powers over the court, and that its orders are in the law of nations what statutes are in the body of municipal law? These are questions which, we believe, the combined skill and address of the whole Doctors of either law may safely be defied to answer.

Again:—What analogy is there between the proclamations of one belligerent, as relating to points in the law of nations, and the enactments of statute, as regarding the common law of the land? Were there indeed any general council of civilized states—any congress such as that fancied in Henry IV.'s famous project for a perpetual peace—any amphictyonic council for modern Europe; its decisions and edicts might bear to the established public law the same relation that statutes have to the municipal code; because they would be the enactments of a common head, binding on and acknowledged by the whole body. But the edicts of one state, in questions between that state and foreign powers—or between that state and the subjects of foreign powers—or between those who stand in the place of that state and foreign governments or individuals, much more nearly resemble the acts of a party to the cause, than the enactments of the law by which both parties are bound to abide.

Mark the consequences of such loose doctrines—such feeble analogies. They resolve themselves into an immediate denial that any such thing as the law of nations exists, or that contending parties have any common court, to which all may resort for justice. There may be a court for French captors in France, and for English captors in England. To these tribunals such parties may respectively appeal in safety; for they derive their rights from edicts issued by the governments of the two countries severally; and those edicts are good law in the Prize courts of each. But, for the American claimant, there is no law by which he may be redressed—no court to which he may resort. The edicts of *his* government are listened to in neither the French nor the English tribunals; and he is a prey to the orders

of each belligerent in succession. Perhaps it may be thought quite a sufficient hardship, without this aggravation, that even under the old and pure system laid down in 1798 and 1799, the neutral was forced to receive his sentence in a foreign court—always in the courts of the captor's country. But this undoubted rule of law, tempered by the just principles with which it was accompanied, appeared safe and harmless. For, though the court sat locally in the belligerent country, it disclaimed all allegiance to its government; and professed to decide exactly as it would have done sitting in the neutral territory. How is it now, when the court, sitting as before, has made so large a stride in allegiance, as to profess an implicit obedience to the orders of the belligerent government within whose dominion it acts?

That a government should issue edicts repugnant to the Law of Nations, may be a supposition unwillingly admitted; but it is one not contrary to the fact; for all governments have done so—and England among the rest, according to the learned judge's own statement. Neither will it avail to say, that, to inquire into the probable conduct of the Prize courts in such circumstances, is to favour a supposition, which cannot be entertained '*without extreme indecency*;' or to compare this with an inquiry into the probable conduct of municipal courts, in the event of a statute being passed repugnant to the principles of municipal law. The cases are quite dissimilar. The line of conduct for municipal courts in such an emergency, is clear. No one ever doubted that they must obey the law. The old law is abrogated, and they can only look to the new. But the courts of prize are to administer a law which cannot, according to Sir William Scott, (and, if we err, it is under the shelter of a grave authority), be altered by the practice of one nation, unless it be acquiesced in by the rest for a course of years; for he has laid down that the law, with which they are conversant, is to be gathered from general principles, as exemplified in the constant and common usage of all nations.

Perhaps it may bring the present case somewhat nearer the feelings of the reader, if he figures to himself a war between America and France, in which England is neutral. At first, the English traders engross all the commerce which each belligerent sacrifices to his quarrel with his adversary. Speedily the two belligerents become jealous of England, and endeavour to draw her into their contest. They issue decrees against each other nominally, but, in effect, bearing hard on the English trade; and English vessels are carried by scores into the ports of America and of France. Here they appeal to the law of nations; but are told, at Paris, that this law admits of modifications, and that the French courts must be bound by the decrees of the Tuilleries;

at New York, that American courts take the law of nations from Washington; and, in both tribunals, that it is impossible, '*without extreme indecency*,' to suppose the case of any public act of state being done, which shall be an infringement on the law of nations. The argument may be long, and its windings intricate and subtle; but the result is short, plain, and savouring of matter of fact; rather than matter of law:—All the English vessels carried into either country would be condemned as good and lawful prize to the captors.

Let us not inquire how short a time the spirit of *our* nation would endure such a state of *public law*, and how speedily the supposed case would cease to apply, by our flag ceasing to be neutral. But let us, on this account, learn to have some patience with a free and powerful people, quite independent of us, when we find them somewhat sore under the application of these new doctrines—these recent innovations on Sir William Scott's sound principles of law; and let us the more steadily bear in mind that great judge's remark on another part of the subject. 'If it were fit that such a state should be introduced, it is at least necessary that it should be introduced in an avowed and intelligible manner, and not in a way which, professing gravely to adhere to that system which has for centuries prevailed among civilized states, and urging at the same time a pretension utterly inconsistent with all its known principles, delivers over the whole matter at once to eternal controversy and conflict, at the expense of the constant hazard of the harmony of states, and of the lives and safeties of innocent individuals.'

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FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Travels in the Island of Iceland, during the Summer of the year 1810. By *Sir George Mackenzie, Bart.* 4to. Constable & Co. Edinburgh. Longman & Co. 8c. London. 1811.

ICELAND is perhaps the country in the whole world where civilization has proceeded the greatest length, considering the physical difficulties it has had to encounter. In a remote island, situate on the farthest verge of the habitable globe; encompassed by polar ice, and ravaged by volcanic fire; in a climate where a long winter, cold, dark and tempestuous, is succeeded by a short summer, so little genial that it is insufficient to ripen grain of any species:—In such a country, it is wonderful that the industry of man has been able to do more than to supply the most urgent of his wants. Yet, here, learning flourished at a very early period; poetry was cultivated; and here the mythology of the northern

nations was first reduced into a systematic form. A people, independent and free, enacting their own laws, and choosing their own magistrates, found, in the possession of these inestimable blessings, what was more than a compensation for all the physical evils which they endured. Accordingly, while feudal tyranny, by the bloodshed and oppression to which it every where gave birth, retained the finest countries of Europe in a state of barbarism ;—liberty and peace, with learning and the arts in their train, took refuge in this inhospitable clime ; and found, on the confines of the polar circle, an asylum which the plains of France or Italy could not have afforded them ;—a memorable example how much worse the sufferings are, produced by art, than those produced by nature.

Iceland, indeed, in the state to which it is now reduced, does not exhibit so agreeable a spectacle. The physical evils remain, and perhaps have increased ; but the moral and political resources, by which their bitterness was allayed, have nearly vanished. The conquest of Iceland by the Norwegian princes, and the union of Norway to the crown of Denmark, have converted Iceland into the poor appendage of an absolute monarch. In the ignorance of political economy, or the contempt for it which always prevails in such governments, even the means devised for promoting the advantage of this unfortunate island, have proved fatal to its prosperity ; and the exclusive privilege of a commercial company—an engine of such destructive power, that even the wealth of India is, as has been found by experiment, hardly able to withstand it—quickly proved ruinous to Iceland. The arts, however, the knowledge and the learning, which once flourished so remarkably in that island, have not entirely abandoned it ; and there still remains much to excite and to gratify the curiosity of an enlightened traveller. The manners of civilized nations, however much they may resemble one another, must assume a different aspect in countries of which the natural history is very different ; and it must be always interesting to observe, when the change is great, how the former of these accommodate themselves to the latter, and how they contrive to diminish the evils which they cannot remove. In the instance of Iceland, there is added to all this the peculiarities of its natural history, derived from the extensive operation of volcanic fire.

It has accordingly been three times visited by travellers from Britain, within the last forty years. In 1772, Sir Joseph Banks, who had already circumnavigated the globe, thought it worth while to visit the shores of Iceland ; being willing, it would seem, after having seen the most delightful dwelling of savage life, to look on civilization in its poorest abode. He was accompanied by Drs. Solander and Lind, and by M. Von Troil, who afterwards, in a series of letters, gave some account of Iceland.

In the year 1789, Iceland was again visited by Sir John Stanley, accompanied by some other gentlemen, who sailed with him from Leith. An analysis of the water of the Geyser, so remarkable for the silicious incrustations it produces, made by Dr. Black, was a consequence of this voyage. To the account of this analysis was added a letter of Sir John Stanley, which caused much regret that the author of such a lively and picturesque description should not have favoured the public with a fuller account of his observations.

In the beginning of summer 1810, Sir George Mackenzie, accompanied by Dr. Holland and Mr. Bright, performed the same voyage; and the volume before us gives an account of the part of Iceland visited by these gentlemen. Iceland is a very large island; but its coasts only are inhabited, and of these the part that is most accessible and best known, is that which fronts the south-west. It was for this part that our travellers shaped their course; and the tract they visited comprehends an extent of about 120 miles in length along the coast in a direction nearly north-west, by a breadth that varies from 40 to 20 miles. In a country, consisting almost entirely of rocks or of marshes, where there are no roads, the horses weak, and the people slow, motion must needs be difficult; and to have visited so large a tract of country, in the course of an Icelandic summer, required no small share of activity. The line of the coast being deeply indented by the sea, is, in fact, much longer than could be inferred from the measures above mentioned. The south-west corner of the island sends out two extensive promontories, between which a deep gulph, called the *Faxe Fiord*, is included. The south promontory, called the *Guldbringé-Syssel*, is about 45 miles long, by 10 or 12 broad, and stretches a little to the south of west. The northern promontory the *Snafell Syssel*, or the district of Snowy Mountains, is somewhat longer, considerably broader, and nearly parallel to the former. The distance of these promontories, measured along the bottom of the gulph, is about 40 miles in a straight line. Our travellers went round the shores of these promontories, and also along those of the intervening country, besides traversing them in several directions, and extending their excursion also inland north-east to the Geyser, and east to Hecla and the Obsidian rock, distant about 90 geographical miles from *Reikavic*, the place where they landed, and the metropolis of Iceland, situated on a point of land on the north side of the *Guldbringé Syssel*.

This is the country examined; but it is not from the extent of the field, but from the minuteness, the accuracy, and the selection of the observations, that the merits of a traveller are to be estimated. In this respect, great praise, we think, is due to Sir George Mackenzie and his associates. The objects to which

their attention has been directed, appear to have been well chosen ; and no opportunity has been lost of acquiring information concerning either the past or the present state of the country, the manners of the inhabitants, their arts, education, laws, &c. ; or concerning the natural history of a country rendered interesting by the very severity with which nature has treated it, and by the unparalleled extent to which volcanic fire has carried its operations. On the spirit, therefore, the activity, and the judgment with which these travels have been conducted, we mean to bestow our unqualified approbation, and to point them out as highly worthy of imitation. The account with which the public is here presented, is written with great plainness and simplicity. The narrative is clear and lively ; and the pictures it draws, whether moral or physical, carry with them every appearance of accuracy and good faith. On some occasions, the detail perhaps is more minute than was quite necessary ; and circumstances are now and then dwelt on, which, though they might affect the comfort of the travellers at the time, do not throw much light either upon the natural or moral history of the country. Yet, this does not frequently occur ; and as it only makes the picture more complete, and serves as a security that nothing material is omitted, it is in reality better than the opposite extreme, where a narrative, meagre and bare of circumstances, always produces a suspicion that something, essential, and tending to develop characters, moral or physical, has been omitted.

We shall first present our readers with an account of what relates to the manners of the inhabitants ; and next of what respects the natural history of the country.

On landing at Reikavic, they were received with kindness and hospitality ; and as it was yet too early in the season (7th May) for setting out on any distant excursion, they remained there for some time, and had an opportunity of becoming well acquainted with the principal people, among whom they found several men of learning and information. They gave a ball to the ladies at Reikavic, of which the account is amusing, as it shows how differently the same object is pursued in different situations. At length, they became impatient to set out ; and in this first tour they walked on foot, and only used horses for carrying their baggage. A young man who had been educated as a priest, and who spoke Latin tolerably well, was hired to attend them as their guide.

“ Early in the morning,” says Sir George, “ the preparation for our journey began ; but the motions of the Icelanders were so slow, and there were so many discussions about distributing the loads on the horses, that it was past two in the afternoon before all was ready. The

back-saddles consist of square pieces of light spungy turf cut from the bogs. These are tied on with a rope; and a piece of wood, fitted to the horse's back with a peg projecting from each side, is fastened over the turf, and from these pegs the baggage is suspended. The Icelanders pretend to be very nice in balancing the loads; but I do not recollect to have ever travelled two miles without stopping ten times to rectify the baggage. When all the horses are loaded, they are fastened to each other, head to tail, and thus proceed in order. The horses are very hardy, and patient of fatigue, but easily startled. Every Icelanders, of whatever rank, can shoe a horse; the shoes are plain, and the nails, which are very large, are driven firmly through the hoof, and carefully doubled over. In this simple state the shoes remain firm, till worn out or broken. Travellers always carry a supply of shoes and nails on long journeys. When iron is scarce, the horns of sheep are made use of for horse shoes. The day we set out on was fine; but snow showers were falling on the mountains round us. We passed through a bare, dismal country, among low hills; till, not far from *Havnefiord*, we entered a rough path, where we saw the first marks of subterraneous fire. The melted masses of lava seemed to have been heaved up in every direction, and had assumed all sorts of fantastic forms;—on every side chasms and caverns presented themselves. When we least expected it, we descried the town of *Havnefiord* situated in the midst of the lava, and so placed, that the houses obtained complete shelter from masses of matter that had formerly carried destruction in their course."

The following account seems well calculated to give an idea of an Icelandic landscape, and of the face of this very singular country.

" Having passed a low ridge of hills, we descended into a valley filled with lava, which is connected with that about *Havnefiord*, and has evidently proceeded from the same source. Along the edge of this we travelled for about two miles, and then began to ascend a ridge covered with light slags. We observed that the lava had run down on the east side of the valley, and, in some places, it appeared as if it had ascended. The ascending of lava is a well known fact, though in examining a cold mass, this circumstance strikes an inexperienced observer as something wonderful. It is caused by the formation of a crust on the cooling of the surface; and a case or tube being thus produced, the lava rises in the same manner as water in a pipe. Beyond this spot we saw the most dreadful effects of subterraneous heat all around us; and, as far as the eye could reach over a wide extended plain, nothing appeared to relieve it from the black rugged lava, which had destroyed the whole of the district. The surface was swelled into knobs, from a few feet in diameter to forty or fifty, many of which had burst, and disclosed caverns lined with melted matter in the form of stalactites. Near this place we went to visit a cave which had been described to us. It was nothing more than an extensive hollow, formed by one of those blisters or bubbles in the lava, hundreds of which we

had walked over. The bottom of it was covered with ice, and numerous icicles hung from the roof. The distance to the farther end was 55 yards; the height not more than 7 or 8 feet. The inside was lined with melted matter disposed in many singular forms.

"In our progress to-day, we passed by the source of the river Kaldaa, which is a large basin at the bottom of a hollow, into which numerous streams empty themselves. After running about two miles, this river entirely disappears, and is lost among the lava. We met with a number of little craters, in a stream of lava less rugged than the rest. In one of them, the melted matter had formed a sort of dome, about 25 feet in diameter, and open at one side. Within, it was lined with an assemblage of stalactites, hanging in groups, very curious and fantastic.

"The houses of the Icelanders are all constructed nearly on the same plan. An outer wall of turf, about four feet and a half high, and six feet thick, encloses all the apartments. On the side facing the south are doors serving as entrances to the dwelling-house, smithy, dairy, &c. From the door of the house is a long narrow passage, into which, on each side, the different apartments open. Between each of these is a thick partition of turf; and every apartment has a separate roof, through which light is admitted by pieces of glass four or five inches square. The principal rooms of the better sort of houses have windows in front, consisting of several panes of glass. The turf walls, the earthen floors damp and filthy, make the smell insupportable. There is no mode of ventilating any part of the house. The cottages of the poorest people are so very wretched, that it is wonderful how any thing in the human form can breathe in them."

We ought not to be astonished at this want of cleanliness. In such a climate as Iceland, warmth and shelter are the articles of first necessity, to the attainment of which every thing must be sacrificed; and more skill in architecture than falls to the share of rude people, is required in such circumstances to reconcile airiness with warmth. In a country too, subject almost to perpetual tempests, this difficulty is greatly increased. The hovels in Iceland, we have no doubt, are very bad, but probably not worse, allowing for the greater scantiness of resources, and the greater severity of climate, than are to be met with in a country with which we presume that Sir George Mackenzie is well acquainted;—hovels, in the wretchedness and poverty of which, have been reared many of those brave and hardy men, to whom the military glory of Great Britain owes no small share of its support.

A visit to a clergyman, Mr. Hialtalin, at Suarbar, presents a more pleasant picture than the preceding.

"In the course of the evening," says Sir George, "we had much conversation with our worthy host, who spoke Latin exceedingly well. We obtained some interesting information relative to his parish; and

had much reason to admire his paternal care of the flock committed to his charge. In a population varying from 200 to 210, there are 15 married couples. The annual number of births is 7; of deaths 6 or 7; of marriages not quite so much as 1. The parish is 16 English miles in length, and 10 in breadth; so that the population does not exceed  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to a square mile.

"We were gratified with the sight of Mr. Hialtalin's parish-register, in which is an entry made annually of the state of each family in the parish. Under the head of each family were entered, in separate columns, the condition of each individual—their age—whether confirmed or not—whether communicants or not—whether able to read—general conduct—abilities, &c.; also a list of the books belonging to each family."

In every situation, but especially in such a one as Iceland, where the comforts of life are so few, a pastor like Mr. Hialtalin must be of inestimable value. He must appear as a friend and a father; as an angel sent from heaven, to dispel, by the light of religion and truth, the evils by which his flock is so closely surrounded. He himself, in the midst of continual hardship and privation, enjoys the great advantage of occupying a place where no distinction is to be obtained but by the faithful discharge of his duty. If the ministers of religion shall ever be arranged according to their real usefulness and importance to the world, how many bishops and cardinals will doff their mitres and their hats before the *priest of Suarbar*!

The following will give a tolerably good notion of the manner of living of the people of the better sort. Sir George and his friends made a visit at the house of the chief-justice Stephenson.

"We were received very cordially, but with a considerable degree of form; and were ushered into the best room by Mr. Stephenson, who met us at the door. Almost immediately after we had seated ourselves, the ladies of the family made their appearance; and we had coffee, wine, biscuit, and English cheese, set before us. This was merely a prelude to a more substantial dinner, or rather supper, which was brought in at eight o'clock. It consisted of boiled salmon, baked mutton, potatoes, (from England) sago and cream, London porter, and excellent port wine. We had no doubt that the ladies, who had prepared and brought in the dishes, would partake of them; and on our declining to take our seats before they had placed themselves at table, we were surprised when told they had already dined. The females of the highest, as well as of the lowest rank, as in former times in our own country, seem to be regarded as mere servants. During the repast, our hostess stood at the door with her arms a-kimbo, looking at us; while her daughter, and another young woman, were actively employed in changing the plates, and running backwards and forwards for whatever was wanted. Occasionally her ladyship assisted in the rites of hospitality; and next day, when restraint was somewhat

worn off, she and the young ladies chatted and joked with us, laughing heartily at our broken Icelandic, which was mixed with English and broken Danish, neither of which they understood."

The husbandry of Iceland consists entirely in the management of stock, as no corn is produced in the island. The crop of grass seems in many places to be considerable, though not nearly what, by proper attention, it might be rendered. They begin to cut their hay about the end of July; but Sir George observes, that he did not see any field in which plants either useless, or very little nutritious, were not equal in quantity to those of greater value. All are cut down together by means of a short narrow scythe, with which the Icelanders work expeditiously and neatly. The rest of the process is much the same as with us in Scotland. The hay is kept chiefly for the cows; but, in severe weather, a little is dealt out to the sheep and horses. When the whole is got in, a festival like our harvest-home takes place. Draining seems to be the species of improvement most wanted.

The cattle, in point of size and appearance, are very like the largest of our Highland sorts, except that they have seldom horns. The sheep appear to be nearly the same with the old breed in the Highlands of Scotland, now nearly extinct. The horses are exceeding good. They are accustomed to scramble slowly through the bogs and over the rocks, and to dart rapidly forward whenever they come to dry and even ground. In travelling, each of the party has generally two or three horses with him, and he changes from one to another as they become tired.

The wages given to servants, male and female, are from four to six rixdollars a-year, with food and clothing. The rixdollar, which is paper, is worth 4s. English at par; but the government paper is greatly depreciated, and a guinea of gold passes for fifteen of these dollars. The rulers of Iceland have not, it would seem, discovered the expedient which does so much credit to the wisdom of the British senate, that of preventing the depreciation of the paper by penal statutes. Every thing, such as weaving, spinning, knitting, forging horse-shoes, &c. is done at home, and forms the household work in the long dismal winter of that climate. The extent of this home manufacture is doubtless the reason why clothing is a part of the wages of labour: such articles, in many of the situations in Iceland, cannot be had easily to purchase. While the people are occupied in these different works, one generally reads aloud from their tales and histories. Most families are supplied with such books, which they are careful to exchange with one another.

The article on the education and literature of the Icelanders is by Dr. Holland; and will be considered as singularly interesting

by all who love to see the desire of knowledge, the great characteristic of man, going with him, to console and elevate his mind in the most remote and forlorn situations. A preliminary dissertation, by the same gentleman, on the ancient history of Iceland, displays great ingenuity and research; and we regret that we have not been able, for want of room, to make our readers acquainted with it. 'At the present time,' Dr. Holland remarks, 'there are many individuals living on this remote spot, and from their situation exposed to innumerable privations, whose talents and acquisitions would grace the most refined circles of civilized society. The business of education is systematically carried on among all ranks of the inhabitants; and the degree of information existing, even among the lower classes, is probably greater than in almost any part of Continental Europe.'

At present, the school at Bessasted is the only regular establishment in Iceland, for what may be accounted academical education. It consists of three masters, and twenty-four scholars; and the head master, or Lector Theologiæ, has an annual salary of 600 rixdollars. At this time, the person who held that situation was Steingrim Jonson, a man of ability and learning. The school is furnished with a library of twelve to fourteen hundred volumes, containing some good editions of the classics; and, beside books in Icelandic and Danish, a considerable number in German, and some in English and French.

Of the students educated here, a few are sent to prosecute their studies at the University of Copenhagen: the rest are probably mostly settled in Iceland, as Danish priests. Even in this profound solitude, and entire seclusion from all literary society, frequent instances occur, of men who retain their ardour for study, and pursue it successfully through life. This so often happens, Dr. Holland says, that it may be regarded as a phenomenon requiring a particular explanation. The leisure afforded by the long winter of Iceland, he suggests as one of the most obvious causes that, by affording an opportunity, may produce a taste, for mental improvement. We must be permitted to remark, however, that without a strong predisposition to such exertions; the opportunity which retirement affords will be found of little avail. Even in academical institutions kindly intended to remove every cause of distraction, anxiety or care, that could turn away the mind from the steady pursuit of science or literature, how rarely is an effort produced that corresponds to the benevolent intentions of the founder! If amidst the cold and the damp, the darkness and the tempests of the polar circle, such effects more frequently arise, it must proceed from some favourable structure of the mind, or some happy combination of external causes, with which we are not sufficiently acquainted.

Concerning the diffusion of knowledge among the lower ranks, Dr. Holland observes, that it is a very rare thing to meet with an Icelander who is unable to read and write, or who does not possess considerable intelligence on all subjects which he has any access to examine. 'The instruction of his children,' he adds, 'forms one of his stated occupations; and while the little earthen hut which he inhabits is almost buried in the snow, and while darkness and desolation are spread universally around, the light of an oil lamp illumines the page from which he reads to his family the lessons of knowledge, religion, and virtue.' The importance that is attached to knowledge by all ranks, is attested by a very singular article in the ecclesiastical code of this country, which grants to the bishops, or even the inferior clergy, the power of preventing any marriage where the woman is unable to read.

The books in the possession of the lower classes are chiefly of a religious nature. In many parishes, there is a small library belonging to the church, from which, under the superintendence of the priest, every family in the district may derive some little addition to its means of instruction and improvement. How wonderful is all this in a country, where nature, aided by the utmost efforts of human industry, seems barely adequate to provide for the articles of first necessity!—Is it because intellectual enjoyment is the only luxury that the place affords?

The attainments of the Icelanders, with respect to languages, are very wonderful, and are among the circumstances that most forcibly attract the attention of a stranger. 'He sees men whose habitations bespeak a condition little removed from the savage state; men who are deprived of almost every comfort, and who, amid the storms of the surrounding ocean, seek in their little boats the scanty provision on which their families depend—among these very men he finds an acquaintance with the classical writings of antiquity, a taste formed on the models of Greece and Rome, and a susceptibility to all the beauties which these models disclose. While traversing the country, he is often attended by guides who can communicate with him in Latin; and, arriving at his place of rest for the night, he not unfrequently draws forth from his little smithy a man who addresses him in Latin, with great fluency and elegance. The Icelanders abound in poetical compositions; history is also a favourite study with them; but it is remarkable, that in science and philosophy, they are not at all distinguished.' Dr. Holland accounts for this last circumstance, by supposing that the confusion in which the natural history of the country appears, manifesting the action of so many unknown and astonishing powers, the operation of which seems so little subjected to rule, and so little guided by analogy,

has overwhelmed their understandings, and disappointed all attempts at generalization. It is certain, that the Icelanders are very superstitious, which is no doubt the consequence of living in the midst of a terrible and disorderly scene, where the facts cannot be reconciled with one another. We shall conclude this head with Dr. Holland's remark, 'that this disparity of physical and moral circumstances is an interesting fact, not only in the history of Iceland, but in that of the human species. While the calamities of internal warfare, and the oppression of tyrannical governments have clouded with ignorance and barbarity countries on which the sun of nature sheds his brightest beams, the possession of Peace, of Political Liberty, and well ordered Laws, has given both intellectual and moral exaltation to a community which has its abode on the very confines of the habitable globe.'

The natural history of Iceland contains a great number of rare and interesting objects. Among these we may reckon the Sulphur mountains; one of which, on the south side of the Guldbringé district, is described by Sir George Mackenzie. At the foot of the mountain there was a bank composed of clay and sulphur, with steam issuing from all parts of it. From a ridge immediately above it, under which was a deep hollow, a profusion of vapour arose, and a confused noise was heard, of boiling and splashing, joined to the roaring of steam escaping from crevices in the rock. The opposite side of the mountain was covered with sulphur, and clay of a white or yellowish colour. From whatever spot the sulphur was removed, steam instantly escaped; and, in many places, the sulphur was so hot that they could scarcely touch it. From the smell it appeared that the steam was mixed with a small quantity of sulphurated hydrogen gas. When the thermometer was sunk a few inches into the clay, it rose almost to the boiling point. At the bottom of the hollow, they found a caldron of mud and water boiling with great vehemence. The mud was in constant agitation, and often thrown up to the height of 6 or 8 feet. In some places the quantity of sulphur was very great, and formed a smooth crust, beautifully crystallized, and from a quarter of an inch to several inches in thickness. The violence with which the steam issues through the crevices of the rock is in some places so great, that the noise may be heard at the distance of several miles. The visit to this place was not without danger. The sensation, says Sir George, of a person standing on a support which feebly sustains him over an abyss where fire and brimstone are in dreadful and incessant action;—having before him tremendous proofs of what is going on beneath;—enveloped in thick vapours, and stunned with thundering noises;—are hardly to be conceived by one who has not experienced them.

Their next visit was to the hot springs of Geyser, situated considerably inland, and more than 60 miles east of Reikiavik. They are in a valley of considerable size, and on the side of the river. The principal fountain, the great Geyser, is in the middle of a small eminence, which extends all round it, and is about 7 feet high. The basin in the middle is of an oval form, 56 feet in the longest diameter, and 46 in the shortest. This basin, when they arrived, was full of hot water, with a little running out at one side. After examining some of the fountains in the neighbourhood, of which there are several, they returned to the great Geyser, where they were alarmed by a sound like the distant discharge of artillery, and the shaking of the ground. The water, after heaving several times, suddenly arose in a large column, accompanied by clouds of steam, to the height of 10 or 12 feet. The column then seemed to burst, and, sinking down, caused the water to overflow in considerable quantity. This was followed by a succession of jets, to the number of 18, some of them rising to the height of 50 feet. After the last of these, the water disappeared from the basin, and sunk within a pipe about 10 feet wide, which is in the centre of it. The perpendicular depth of the basin is about 3 feet, and that of the pipe appeared to be about 60. At 29 minutes past 6 in the evening, the pipe was full, and the water being within reach, its temperature was found to be 209°. No great jet, however, took place for a long time. 'We pitched our tents,' says Sir George, 'at the distance of about 100 yards from the Geyser, and determined to keep watch by turns during the night. About 4 in the morning, Mr. Bright, who happened to have the watch, gave the alarm; and we saw water thrown up, and steam issuing with a tremendous noise, from a place within 50 yards of us, which we had not before remarked. There was little water; but the force with which the steam escaped, produced a white column of spray and vapour at least 60 feet high. We enjoyed this astonishing and beautiful spectacle till 7 o'clock, when it gradually disappeared. We conjectured this to be the fountain which Sir John Stanley has called the New Geyser.'

The beautiful and variegated petrifications which surround the Geysers have been often described; the leaves of birch and willow are seen converted into white stone, in a state of the most perfect preservation, every fibre being entire. Grass, rushes, and masses of peat, are in the same condition. On the outside of the mouth of the Geyser, the depositions, owing to the splashing of the water, are rough, and have been compared to the heads of cauliflower. The inside of the basin is comparatively smooth; and the matter forming it is more compact and dense than the exterior crust. Sir George and his friends carried off a great

quantity of these curious specimens ; of which he has presented a very fine collection to the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

It was not till the night after the explosion just mentioned, that they had the satisfaction to see the Great Geyser display its utmost magnificence. This happened about midnight. At that season of the year there was light enough to render the whole visible ; and the effect was more striking, perhaps, from the partial obscurity. The fountain threw up a succession of magnificent jets, the highest of which reached to the height of 90 feet.

The internal structure necessary to produce those singular alternations of activity and rest, even supposing a sufficiency of water and of heat to be provided, is not easily conceived. That the elasticity of vapour is the great agent, and that the Geyser is a natural steam engine cannot be questioned. A great quantity of steam is always thrown up with the water ; and, in some of the smaller fountains, bursts of steam are sometimes thrown up through the water, the ground at the same time being felt to tremble all round. Sir George has given a description of the manner in which he thinks that the Geyser may be produced. He conceives a cavity in the heart of a rock to be supplied with water by percolation ; while a pipe, first bending to a lower level, sends up a perpendicular shaft, which opens at the surface. The lower part of this cavity, and part of the shaft or neck, being filled with water, if heat continue to be applied, a quantity of steam will fill the part of the cavern between the surface of the water and the roof. The steam, thus enclosed, if the heat be continued, will increase in temperature, and acquire elasticity sufficient to force up the water in the shaft, and to throw it to a great height in the air. This is certainly a mechanism by which appearances similar to the Geyser may be produced ; though, whether it be the actual process of nature, we may never be able to discover. Sir George observed a fountain, to which he gives the name of the Alternating Geyser. It consisted of two jets from different points ; and the one began to rise always when the other ceased. He has proposed it as a problem in hydraulics, to contrive the means by which an alternation of this kind might be produced with the use of valves, which he thinks it probable that nature does not employ. We see no reason, however, for thinking that valves are not among the resources which nature has in store in the bowels of the earth. If we suppose a perpendicular pipe or shaft in which there is a contraction, and that above that contraction there lyes a large round and smooth stone, of size sufficient to shut the contracted part of the pipe, but not completely to fill the superior or wider part, we have a valve of a very perfect kind, and one which, in strict conformity to analogy, we may imagine nature to possess. By means of such a valve, the jet of

the Geyser might be produced, without the bent pipe in the description just given. It would be no objection to this theory, that such a valve as is here supposed, must be subject to continual waste, and must in time be insufficient for the purpose. The changes that take place in these fountains seem to show, that the mechanism by which they are produced is not the most permanent.

We have already mentioned the extensive promontory that bounds the Gulf of Faxé on the north. This promontory is very mountainous, and the summits of the mountains are mostly covered with snow. The name given to a mountain of this sort, in the Icelandic language, is Jokul; and the highest of these, situated at the very western extremity of the promontory, is called Snæfell-Jokul. Mr. Holland and Mr. Bright ascended to the top of the Jokul; and a very lively account of their excursion is given from the journal of the latter.

Having procured a guide, which was no easy matter, (such is the kind of superstitious terror that the Icelanders have for this mountain), they began to ascend; and, after walking two hours over a barren surface that at every step became more destitute of vegetation, they reached the snow. At first, the snow yielded to the impression of the foot; but by and by, it became harder, and the steepness so great, as to render the ascent difficult. The snow was frequently intersected by deep and wide chasms, the passage of which was difficult, and not a little dangerous. At last, they reached one of the three summits; but the highest point of all, about 100 feet higher was rendered inaccessible by a deep chasm that intervened. At the highest point to which they reached, the thermometer stood to 34, and on the snow, 32; it was then about 3 o'clock. On the sea-shore, at 11 in the morning, the thermometer was at 51. After having enjoyed a fine view of the coast, and the adjacent mountains, they descended, much pleased with their excursion, and none more than the guide, who found it difficult however to persuade his countrymen that he had really been on the top of *Snæfell Jokul*; such is the superstitious reverence or fear with which this mountain is regarded. We regret that the travellers had no barometer, as the ascertaining of the lower limit of the snow, is a material point, not merely in the natural history of this country, but of climate in general, as fixing the limit of congelation at the entrance into the polar circle. The barometer is an instrument very liable to such accidents as had deprived our travellers of theirs; and it would be well if the resources were perfectly understood by which the want of a barometer may, in some measure be supplied.

If a traveller be provided with a quadrant, or any instrument for measuring vertical angles, his best and easiest method is to

take the angle of altitude from a point, of which the distance from the mountain can be measured on a map. Had our travellers, for instance, taken such an observation at *Olafsvic*, on the sea-shore, the place from which they set out, and had they repeated the same at a point on the opposite coast, when they were on the other side of the mountain, the mean between these two computations of the height could not have failed of coming very near the truth. The corrections for curvature and refraction might be applied as directed in the note.\* We would very much recommend this method to travellers, who feel an interest in measuring the elevation of the ground over which they pass, and are not provided with barometers.

Whenever mountains, where snow is perpetual, are described, a question occurs which it is always material to resolve, viz. Whether the covering consists simply of snow, or if it is what is properly called a *glacier*? Travellers do not seem to be always aware of the difference between these two ways in which frost takes possession of the tops and declivities of mountains. In the one, the substance is real snow, perhaps much indurated, but still retaining its granular texture, and its white colour. In the other, the snow is first soaked with rain, which afterwards freezes, and converts the whole into ice. This last is the glacier; it is an emanation from the snow, and constitutes a river of ice, if we may so call it, descending from the great lake of congealed water which rests on all the summits that penetrate into the region of perpetual frost. Wherever we would define the lower boundary of that region, and trace through the atmosphere the line that separates animate from inanimate nature, this distinction is necessary to be kept in view. Mr. Bright has not stated directly any opinion on this subject; but his account seems to exclude the idea of a glacier. Supposing this to be fact, the height at which they fell in with the snow, according to KIRWAN's table,† was 2516 feet above the level of the sea.

At *Olafsvic* the nearest village to the mountain, the sun was seen both to rise and set in the sea; and, on the 5th of July, Mr. Holland observed that he was  $2^h\ 35'$  under the horizon, the latitude being  $64^{\circ}\ 58'$ . Calculating from the instant of the upper

\* Multiply the horizontal distance in feet by the tangent of the observed angle, it will give the height nearly, to be corrected for the curvature of the earth, and the refraction of light, thus:

Square the horizontal distance reckoned in English miles; two-thirds of the amount is the correction in feet, to be added to the height already found on account of the curvature of the earth.

From the height thus corrected, subtract one-seventh of the last correction, and it will give the height corrected, both for curvature and refraction.

† Estimate of the temperature of different Latitudes. p. 9.

limb of the sun descending below the horizon, to the instant when the same limb appears above it, the time, paying no regard to the refraction, comes out nearly 40<sup>m</sup> greater; so that the refraction must have retarded sun-set by 20 minutes, and accelerated sun-rise by the quantity.

Hecla is the most celebrated volcano of Iceland; and it would seem to argue great want of curiosity in a traveller not to visit that mountain, though at present it offers nothing very remarkable to an observer. The principal advantage which our travellers derived from their excursion to Hecla, was from it becoming the means of their seeing the Iceland Agate, or Obsidian, in its native place. A very intelligent guide, whom they there met with, told them that he could conduct them to the place where a great quantity of Iceland agates was to be found. It was situated 25 or 30 miles to the eastward of Hecla. There, in a small valley, with a lake in one corner, to which they descended with some difficulty, they saw opposite to them a perpendicular face of rock, resembling a stream of lava. As they advanced towards it, the sun broke through the clouds; and the reflexion of his beams, from the supposed lava, quickly distinguished the Obsidian.

“On ascending one of the abrupt pinnacles which arose out of this extraordinary mass of rock, we beheld a region, the desolation of which can scarcely be paralleled. Fantastic groups of hills, craters and lava, leading the eye to distant snow-crowned jokuls; the mist rising from a water-fall; lakes embosomed among bare, bleak mountains; an awful and profound silence; lowering clouds; marks all around of the furious action of the most destructive of the elements;—all combined to impress the mind with sensations of dread and wonder.”

The fires of Hecla are not at present in a state of great activity. On its sides, the heat in one or two places under the surface was observed to be 144. When arrived at the summit, they found a crater not exceeding 100 feet in depth, with a large mass of snow in the bottom of it. The thermometer stood at 39°; it was at this time about 4 in the afternoon. The thermometer, at the bottom, at 9 o'clock, had stood at 59°. They estimated the height of Hecla at about 4000 feet. The eruptions of this volcano, as far as they have been recorded, amount only to 22; none of them more ancient than 1004. Besides these, 20 other eruptions in different volcanoes, have been enumerated. Of these volcanoes, 6, including Hecla, may be considered as active, having erupted in the course of the last century.

No single volcanic mountain appeared to us to have thrown out much lava. This was probably owing to the vast number of apertures which have given vent to the subterraneous heat. There is, accordingly, no country where volcanic eruptions have been so

numerous as in Iceland, or have been spread over so large a surface : no part of the island is wholly free from the marks of volcanic agency.

The *mineral kingdom* in Iceland assumes a character highly interesting, on account of the marks of volcanic fire that are so strongly impressed almost on every object. Of this, no one who has visited this island, as far as we know, has given an account that, either for accuracy or extent of view, is at all to be compared with that which is contained in the volume before us. We have only to regret, that there is sometimes too much theory mingled with the description, and too great a tendency to run into polemical discussion. We shall, without any theory, endeavour to give some account of the leading facts.

The rocks which compose the S. W. of Iceland, are all either of the trap formation, or they are real lava. No sandstone, or limestone, or argillaceous strata, were any where visible. Greenstone was the most common species of trap, and in some cases basalt. These rocks are not easily distinguished from lava ; and whatever opinion may be entertained of their formation, no one can deny that there is great similarity in their visible appearance. They are chiefly distinguished by this, that calcareous spar is often found in greenstone and basalt, but never in those lavas that have actually flowed on the surface. The lavas that have flowed in the open air have likewise a rugged aspect, hardly to be mistaken, acquired by their flowing and cooling at their external surface at the same time. A crust is formed as the lava flows along, that stops for a while, or retards the progress of the stream, till, by accumulation, it gathers force, and breaks in pieces the crust, which is tossed about, and forms vast wrinkles, as it were, in the rock. The outward part of the lava is vesicular and slaggy ; the interior often more compact, and in all respects similar to basalt, greenstone, &c. The lava of Hecla cannot be distinguished from some varieties of basalt ; and that of Snæfel-Jokul has the same characters. Obsidian and pumice are also found in Iceland, in circumstances that leave no doubt of their volcanic origin. These resemble in all respects the stones of the same kind found in the Lipari islands, and described by Dolomieu and Spallanzani.

The volcanic origin of pumice is supported by numberless observations. Sir James Hall and Dr. James Home visited a mountain on the north side of Lipari, that had escaped the survey of Dolomieu. A mass which, at a distance, they took for common lava, on a nearer approach they found to be entirely composed of obsidian and pumice, which passed into each other. The pumice had evidently flowed along with the obsidian, and formed the upper surface of the stream, which, on examination,

they found to have flowed by different mouths from the great crater. The greatest breadth of this stream was about two miles and a half, and the length of it about three. Nothing can make the volcanic origin of obsidian pumice more evident than these phenomena. It is not inferred from this that they are in every case produced by fire; but it is made certain that fire does produce them in some instances.

A very remarkable fact, of which we owe the knowledge to Sir George Mackenzie, is equally favourable to the volcanic origin of pumice. About the end of January, 1783, flames were observed rising out of the sea, about 30 miles off Cape Reikianes, the western point of the *Guldbringé Syssel*. Several small islands also appeared, which however, on subsequent examination, were not to be found; but a reef of sunk rocks now exists in the direction in which the flames were seen, terminating in what is called the Blind Rock, over which the sea breaks. The flames lasted several months; during which time, vast quantities of pumice and light slags were washed on shore all around the Gulf of Faxé. In the beginning of June, earthquakes shook the whole of Iceland; the flames in the sea disappeared, and a dreadful eruption commenced from *Skaptaa Fokul*, two hundred miles distant from the place where the continuance of flame over the surface of the sea, for the space of six months, had so clearly indicated the explosion of a submarine volcano.

On climbing the mountain Drapuhlid, in search of pearlstone, our travellers met with masses of wood mineralized in a manner different, we believe, from any hitherto observed. It looks like charcoal, but feels much heavier, and contains a great deal of chalcedony, intersecting it in transverse fissures. It burns without flame; and when the carbonaceous matter is consumed, the substance is little altered, and its weight scarcely diminished. The Surturbrand, another kind of fossil wood peculiar to Iceland, burns with flame; and from some specimens of it, seems not at all mineralized. It is worked as timber; and Sir George brought with him a piece which had served for a table.

Another very singular phenomenon is here described, and is peculiar to Iceland, as far as is yet known. The mountain of Akkrefell is composed of beds from 10 to 20, nay sometimes 40 feet thick, consisting of amygdaloid, tuffa, all apparently in their original position, and in one that does not at all indicate the action of volcanic fire. Our geologists, therefore, were very much surprised when they found the under sides of many of these beds having a slaggy appearance, and bearing unequivocal marks of no slight operation of fire. This was the case at the under side of every bed, excepting those of tuffa, as far as they ascended. They observed also a vein of greenstone, about four feet thick, cutting

these beds, and having a vitreous coating on its sides, as is usual in all the veins of the country. There are similar appearances observed in some other of the Icelandic mountains; and the slag above described is sometimes united to calcareous spar. This last circumstance is certainly a proof, that the heat which produced the slag-like appearance was applied under great pressure, otherwise the calcareous spar would have been reduced to quick-lime. The face of Akkrefell, where these appearances are observed, may have been the wall or side of some volcano at the bottom of the ocean: the under sides, or edges, of the beds of greenstone may have been melted, without the beds themselves having flowed.

Another of the facts brought out in this tour, will, we are persuaded, appear no less new than the preceding. Sir George was soon led to distinguish two very distinct formations of lava; the one the common; the other, which he has distinguished by the name of *Cavernous Lava*, had no appearance of having flowed, but rather of having been melted in its place; for it appears heaved up into large bubbles, or blisters, of various forms, from a few feet to 40 or 50 in diameter. Many of them had burst, and displayed caverns of considerable depth. It was on this account the name of *Cavernous Lava* was given them.

This lava was traced to a great distance; it appeared to form large valleys; it was often covered by more recent lava—sometimes with sand, and very commonly with soil. The whole of the great plain below Hecla is composed of cavernous lava. It reaches from Cape Reikianes to Thingvalla, a distance of 55 nautical miles. The theory which Sir George has formed of the formation of this extraordinary rock, is, that it is one which has been softened, and even melted, by subterraneous heat, over a vast extent of surface, but without being removed from its place. This must have happened at the bottom of the sea, which is confirmed by the sand and sometimes gravel which cover it. But till volcanic countries are more carefully examined, we cannot hope for any stable theory of these singular phenomena.

Thus we have three very curious and new facts in geology brought to light by these travels. The existence of carbonized wood, containing veins of chalcedony; the slaggy beds of amygdaloid, &c. on the face of Akkrefell; and, lastly, the cavernous lava. Sir George Mackenzie, and the two gentlemen who accompanied him, entered on the examination of a volcanic country with particular advantages, in consequence of having studied the class of rocks that have the greatest affinity to lava in the great variety of these afforded by Scotland, and particularly by the country round Edinburgh: we mean the trap or whinstone rocks, so apt to be confounded with lava, and which, in a coun-

try where the two are so much intermixed as in Iceland, would unavoidably be so, if the language which nature speaks had not been previously studied in one of its simplest forms.

The volume concludes with a catalogue of Icelandic minerals, of which Sir George has presented very rich collections both to the Royal Society and to the University of Edinburgh. To all this an account of the Botany and Zoology of Iceland is added by Mr. Bright. A Meteorological Journal for the year 1811, is also given; from which, if we had leisure to enlarge on it, many curious conclusions might be deduced.

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FROM THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

Poems on Miscellaneous Subjects. By Miss R. H.

THOUGH there is evidently much deficiency in the harmony of these pieces, they display strong indications of poetic genius, and a degree of natural painting—which (as we are given to understand, the author is very young) may possibly, when matured by time, produce a still richer colouring. In *Spring*, a fragment, written at Brighton, in 1808, the following lines occur:

Th' Almighty's self has cloath'd these verdant meadows,  
And dyed the sky in a superior azure;  
And delegates of his all-pow'rful will,  
A thousand angels walk their daily rounds.  
One breathes bewitching odours in the blossoms;  
One raises the full chalice, charg'd with dew,  
And shakes the beamy moisture from the flow'r;  
Another, taking her celestial pencil,  
Steep'd in the etherial magazine of colours,  
The grand repository of nature's hues,  
Paints with a ready hand the infant buds  
That faintly rise above their native earth,  
And bids them blow with a celestial warmth.  
Beneath their hands the scene redoubled glows;  
Nature through all her works the influence feels,  
And all is joy confest, and all is love.

# SPIRIT OF MAGAZINES.

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FOR THE SELECT REVIEWS.

[The following interesting extract of a letter, is from a very respectable gentleman in the Island of Barbadoes, to the Reverend Dr. B——, of Baltimore. We return our thanks to our friend, who has obligingly transmitted it to us for publication.]

*Ed. Select Reviews.*

*Barbadoes, 16th May, 1812.*

——— FOR news, we have none, politically speaking; but if I had the elegant pen of a *Pliny*, I should have much to say to my *Tacitus*—I should have to relate the appearance of a stupendous meteor, that simultaneously enlightened your entire native land, from one end to the other, on the evening of the 20th March. It seemed rapidly to pass from the south-east quarter of the heavens to the north-west, bursting in the air with the explosion of a cannon, which was heard more distinctly in the leeward part of the island. Some of those who saw it were suddenly alarmed with the appearance round them of a strong blaze of light, like the reflection of a building on fire close at hand; but on looking upward, they perceived a large globe trailing with a cone of fire that filled the whole vault of heaven with its vivid lustre: many were sensible of its heat, and all who beheld it completely by being at their doors or without, were filled with dismay. They computed its duration at two minutes, and it is generally believed to have been little less. In Christ Church and St. Philips, and indeed in every part of the island its appearance was equally awful and impressive. It was between 7 and 8 o'clock. Feeling poorly, I had retired after business to a hammock; my windows being closed, I saw not the glorious visitant.

In the bundle of our *Mercury*, long waiting for an opportunity, which I now hand you through Dr. M. you will find the account of the dreadful and destructive earthquake at the Caraccas, on Holy Thursday. Awful indeed are the signs of the times. But now I want the concise pen of a *Pliny*, to paint to you the hor-

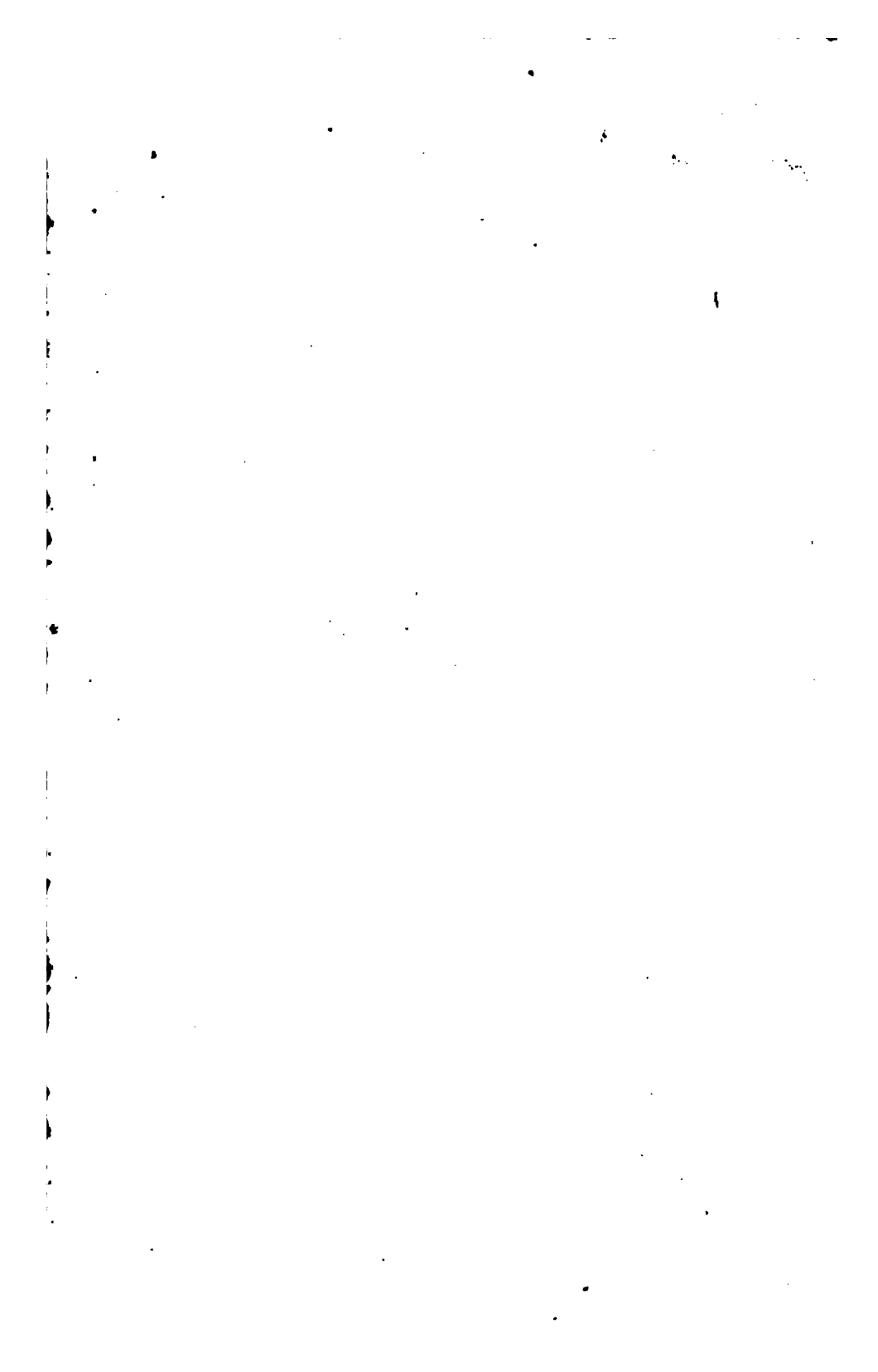
ror of the inhabitants in this land on the morning of the 1st of May. I awoke at or near five o'clock, and finding the morning not yet advanced enough to rouse H\*\*\*\*, to renew our visit to the sea, I threw myself again on the bed, and after some time, finding the crevice gave me less light, I concluded that we were about to get the genial showers expected about the opening of May, and again courted the drowsy god. At length I was roused by much talking in the street; which was strange to me, as on opening my eyes it was more than midnight darkness. A servant maid who had slept out, now arrived, and knocking loudly was admitted. Judge my surprise to learn that it was 8 o'clock; more than two hours had elapsed since the expected sun had not arisen, and that utter darkness covered both Heaven and earth, while dust fell in clouds from the skies, no longer visible. My girls, alarmed, ran to me with the dismal tale. The dust convinced me that we were under the influence of some volcanic eruption; I quieted their fears as well as I could, by representing it as at a great distance from us, and assuring them, that, however awful and terrific, it was a common and natural effect, frequently experienced in countries near volcanoes. I really imagined at first that our boiling spring at Swiner's Hall, had terminated as I had long expected (and still expect it some day will) in an eruption of its inflammable contents; but as no earthquake had preceded the darkness, and the dust was not hot, it seemed a proof of its distance from us; on opening a window it was impossible not to feel a horror the deepest and most sublime. There was a darkness, "visible" indeed. On looking upward, all was "dark, dark, dark," as Milton says. No gleam, no distant ray; it was as if the Eternal had shut us up in his displeasure in utter darkness forever. It seemed to touch the eyeballs with blackness infinite and deep. Many thought that the sun was annihilated; but those persons who had arisen early had seen him, or rather his place, before the atmosphere was completely filled. At 7 o'clock it was every where "*Nox omnibus noctibus nigrior densior que.*" What added to the horror of the scene was the consternation of the inhabitants moving to and fro with lanterns, and the solemn gloom which pervaded almost every countenance, as the feeble gleam of their light played across their features. "*Animus meminisse horret.*" The dust continued to fall in sprinkling showers all the forenoon. On our first rising it was half an inch deep in our yard. Our Hebrew neighbours flocked to their synagogue, and our church was filled with the devout or terrified of all colours. I attended my three girls in the morning costume of lantern and umbrella, "worn for use not shew," to church, through a smart shower of ashes; and spite of my umbrella, my garments were completely

and thickly powdered ; no penitent in the days of Job, could have exceeded my outward man. I reckon it among the great mercies of Heaven to me, that after the first terror was over, and I had recommended my spirit to its *Creator*, I felt a sacred composure and calm more consoling to my feelings at the time, and now more cordial to my memory than the richest treasure of earthly mould. In going to church it was not very encouraging to recollect that we had just read of the vast numbers collected in the places of worship to celebrate the holy day at Caraccas—all swallowed up ; but He who made us, is every where present, and never can we shun His appointment. H\*\*\*\*\* was with us and in good spirits. But what excited my surprise was to see at church some female countenances marked as it were by the hand of Heaven with a resignation and serenity, I may say a cheerfulness, that could spring from conscious innocence alone, fortified by the highest confidence in the Supreme. Previous to our going to church, H\*\*\*\*\* accompanied me (aided by the many passing lanterns) to my sister Mary's ; we had ventured out without a lantern, but never could have reached our destination but for the transient gleam of the lights of other groping pilgrims. The wind blew the dust into our eyes ; and it is a curious fact, that among the great number of persons who had their eyes incessantly filled with it, no ill effect has been sustained. In a few seconds the eye regained its usual healthy feel as if water only had dropped into it. I propose to trouble Dr. M. with a bottle of it as an *exotic natural curiosity*, which you may send to the Museum.\* It seems to abound in nitre, as will appear by rubbing it on paper, and holding it to the candle. The magnet draws out particles of iron. You will find by the papers, that our anxieties were cleared up in a few days as to its origin, by an arrival from Saint Vincents, with intelligence of the dreadful eruption of the Souffriere. Our darkness however seems to have been more intense than theirs. Pliny gives a pretty accurate idea of it in his representation of that he experienced at *Misenum* ; but he who shall make the experiment of opening his eyes in a close room in the darkest of winter-nights, all lights extinguished, will have but a faint conception of the grand and profound sensation of horror that struck our souls on a first view of this unexpected change in our atmosphere. The darkness continued till past twelve o'clock ; a twilight succeeded till night, sufficient to show us, far as the eye could reach, the whole face of nature covered with one coat of dust, varying in its depth from three-fourths of an inch to an inch and a half. In Saint Andrew's

\* A bottle of the dust is now in Peale's Museum.

and Saint Joseph's parishes, limbs of trees were broken down by the weight and force of the masses of heavy volcanic matter.

All around for nearly a fortnight, nothing has met our harassed eyes but the "*omnia mutata, altoque cinere tanquam nive obducta*:" would we could indeed exchange it for a view of refreshing snow. But He who orders all things, is merciful in all, and probably, however distressing this Egyptian plague of dust is, it may leave a blessing of fertility amply compensating us for our present privation of comfort. For the first few days, it was impossible not to feel a sacred awe in traversing the streets upon this heap of powder, which rose in clouds after the impression of each succeeding foot, when we recollected the denunciation in the 28th chapter of Deuteronomy. On the first of May we always look for genial showers: we arose, and lo! dust and powder in the place of the fertilizing dews of Heaven, deep and drear, for the sun's precious light. On the night of the 15th we had the first fine shower of rain, and never shall I forget the delight which I experienced in my walk the next morning on viewing the renovated face of nature, and the truly celestial Garment, in which the *Great Giver* has drest our earth, restored. At this moment so much is there yet of circulating dust, that my ink thickens in my pen. We have had it in our beds and our food, and it has insinuated itself every where, almost with the tenuity of the air. Our houses and furniture previous to the rain no art could keep clean—Every chair shewed us, spite of continued exertion that, *unto dust we must return*. Yet how thankful should be our hearts that no earthquake reached us, and that the seat of real danger was so distant. There were during the night, as I learn, many explosions as of cannon in the air, which gave rise to a thousand lying rumours. The French fleet were off, with some; our admiral dismasted, and martial law proclaimed. 'Tis certain, the governor hearing all these reports, repaired to the castle, and had the troops put under arms during the darkness. In all ages and in all parts of the world, man is the same: Pliny speaks too of the real dangers magnified "*fictis mentitisque terroribus*," and numberless were the phantoms conjured up by the imaginations of the populace.





*Gen. H. Dearborn.*

## MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY DEARBORN.

We have been requested to give a portrait of general Dearborn, with the following memoir of his military services. We do not answer for its correctness, but we have not been able to obtain any other.

On a future occasion we shall present to our readers a portrait of major-general Pinckney, with a sketch of his life. They will thus learn something of the men to whom the military operations of our country are committed at this awful crisis.

WHEN the British sent a detachment to destroy the military stores in the vicinity of Lexington, Mr. Dearborn, then a young gentleman in the study of medicine, resided at Nottingham, in New Hampshire. Animated by the patriotic resistance of the Americans, immediately on being informed of the battle by express, he assembled the inhabitants, and observed that the time had now arrived, when the rights of the American people must be vindicated by arms. The militia had already gathered, and impressed with these sentiments, a company of 65 men armed and accoutred, paraded at one o'clock of the next day after the Lexington battle.—Dearborn advanced with them with such rapidity, that they reached Cambridge Common, a distance of 50 miles, in 20 hours. After remaining at Cambridge several days, there being no immediate occasion for their services, they returned. Dearborn was soon after commissioned a captain in one of the New Hampshire regiments under the command of col. Stark, and such was the confidence of the people in him, that in ten days from the time he received his commission, he enlisted a full company and marched again to Cambridge. On the morning of the glorious *seventeenth of June*, information was received at Mystic, (now Medford) where Dearborn was stationed, that the British were preparing to come out from Boston, and storm the works which had been thrown up on Breed's Hill the night before, by the Americans. The regiment to which he was attached was immediately paraded, and marched to Charlestown Neck. Dearborn's company composed the flank guard to the regiment. They crossed the neck under a galling fire from the British men of war and floating batteries, and having sustained some loss, arrived at the heights. The action soon commenced, and the Americans stood their ground, until their ammunition was expended, and they could no longer beat off the British bayonets with the butt ends of their muskets. Dearborn carried a fusée into the battle of Bunker-Hill, and fired regularly with his men. The next arduous service in which he was engaged, was the expedition to Canada, through the wilds of Kennebec, under the com-

mand of general Arnold. He was not ordered on this dangerous and difficult service, but persuaded a captain who was drafted, to exchange places with him. Thirty-two days were employed in traversing the hideous wilderness between the settlements of the Kennebec and the Chaudiere, in which every hardship and fatigue of which human nature is capable, was endured indiscriminately by the officers and troops. On the highlands between the Kennebec and St. Lawrence, the remnant of provisions was divided among the companies, who were directed to make the best of their way in separate divisions to the settlements on the Chaudiere. The last fragment of food in Dearborn's company was shortly consumed, and he was reduced to the extremity of dividing a large dog which accompanied him, with his comrades. When they reached the Chaudiere, from colds, extreme hardship, and want of sustenance, his strength failed him and he was unable to walk but a short distance without wading into the river to refrigerate and stimulate his limbs.—With difficulty he reached a poor hut on the Chaudiere when he told his men he could accompany them no farther, animated them forward to a glorious discharge of their duty, and would suffer no one to remain to attend him in his illness. Dearborn was here seized with a violent fever, during which his life was in danger for ten days, without physician or medicine, and with scarcely the necessities of common life. His fine constitution at last surmounted the disease, and as soon as he was able to mount a horse, he proceeded to point Levi, crossed over to Wolf's cove, and made his unexpected appearance at the head of his company a few days before the assault on Quebec. At 1 o'clock in the morning on the 31st of December, in a severe snow storm, and in a climate that vies with Norway in tempest and intense cold, the attack was commenced. Dearborn was attached to the corps, under general Arnold, who was wounded early in the action and carried from the field. Morgan succeeded to the command, and "with a voice louder than the tempest," animated the troops, as they stormed the first barrier and entered the town. Montgomery had already bled on immortal ground, and his division being repulsed, the corps under Morgan was exposed to a sanguinary but unavailing contest. From the windows of the store houses, each a castle, and from the tops of the parapets, a destructive fire was poured upon the assailants. In vain was the second barrier gained by scaling ladders; double ranks of soldiers presented a crest of bayonets below, and threatened inevitable destruction to any one who should leap from the walls. Dearborn maintained for a long time this desperate warfare, until at last he and the remnant of his company were overpowered by a sortie of two hundred men with field pieces, who attacked him in front and

## MEMOIR OF GENERAL DEARBORN.

rear in a short street, and compelled him to surrender. whole corps originally led on by Arnold, were killed & prisoners of war. Dearborn was now put into rigid confinement with a number of other officers, who were not allowed to converse with each other, unless in the presence of the officer of the guard. While in prison he was urgently solicited by the English officers to join the British; was promised a colonel's commission if he would accept, and was assured if he refused, that he would be sent out to England in the spring and inevitably hanged as a rebel. The only reply he made to their solicitations or menaces was, that he had taken up arms in defence of the liberties and rights of his country; that he never would disgrace himself or dishonour his profession by receiving any appointment under Great Britain, but was ready to meet death in any shape rather than relinquish the glorious cause he had espoused.

In May, 1776, col. Meigs and himself were permitted to return on their parole. In the March following, Dearborn was exchanged, and appointed major to the 3d New Hampshire regiment, commanded by col. Scammell. In May he arrived at Ticonderoga, and was constantly in the rear guard, skirmishing with the British and Indians, in the retreat of St. Clair, when pressed on by Burgoyne's army. When the advance of Burgoyne was checked, and he encamped on the heights of Saratoga, Dearborn was appointed lieutenant-col. commandant of a partisan corps of three hundred men, stationed in front, to act as a corps of observation in concert with Morgan's riflemen. In the famous engagement of the 19th of Sept. col. Morgan himself commenced the encounter by driving in the out-posts and picket guards of the right wing of the British army, which was commanded by gen. Burgoyne in person. In the hard fought battle of the 7th Oct. he was in the division of gen. Arnold, who commenced a furious and persevering attack on the right wing of the British forces. Whilst Arnold pressed hard on the enemy, Dearborn was ordered to pass the right, and take possession of six or eight heavy cannon, which played over the British into the American lines. In executing this order, he was charged by a corps of light infantry, which he pursued with fixed bayonets, gained the eminence, took the cannon and the corps of artillery attached to them, and having disposed of them, made a rapid movement into the rear of the British lines, and gave a full fire before his approach was discovered. The British were soon after forced into a precipitate retreat, and Dearborn assisted in storming their works through their whole extent, under a tremendous fire of grape and musketry. Arnold was wounded in the same leg which suffered when Dearborn followed him at the assault on Quebec, and was repulsed from the works, after having gained a temporary pos-

mand of them ; but lieut. col. Brooks having gained the left of and disampment, was enabled to maintain his ground. During to : long contended battle, which decided the fate of Burgoyne's army, Dearborn was unable to rest, or take any refreshment from daylight until late at night. The succeeding winter he passed in camp at Valley Forge, with the main body of the American army, commanded by general Washington in person.

At the battle of Monmouth, the spirited conduct of col. Dearborn, and a corps under his command, attracted particularly the attention of the commander in chief. After Lee had made a precipitate and unexpected retreat, Washington, among other measures which he took to check the advance of the British, ordered Dearborn with three hundred and fifty men to attack a body of troops which were passing through an orchard on the right wing of the enemy. The Americans advanced under a heavy fire with a rapid step and shouldered arms. The enemy filed off and formed on the edge of a morass : The Americans wheeled to the right, received their second fire with shouldered arms—marched up until within eight rods, dressed and gave a full fire and charged bayonet. The British having sustained considerable loss, fled with precipitation across the morass, where they were protected by the main body of the army. ‘ What troops are those,’ inquired Washington, with evident pleasure at their gallant conduct :— ‘ Full blooded Yankees from New Hampshire, Sir,’ replied Dearborn. He accompanied gen. Sullivan in his expedition against the Indians, and in the battle was attached to gen. Poor's brigade. When the disaffection and treason of Arnold transpired, he was stationed at West Point, and was officer of the day at the execution of Major Andre. In 1781, he was appointed dep. quarter master general with the rank of colonel, and served in that capacity at the siege of Yorktown ; in short, there was scarcely a battle between Yorktown and Quebec during the long protracted war, in which col. Dearborn did not take a brave, active, and conspicuous part.

Soon after the peace, he moved into the district of Maine, where he was engaged for several years in agricultural pursuits. He was appointed major-general of militia, and elected to represent the district of Kennebec in the congress of the U. States.

On the accession of Mr. Jefferson to the presidency he was appointed secretary of war. After fulfilling the duties of that office for several years, with the approbation of the president, he was subsequently appointed to the collectorship for the Port of Boston, where he continued till lately made commander in chief of the present northern army.

## FROM THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

Memoirs of Madame de Stael-Holstein. From Boileau's Translation of her  
 " *Litterature Ancienne et Moderne.* "

THE account which I am attempting to give of the private and literary life of Madame de Stael, will, no doubt, appear unsatisfactory to those who are desirous of being acquainted with the most minute biographical details of a lady whose writings have justly conferred on their author a great degree of celebrity. But, independently of the regard due to every living author, I have been prevented, by the present restrained communication with the continent, from obtaining that degree of information which might throw some interest upon this memoir.

Wilhelmina Necker is the daughter of James Necker and Susan Curchod. She was born in 1768, at Paris, where she was educated under the immediate superintendence of her parents. She had not reached her tenth year, when her father, who had acquired a considerable fortune as a partner in the house of a banker named Thellusson, and who, by some political pamphlets, particularly an eulogy of Colbert, which was crowned by the French Academy, had acquired an incipient celebrity, was appointed to the directorship of the finances of France, under Lewis XVI. Her mother, whose virtues and talents had attracted the admiration of Gibbon, during his residence in Switzerland, was the daughter of a protestant clergyman. As he had endowed her with learning superior to her sex, she had, before her marriage, been a governess in the family of Madame de Vermeux. Unacquainted with the Parisian manners, Madame Necker possessed none of the attractions of French women: but modesty, candour, and good-nature gave her charms of greater value. A virtuous education and solitary studies, says Marmontel, adorned her mind with all that instruction can add to an excellent natural understanding. She had no fault but a too passionate attachment to literature and an unbounded desire of obtaining a great celebrity for herself and for her husband. A kind mother, a faithful friend, a most affectionate wife, she united all the true characteristics of virtue, a firm religious belief, and a great elevation of soul. Her thoughts were pure: meditation, however, did not tend to enlighten her ideas; in amplifying them she thought to improve them, but in extending them she lost herself in hyperboles and metaphysical abstractions. She seemed to behold certain objects through a mist which magnified them to her eyes: her expressions, on such occasions became so bombastic, that their meaning would have appeared ridiculous, had it not been

known to be ingenuous. It might be truly said of her, that religion and justice formed the ground-work of all her duties. Her conduct proved at all times irreproachable and exemplary.

No sooner was Mr. Necker appointed to the management of the finances, than Madame Necker made his power serve to enlarge the exercise of her active benevolence. She contributed to the improvement of the internal regulations of the infirmaries of the metropolis, and undertook the special superintendence of an hospital which she founded at her own expense, near Paris, and which became the model of foundations of that kind. All her literary productions attest her care for suffering humanity. Her *Essay on too precipitate Burials*, her *Observations on the Founding of Hospitals*, and her *Thoughts on Divorce*, breathe an ardent zeal for the happiness of her fellow-creatures; and her sentiments were always in unison with her writings.

To make her husband known, to gain him the favour of literary men, the dispensers of fame, and to cause him to be handsomely spoken of in the highest circles, Madame Necker had formed a literary society, which used to meet once a week at her house. Along with Thomas, Buffon, Diderot, Marmontel, Saint Lambert, and other celebrated writers, who attended these meetings, they were honoured by the most distinguished residents of foreign courts, especially the Marquis de Caraccioli, ambassador of Naples, Lord Stormont, the ambassador of Great Britain, and Count de Creutz, the Swedish ambassador, whose mild philosophy, modest virtue, and eminent talents, received every where an equal share of esteem and admiration.

But, of all the academicians with whom Madame Necker had associated, in order to strengthen her mind by the aid of their genius, she placed none upon a level with Thomas and Buffon. The former she used to call the *man of the age*, and the latter the *man of all ages*. The veneration and attachment which she felt for these two persons, bordered on adoration; she considered their authority as part of her creed. It was particularly in the school of Thomas, a school so fertile in tinsel wit and confused metaphysics, that she became a slave to that affected style which, as it is continually aiming at elevation and grandeur, conceals her amiable mind, and fatigues, without interesting the reader.

Under the guidance of such a mother, Miss Necker acquired with ease that immense variety of knowledge which astonishes in her writings, and that brilliant superiority of style which renders their study so delightful, notwithstanding a degree of affectation which they occasionally betray, though much less frequently than the works of Madame Necker. Charmed with their early display, her parents neglected nothing to cultivate her talents. They were soon enabled to devote all their time to this object in a rural retreat.

Miss Necker was scarcely thirteen years old, when her father, impelled by an eager desire of praise, which tormented him during the whole course of his life, published the *Account rendered to the king of his administration*, and availing himself of the unexampled success with which it was received throughout France, demanded to be admitted into the privy council. It was in vain that his religion was urged as an obstacle.—He flattered himself that the fear of losing him would overcome this religious scruple: he persisted, and threatened to resign; but he became the victim of his presumption. His resignation was accepted on the 25th of May, 1781. He retired to Switzerland, where he bought the baronial manor of Copet, and he there published his work *on the administration of the finances*.

At the end of a few years, Mr. Necker re-appeared occasionally at Paris. Those of his friends who were truly his, and not the friends of his situation, visited his house as they had done while he was in office. Count de Creutz introduced to him the Baron de Stael-Holstein, who had just been sent to him from Sweden, as one of the Swedish embassy, and the latter was immediately admitted into Mr. Necker's society. Young, and of a handsome figure, he had the good fortune to please Miss Necker. As the king of Sweden shortly after recalled Count de Creutz, in order to place him at the head of the department of foreign affairs, in his own country, he was succeeded by the Baron de Stael-Holstein. Invested with the dignity of a Swedish ambassador at the court of France, and professing the Protestant religion, Baron de Stael soon became the envied husband of a rich heiress who had been courted in vain by many French noblemen. His happiness however was not much to be envied; not that Madame Stael was without attractions. Her appearance, though not handsome, was agreeable; her deportment noble.—She was of the middle size, graceful in her expressions and in her manners. She had much vivacity in her eyes, and much acuteness in her countenance, which seemed to heighten the pointed wit of her remarks. Her faults consisted in too great a carelessness in her dress, and an extreme desire of shining in conversation. She spoke little, but in aphorisms, and with the evident intention to produce effect. The unhappy anxiety to become renowned, which she derived from her father, and the pedantic tone which she could not help contracting in the society of her mother and Mr. Thomas, must no doubt have been disagreeable to a man, simple and unaffected in his words and actions. But it was chiefly the great superiority of her talents over those of the Baron, that soon destroyed that happy harmony which reigns among couples more equally allied in this respect. The distance was indeed immense. The Baron had even few of those light graces by means of which

French vivacity frequently conceals a want of intellectual resources.

It was, however, in consequence of this marriage, that Mr. Necker settled again in France, at a time when the prodigality of his successor in the financial department must necessarily have increased his reputation. But as Mr. de Calonne had attacked the veracity of his *Account* presented to the king, in the speech he pronounced at the opening of the meeting of the Notables in 1787, Mr. Necker sent a justification of this account to Louis XVI; and although the monarch expressly desired that it might not become known, his love of importance and glory could not keep him from publishing it. As soon as the king was informed that his answer to the speech of Mr. de Calonne was printed, he banished him to the distance of forty leagues from Paris.—The Baroness de Stael, who in the month of August of the same year had given birth to a daughter, accompanied her father in his exile. It lasted only four months. On the 25th of August, 1788, the king recalled Mr. Necker into administration immediately after he had published his work *On the Importance of Religious Opinions*.

The period of this second ministerial reign, which on the 11th of July, 1789, ended in a second exile, is the time when Madame de Stael entered the thorny path of literature. She began with some *Letters on the Writings and Character of J. J. Rousseau*, which met with deserved applause. The third edition is enriched with a letter of Madame de Vassy, and an answer to it by Madame de Stael. But prior to this time, and ere she had reached the age of twenty, she had tried her talents in writing three short novels, which she printed at Lausanne in 1795, with an *Essay on Fictions* and a poetic *Epistle to Misfortune*, composed during the tyranny of Robespierre and his infamous coadjutors; the whole under the title of a *Collection of detached Pieces*, the second edition of which was published, with corrections and additions, at Leipzig in 1796. In one of these short novels, called *Mirza*, Madame de Stael appears to have anticipated the plan which the African Society of London is now endeavouring to realise. She makes a traveller in Senegal relate that 'the governor had induced a negro family to settle at the distance of a few leagues, in order to establish a plantation similar to those of St. Domingo; hoping, no doubt, that such an example would excite the Africans to raise sugar, and that a free trade with this commodity in their own country would leave no inducement to Europeans to snatch them from their native soil, in order to submit them to the dreadful yoke of slavery.'

In her *Essay on Fictions*, Madame de Stael has endeavoured to prove that novels, which should give a sagacious, eloquent,

profound, and moral picture of real life, would be the most useful of all kinds of fictions. The imitation of truth constantly produces greater effects than are produced by supernatural means. Those protracted allegories, wherein, as in *Spenser's Fairy Queen*, each canto relates the battle of a knight representing a virtue against a vice his adversary, can never be interesting, whatever be the talent by which they are embellished. The reader arrives at the end, so fatigued with the romantic part of the allegory, that he has no strength left to understand its philosophical meaning. As for those allegories which aim at mingling jocular wit with moral ideas, Madame de Stael thinks that they attain their philosophical object but very imperfectly. When the allegory is really entertaining, most men remember its fable better than its result. *Gulliver* has afforded more amusement as a tale, than instruction as a moral composition.

Madame de Stael disapproves of novels founded upon historical facts. She pleads for natural fictions, and wishes to see the gift of exciting emotions applied to the passions of all ages, to the duties of all situations. Among the works of this kind, *Tom Jones* is that of which the moral is the most general. Love, in this novel, is introduced merely to heighten the philosophical result, to demonstrate the uncertainty of judgments built upon appearances, to show the superiority of natural and as it were involuntary qualities over reputations grounded on the mere respect of outward decorum, is the true object of *Tom Jones*.—*Godwin's Caleb Williams*, with all its tedious details and negligences, appears likewise to answer Madame de Stael's ideas of the inexhaustible kind of novels to which she alludes. Love has no share in the ground-work of this fiction. The unbridled passion of the hero of the novel for a distinguished reputation, and the insatiable curiosity of Caleb that leads him to ascertain whether Falkland deserves the esteem which he enjoys, are the only supports of the interest of the narrative.

These correct views shew how intimately Madame de Stael was acquainted with English literature even in her younger years. But she was not long permitted to enjoy her first literary success in peace. The crisis of the revolution, which embittered her life, was fast approaching.

On the 11th of July, 1789, her father was going to sit down to table with several guests, when the Secretary of State for the naval department came to him, took him aside and delivered to him a letter from the king, which commanded him to resign and to quit the French territory in silence. Madame Necker, whose health was rather precarious, did not take with her any domestic, nor any change of apparel, that their departure might not be suspected. They made use of the carriage in which they generally

took a ride in the evening, and hastened onwards night and day to Brussels. When the Baroness de Stael joined them three days afterwards with her husband, they were still wearing the same dress in which they were habited, when, after the grand dinner, during which no one had suspected their agitation, they had silently quitted France, their home, and their friends. Mr. Necker set off from Brussels, accompanied only by the Baron de Stael, to go to Basle through Germany. Madame Necker and the Baroness de Stael followed with a little less precipitation. They were overtaken at Francfort by the bearer of letters from the king and the national assembly, which recalled Mr. Necker for a third time into administration. As soon as Madame de Stael and her mother had joined him at Basle, he resolved to return to France. This journey from Basle to Paris was the most interesting moment of Madame de Stael's life. Her father was, as it were, borne in triumph, and she anticipated for the future none but happy days.

But these deceitful hopes were very soon banished. During the fifteen months of his being in office for the last time, Mr. Necker was constantly involved in a fruitless struggle in behalf of the executive power, and as he saw no prospect of being useful, he retired to his estate at Copet towards the end of 1790. Madame de Stael shortly after followed him thither. She returned to Paris in the first months of 1791, and took perhaps a more lively concern in the political events of the day than became the wife of a foreign ambassador. It has even been asserted, that, moved by the misfortunes with which Louis XVI was threatened, she formed the project of saving him, by affording him a secret retreat at an estate of the Duke of Orleans, in Normandy, which was then to be disposed of: but the king preferred to entrust himself to Count de Fersen, and took the road to Montmidi. She has also been reproached for her intimacy with M. de Talleyrand Périgord, at that time Bb. of Autun, Viscount Noailles, the Lameths, Barnave, Count Louis de Narbonne, Vergniaud, and other distinguished members of the constituent and first legislative assemblies; and it has been said that she accompanied Count Narbonne on his circuit to inspect the fortresses of the frontiers, immediately after his having been called to the head of the war department towards the end of 1791. Be this as it may, it is certain that she continued at Paris with her husband until the reign of terror. It was only in 1793 that she fled with him to Copet, and thence went over to England, where she resided several months. They did not return to France till the year 1795, after the Duke of Sudermannia, regent of the kingdom of Sweden during the minority of the unfortunate Gustavus Adolphus IV, had appointed Baron de Stael his ambassador with the French

republic. It was also nearly about this time that Madame de Stael published her *Thoughts on Peace, addressed to Mr. Pitt and the French People*, which the illustrious Fox quoted in the House of Commons in support of his arguments for peace, and to which Sir Francis d'Ivernois replied by his *Thoughts on War*.

It is possible that, born with a lively disposition, and anxiously wishing for the return of order and tranquillity, Madame de Stael frequently armed herself with all her eloquence to animate her friends, in those disastrous times, to put an end to troubles that were continually renewed. In 1795, Legendre, that Parisian butcher, who was the friend of Marat, Danton, and Robespierre, declaimed more than once against her as being at the head of the intrigues that had a tendency to moderation. She says somewhere in her work on literature: "If, to heighten her misfortune, it were in the midst of political dissensions that a female should acquire a remarkable celebrity, her influence would be supposed unbounded, though null in reality; she would be accused of the deeds of her friends; she would be hated for whatever is dear to her, and the defenceless objects would be attacked in preference to those who might yet be feared:" and it is her own experience which suggested these expressions. Madame de Stael has felt what she complains of; during the internal dissensions of France she has been crushed by all parties, astonished to find her an interested bystander during the conflict of their passions. Her having said, along with the Abbé Siéyès, that the constitution of 1795, "was not yet the good one," has been imputed to her as a crime.

While calumny was embittering her days, her feeling heart was doomed to a more severe misfortune. Mr. Necker having informed her that there was no hope of his wife's recovery from a long illness, which actually terminated her life shortly after, Madame de Stael eagerly hastened to her dying mother. She found her extremely weak. Madame Necker was fond of hearing music during her illness: every evening she sent for some musicians, in order that the impressions she received from harmonious sounds might keep her soul alive to those sublime thoughts from which alone death derives a character of melancholy and tranquillity.—Once, during the last days of her sufferings, the musicians having neglected coming, Mr. Necker requested his daughter to perform on the piano. After having played a few sonatas, she began to sing a song of Sacchini's composition, in his *Oedipus at Colonna*, the words of which recal the cares of *Antigone*.\* Her father, on hearing this, shed a flood

\* Elle m'a prodigué sa tendresse et ses soins,  
—Son zèle dans mes maux m'a fait trouver des charmes.

of tears, and threw himself at the feet of his dying consort. His profound emotion caused Madame de Stael to give over singing. On the very last day of Madame Necker's life, wind instruments were still heard in a room close to her bed-chamber when she had already ceased to live. "To describe," says Madame de Stael, "the melancholy contrast between the varied expressions of the musical sounds, and the uniform feeling of sadness with which death filled the heart, is impossible." Thomas, who has celebrated Madame Necker in his verses addressed to Susanna, has left an indirect eulogy of her in his Essay on Women. "Truly estimable," says this academician, "is the female who, though she has imbibed in the great world the charms of society, such as good taste, grace and wit, knows how to preserve her heart and her understanding from that unfeeling vanity and that false sensibility, the offspring of the higher circles; who, reluctantly obliged to submit to social forms and usages, never loses sight of nature, and by whom nature is yet regretted; who, forced by her rank to expense and luxury, prefers at least useful expenses, and enables industrious poverty to share in her wealth; who, while she cultivates literature and philosophy, loves these pursuits for their own sake and not for a vain reputation; she in fine who, in the midst of levity, does not lose her natural character; who, in the bustle of the world, retains a firm mind; who owns her friend in the midst of those by whom he is slandered; who boldly undertakes his defence, though he is never to know it; and who, at home and abroad, reserves her esteem for virtue, her contempt for vice, and her heart for friendship." In order to assuage her grief for the loss of a parent, in every respect entitled to the most poignant regret, and to repel the malicious attacks to which she was exposed for opinions which were not hers, Madame de Stael composed at Lausanne the first part of a philosophical essay *on the influence of the passions upon the happiness of individuals and nations*, which she published at Paris in 1796, and of which she printed the second part in 1797. The merit of this work has been acknowledged alike in France, in England, and in Germany. It abounds in interesting remarks, and views many objects in a novel and striking manner. Its style is elegant throughout, and but very rarely obscure. It was translated into English in 1798.

Madame de Stael was with her father at Copet when the French troops entered Switzerland. By one of the decrees passed during the reign of terror, Mr. Necker, although an alien, had been placed on the list of emigrants, and any one, whose name was on that fatal list, was to be condemned to death if found on a territory occupied by the French armies. But the French generals showed him the most respectful regard, and the Directory afterwards erased his name from the list.

This moderation induced Madame de Stael to repair once more to her husband in France. But at the end of a few months she grew tired of the various persecutions to which she was unceasingly exposed, and hastened back to her father, upbraiding herself for being unable to live like him in solitude, and to exist without that competition of thoughts and glory which doubles our existence and our powers.

In 1798, the declining health of Baron de Stael again called Madame de Stael to Paris, where he expired in her arms. About this time she published a work, *On the influence of Revolutions upon Literature*, of which I have not been able to procure a copy; nor have I seen a dramatic piece of her composition, called *The Secret Sentiment*. Madame de Stael, after the death of her husband, spent the greatest part of her time with her father at Copet and at Lausanne.

In 1800, when Bonaparte passed through Geneva, he had the curiosity to visit Mr. Necker at Copet, where Madame de Stael happened to be with her father. The interview was not long, but it has been reported that Madame de Stael requested a private audience, during which she spoke to the First Consul of the powerful means which his situation afforded him to provide for the happiness of France, and made an eloquent display of some plans of her own, which she thought particularly calculated to accomplish this object. Bonaparte appeared to give her an attentive hearing: but when she ceased to speak, he coldly asked, "Who educates your children, Madame?"

It was chiefly in Switzerland that Madame de Stael wrote the novel called *Delphine*, the first edition of which was printed at Geneva in 1802. The moral object of this novel has been equally mistaken in France, England, and Germany, and yet it has been read every where with the same eagerness. It has had four or five editions in France, and has been translated in English and German, while the *Anti-Delphine* of a very sensible English young lady, which has drawn sweet tears from the eyes of tender females, has met with few readers in England, where Madame de Stael's novel has been loudly condemned.

The severity of the criticisms which from every corner of Europe were directed against a work written with a captivating energy of style, drew from the author an ingenious defence. "In most novels, which have a moral object," says Madame de Stael, "personages that are perfect are contrasted with others who are completely odious. Such writings, I think, leave no impression on the only class of readers that are capable of amendment, namely, those who are both weak and honest. Utility consists in inspiring the dread of faults committed by beings that are naturally virtuous, delicate, and feeling; to these alone good advice

may be serviceable ; they alone may be deterred by a fatal example. The vicious are, by their nature, so different from us, that whatever we may write effects no conviction in their minds : their language, sentiments, hopes, and fears are so different ; and nothing can have any effect upon them except the events of their own life. I need not observe, I hope, that a dramatic writer does not approve of the characters he delineates, and that, whether he paints a train of errors and their fatal consequences, or a series of good actions and their rewards, he is still a severe moralist. I am almost ashamed to be obliged to repeat notions which are every where so fully acknowledged that they are deemed superfluous."

One day Mr. Necker, in a conversation with his daughter, respecting the novel of Delphine, which had been so much criticised, maintained, that domestic affections alone were capable of affording scenes as tragical as the passion of love ; and to prove his assertion, he composed a tale, entitled, *The fatal Consequences of a single Error*, which Madame de Stael has inserted in the manuscripts of her father, published at Geneva in 1804.

In the mean time Madame de Stael could not habituate herself to live in a country which is not her native one, and where sciences are much more cultivated than literature. Her father perceived her struggles between her predilection for the brilliant societies of Paris and the sorrow she felt at the idea of leaving him. Though, in his character of a wise parent, he ought to have condemned, in a widow, the mother of three children, this fatal propensity for seeking happiness only in the crowded assemblies of the great world, whose votaries alike extol the sallies of false wit and the effusions of genius, to be applauded in their turn. Mr. Necker, who himself was not yet cured of the same disease, encouraged her partiality for France. Fond of the remembrance which he had left behind in that country, he endeavoured with all his might to preserve its affection for his family. As Madame de Stael was perhaps actuated by the secret desire of shining at the court of the First Consul, or at least of collecting in the metropolis of the French republic the flattering meed of praise due to her last literary successes, she easily yielded to the persuasions of her father, and re-appeared at Paris in 1803. But her residence in that city was not of long duration. Whether the watchful activity of her superior genius was still feared, or that she had ventured too sarcastic observations upon the events of the day, or whether the First Consul had so little generosity as to be revenged on the daughter for a work published against the consular government by the father, Bonaparte soon pronounced against her a sentence of banishment to the distance of forty leagues from Paris ; and it has been reported that Madame de Stael had

the noble firmness to say to him : " You are giving me a cruel celebrity ; I shall occupy a line in your history."

Madame de Stael at first retired to Auxerre ; but not meeting with suitable society, she thought she might settle at Rouen ; and as this city is only thirty-two leagues from Paris, she even fancied she might draw a little nearer to the metropolis, and took a house in the valley of Montmorency. But the French government ordered her to withdraw within the limits assigned in the sentence of her exile ; she then set out for Francfort, attended by her eldest daughter, and accompanied by the ex-tribune Benjamin Constant, her faithful protector. From Francfort Madame de Stael repaired, in the midst of a severe winter, to the dominions of the king of Prussia, where she formed plans destined to make the French acquainted with German literature. In the spring of the year 1804, she felt herself happy at Berlin, the society of which city pleased her much ; when, on the morning of the 18th of April, a friend brought her letters which informed her of her father's illness. She immediately set off, and until she reached Weimar, the idea that she might be deceived that her father might be no more, had never entered her mind. Mr. Necker had, however, died at Geneva on the 9th of April, 1804, after a short but painful illness. During his fever he expressed frequent apprehensions that his last work might prove fatal to his daughter, and in his delirium he often blessed her and her three children.

This unexpected blow changed the destiny of Madame de Stael. After her tears had flown in abundance upon the grave of a father whom she had affectionately loved, she sought for some alleviation to her grief in selecting the most interesting fragments among Mr. Necker's papers, and published them at Geneva in 1804, together with a short account of the character and private life of her father, under the title of *Manuscripts of Mr. Necker, published by his Daughter*. She took care to insert in them a compliment paid to the character of Bonaparte in these words : " The First Consul is eminently distinguished by his firm and decisive character ; it is a splendid will which seizes every thing, regulates every thing, fixes every thing, and which always moves and stops at the proper time. This faculty, which I describe after a great model, is the first quality for the chief ruler of a great empire. In the end, it is considered as a law of nature, and all opposition vanishes." This mean flattery on the part of a man who had ruined France, to introduce republican forms, produced no alteration in the disposition of the First Consul towards Madame de Stael. The sentence of her banishment was not revoked, and the novel of *Corinna*, which appeared soon after

Bonaparte had been raised to the imperial throne, has probably rendered it irrevocable.

To dispel her sadness and gloom, Madame de Stael determined to travel over the fine countries of Italy. The constant serenity of the sky, the variety of the landscapes, a delightful music, and the contemplation of the ruins of that superb Rome, formerly mistress of the world, insensibly revived her talents and her enthusiasm, and even gave renewed elasticity to her genius. It is to this journey that learned Europe is indebted for *Corinna or Italy*, that splendid monument of the fine state, the profound erudition, the lively sensibility, and the ardent imagination of its author. The mind finds some difficulty in conceiving the combination of talents which that work possesses. It is written with an eloquence bordering on the sublime; it breathes throughout the purest attachment to the true principles of civil liberty; and England and Italy are contrasted in a manner little calculated to please those who would wish to destroy every free country. The exclamation of Corinna at the sight of the Roman forum, "Honour then, everlasting honour to all courageous and free nations, since they thus captivate the attention of posterity!" resounds disagreeably in the ears of despots.

After this effort of genius, Madame de Stael, by way of relaxation, amused herself first with performing in tragedy at Geneva, and afterwards assumed the modest office of an editor. Some time after the appearance of *Corinna*, she published two volumes of *Letters and Reflections of Prince de Ligne*, and enriched them with a short preface worthy of her talents. I have given an English translation of this work, to which I attach some little value, because it has afforded me an opportunity of associating my name with that of such an editor; it is only in this character that I may be allowed to aspire to that honour. The literary world is anxiously expecting the work which Madame de Stael had commenced in 1804, upon Germany.

Far be from me to imitate the numerous slanderers who have taken particular delight in publishing the errors of Madame de Stael, and falsely adding to their number. It belongs only to the pen of history, which will immortalize her merit, to reveal the weaknesses by which that merit may be obscured. It is possible that Madame de Stael, as has been observed by her father, may be "very susceptible of being misled:" she may sometimes have been guilty of "an amiable thoughtlessness," as Marmontel calls it; but she never can be dispossessed of the first rank among female authors, who, in our times, have shed a lustre on French literature.

FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

## MINSTER LOVEL.

Sir,

HAVING lately seen, in the newspapers, the estate at Minster Lovel, in this county, advertised for sale, it brought to my recollection an extraordinary story, which I well remember to have heard in my youth, respecting this place. I am not aware that it has ever appeared in print ; but if it has, in all probability it is in one of those ponderous volumes, in which topographical history is generally communicated, and which are too expensive for private libraries in general. But, even should I be in an error in this respect, I think the chances are much against its having been correctly stated. If you think it worth a place in your *Monthly Miscellany*, it is at your service. The tradition is to the following effect ; and, if the unsettled state of the times, in which the events are said to have happened, be taken into consideration, it will seem less improbable than, perhaps, upon the first impression, it may appear.

This place was, for some centuries, the seat of the Lovels, between whom and it there was, if I may so express myself, an appellative reciprocity ; for this family first communicated their name, by way of addition, to that of the place ; and, subsequently, the place furnished the family with the foundation for their title of Viscount. The last of them is said to have met his fate in a most singular and extraordinary manner, in his mansion-house at this place ; which, according to the fashion of the age, was a batonial castle, with large vaults and many secret recesses, constructed as well for the reception of prisoners, as for the securing of the persons and property of its possessors. Francis, the last lord of this family, and chamberlain to King Richard the Third, was one of the noblemen who raised an army, in the beginning of the reign of Henry the Seventh, under the command of the Earl of Lincoln, to support the pretensions of the impostor, Lambert Simnel, against that monarch. The decisive battle, which gave security to Henry's usurpation, was fought near the village of Stoke, on the banks of the river Trent, in Nottinghamshire. The slaughter of the insurgent army was immense, especially among the officers ; an uncommon proportion of whom were slain. The Lord Lovel, however, escaped, by swimming his horse across the river, and retiring by unfrequented roads, well known to him, into Oxfordshire. As the story proceeds, he took care to arrive at the gates of his castle in the dead of night, and so disguised as to be known to no one, except a single domestic, on whose fidelity he could rely. Before the return of

day, he retired to a subterranean recess, of which the faithful servant retained the key ; and here he remained for several months in safety and concealment ; but the estates being seized by the king's orders, the castle dismantled, and the inhabitants dispersed by authority, some in confinement, and others to great distances, the unfortunate prisoner was left to perish from hunger in the place of his voluntary imprisonment. So late as in the last century, when the small remains of this once-stately edifice were pulled down, in order to make use of the materials, the vault was discovered, and the unfortunate nobleman in it, seated in a chair, as he had died. So completely had the external air been excluded by rubbish, at the time of dismantling the building, that his apparel, which was gorgeous in the extreme, and a prayer-book lying before him upon a table, were discovered entire. On the free admission of the air, it was said the whole crumbled into dust ; but it is not improbable the sanctuary was considerably profaned by the rude hands of the persons who discovered it, either from ignorance or curiosity.

While I was committing to paper this extraordinary narrative respecting Lord Lovel's death, it brought to my recollection a story I met with a short time since, bearing a strong resemblance to it, and communicated in a history of Southwell, in Nottinghamshire, lately published. Though already in print, for the reasons I have before given respecting topographical works, as it will not occupy much room in your pages, it may not be an unacceptable addition to many of your readers : It runs thus :

"About the year 1740, a discovery was made in one of the vaults of the archbishop's palace here (Southwell), which has been thought to confirm, in an extraordinary degree, one of those many pieces of traditional history, to which the residence of King Charles I. and his army here, gave occasion. A story was current, that the last time but one the king was here, a few weeks before he came to deliver himself up to the Scotch, the several armies of the parliament pressing forward to surround him, news was brought by a deserter, that a party of the enemy were approaching ; but, some of the king's guard suspecting the pretended deserter to be a spy, forced him into one of the wells of the palace. Soon after the restoration, when a small part of this building was again converted into a dwelling-house, one of the wells was covered over, upon the supposition that it had been the scene of this transaction, and therefore, with a very natural prejudice, that its water would be unfit for use. About the year before mentioned, however, the tenant of a garden contiguous to the side of this building, obtained permission to break a doorway into one of the small turrets with which it abounded, to make a place of reception for his tools. This being done, it was

found to have been a vault belonging to a temple of Cloacine. On cleaning it of a considerable quantity of earth and rubbish at the bottom, there was discovered the entire skeleton of a man standing upright, with boots and spurs on, and some parts of the arms, usually borne in those days, lying at his feet. Near to this skeleton was a skull, with the iron part of an axe, with which the person had been slain, still remaining in the cleft of it. The spurs were very lately in the possession of one of the gentlemen of the church. No facts can be better attested, as some of the persons, who were present at the discovery, have only lately died. The tradition had long been considered as only an idle tale, which the vulgar are apt to adopt without examination, and report without hesitation; but now there can be no longer any doubt of the fact."

OXONIENSIS.

Oxford, Sept. 26, 1811.

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FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

AN ACCOUNT OF PERNAMBUCO.\*

THE great jealousy which the Portuguese have observed from time immemorial, in all their commercial dealings, has induced them to prohibit foreigners visiting this coast; and before the period when the Prince Regent emigrated with his court to Rio Janeiro, if any foreign vessel was discovered upon it, she was liable to confiscation, and her crew to imprisonment. But since this has taken place, as mankind in general go from one extreme to the other, we have had free access to all their ports; and to say the truth, we are now allowed, like the Jews in Turkey, to monopolize nearly the whole of their trade, even the coasting part of it. Previous to this event, we were so little acquainted with the Brazils, that in most of our maps, this place is called "Olinda, or Pernambuco," though those are in fact two separate and distinct places, the first a city, and the second a populous town, distant from each other at least three miles. As I believe no one has ever yet favoured the public with an account of either of these places, I shall be more explicit in my description, which cannot fail of being interesting, especially as it is composed from my own observations during a stay of six weeks.

Pernambuco is a large town, containing 60,000 people, and carrying on a great foreign and domestic trade. The coast near

\* We heartily wish our readers in general, in foreign settlements, would imitate the conduct of this intelligent correspondent.

it is very low, and the country well clothed with woods, in perpetual verdure, which, contrasted with the white cottages scattered along the shore, the Indians fishing in their jungadas, or canoes, and the beautiful serene sky, affords to the European as he approaches it, a most pleasing prospect.

The town stands on a great extent of ground, and many of the houses are well built, chiefly of stone. The streets are wide and spacious, the churches are truly magnificent, and the images they contain are immensely valuable. It is supposed that the religious form one eighth part of the population; and of the continual crowd passing through the streets, they make no small portion. These people are dressed according to the order they profess, whether Carthusians, Gray Friars, or whatever it may be. One of these orders is particularly distinguishable, not only by being externally clothed very well, but by their fair round bellies, which appear to be in general well lined, and much of the same cut with that of Sir John Falstaff. These are the Carmelites.

Nearly half of the inhabitants are slaves, who are humanely treated by the Portuguese, and make good and faithful servants. There is a market appropriated purposely for these unfortunate beings, where two or three hundred are commonly seen huddled together, squatted on their hams like monkies, and completely *in cuerpo*. They are thus exposed for sale, having been previously rubbed over with a species of oil, which gives them a glossy, shining appearance; and, in addition, are decorated with bead-necklaces and bracelets, to set them off to advantage. They seem to regard white people as a superior sort of beings, and look on one as he passes with a most vacant stare. I thought to myself, one day, whilst observing three hundred of them landing from a vessel just arrived, surely the day will come when these people will be as polished as we are, and ourselves become like the ancient Romans, only known in history.

Pernambuco stands on two islands, and is connected together by two bridges, one of which is a most beautiful structure, built by the Dutch when they took this place from the Portuguese, in 1670. It consists of fifteen arches, under which runs a strong and rapid river, that comes many hundred miles down the country.

On each side of this bridge are shops full of European merchandize, particularly English manufactures, or as they are called by the Portuguese, "*fazendas inglesas*." It is only in the middle that a person knows he is on a bridge, he then beholds an opening, which during the day is often full of passengers, enjoying the cool refreshing breeze that comes down the river, and gratifying themselves with the prospect, which from this spot is truly delightful. The river seen winding up as far as Olinda, which is

seated on a hill ; on either bank beautiful white cottages, intermixed with mangrove and cocoa trees, and fruitful vineyards ; the Indians paddling down the river with their unwieldy canoes, the fishermen on the beach drying their nets, and nature displaying her gayest verdure, form altogether a *coup d'œil*, which it is impossible to conceive much more to describe. The other is a very long wooden bridge, in which there is nothing at all remarkable, more than being quite open to the breeze which comes down the river. It is on that account much resorted to in the evening, especially by the English, who, seated on each side, often amuse themselves by criticising, with the characteristic liberty of their country, the numerous passengers.

Most of the houses in Pernambuco are lofty, and, instead of glass windows, have green lattices, which has a pretty effect, especially as all their houses are white, and frequently surrounded with beautiful evergreens. All these windows are prominent, not unlike the Elizabethan windows, seen in some of our old country towns. During the morning, the better sort of Portuguese are seen leaning out of them, muffled up in their long cloaks, and exhibiting a genuine picture of indolence. They never live on the ground floor, which is commonly used for cellars or shops. The ladies are only seen towards the evening, peeping through the lattices ; very few ever appearing in the streets, and then closely veiled, and in a kind of hammock with curtains, carried by two slaves on a long pole. They are remarkably partial to the English, which occasions much jealousy, though I do not think the Portuguese are so much addicted to this passion as they are represented to be. I have observed the same in many foreign nations ; a circumstance for which I cannot account, unless it is that the English are more handsome than any other people.

There are a good many coffee-houses here, which are known by a small round board, with *Casa de Caffé* written upon it. The principal one is kept by a priest, and is the common resort of all the merchants, serving them as an exchange. Good wine, sangaree, and a tolerable breakfast, can be procured here at all hours of the day. Here is also an excellent billiard table, and several backgammon tables, well frequented, especially on a Sunday, the day these amusements are mostly followed, according to the custom of the Roman Catholic religion. About eleven in the morning, the merchants make a tolerable show at this place, and a good deal of business is transacted.

Since the Prince Regent came to the Brazils, the trade has increased greatly. Before this period it was carried on with Europe in large ships, similar to our East Indiamen ; but it is of course now thrown open to all nations. The Portuguese merchants are rich and respectable. In all their transactions, payment

is made at the time of purchase ; they have no idea of credit. Most of our English merchants are young men, sent out as agents from houses in England ; they are a very wild set. It always appeared a mystery to me, how they contrived to live in such a gay style on a trifling commission ; but I have invariably remarked, that English agents abroad live much superior to their employers at home ; and while the latter become bankrupts, they in general get rich. The reason is obvious. A Mr. Pinches and a Mr. Bowen, were the only two I should have had sufficient confidence in to have entrusted with any concern of importance. I am convinced the highest trust might be reposed in these worthy gentlemen.

The harbour of Pernambuco is wonderfully convenient. It is formed by a natural pier, extending in a direct line many miles. This is a coral reef, so exactly straight and even, that one would almost imagine it the work of art. The vessels lie alongside each other in tiers, moored head and stern, about half-pistol shot from the shore, and close to this reef, which at high water spring tides is nearly on a level with the surface of the sea, and forms an excellent barrier. This place is in latitude  $8^{\circ}$  south, consequently the heat is excessive, the thermometer frequently being at  $50^{\circ}$  in the shade. During the night it is always calm, with a good deal of lightning. About nine in the morning the sea breeze comes gradually, and is strongest about noon, when by degrees it dies away into a calm that generally takes place towards sunset.

Pernambuco is very well fortified in appearance, but it would make a poor resistance. The carriages of their guns are decayed, and no one can conceive such a set of ragged fellows as their soldiers, no two of whom are dressed in the same uniform. An officer on duty with his guard, would form an admirable group for such a pencil as Hogarth's. All vessels on arriving in the harbour are obliged to land their powder, which is conveyed by proper officers to a magazine, and returned on departure. However, whilst deposited here, it is in general well tithed. They can raise 5000 military, comprising the militia ; however, the greatest part of these are blacks.

The governor of Pernambuco is generally a Portuguese nobleman, and lives in great state. On passing through the streets, every respect is shown him. This office is by no means permanent, for a new one comes every two or three years from Rio Janeiro. The present governor, who is an enterprising man, came by land from Bahia, escorted by five hundred troops. They had, in their journey, some very severe skirmishes with the natives, who are called the Japayos, and are Cannibals. By disease, wild beasts, enemies, and other evils, very little more than half of them arrived safe.

The churches at Pernambuco are large buildings. They contain some excellent paintings, and each of them has a number of chancels, or more properly chapels, dedicated to particular saints, which on certain days are shown, ornamented with flowers. They are quite open, having no pews, and the people either stand or kneel. All are very richly furnished; in short, no one can conceive the grandeur the insides some of them exhibit. They are generally very large, with a great number of pillars, which gives them the appearance of cathedrals. One large consecrated lamp is continually burning over the high altar, and also a great number of tapers, in candlesticks, about seven or eight feet high, some of them of massy silver. The glimmering of these candles at noon day, has a curious and rather solemn effect. The doors are generally open, and a good many people are seen on their knees at prayers, before the different saints; others receiving the sacrament, some confessing, and *Padres* (priests) gliding from one door to another, or traversing with a silent sanctified deportment the different parts of the church. These conspire to give a stranger an idea, that they have enough to do. A confessional chair, of which there are generally six or eight in a church, is made very large and high, so that the priest, who is in it, is not seen. Those who wish to confess (mostly women) go singly, and kneeling down opposite a lattice work in the side of it, ease their burthened consciences, and get absolution. Besides the church itself, there is always under the same roof apartments for the *Padres*, or Fathers, (as the Portuguese style the priests) in which they live much in the same manner as our monks of old, having their cells and a large room where they dine together.

There are numbers of helpless old women, who live constantly in the churches, and are subsisted by what is left at their tables. These priests have the character of being very hospitable; and are so serviceable to foreigners, that for a trifling sum they will not only show the relicts of their churches, but also where the most beauteous and courteous ladies of the town reside. The English residents give strange accounts of some of them, who, it is said, are much added to a vice very prevalent in Roman Catholic countries. I was told of another circumstance, which will perhaps scarcely be credited. It is the province of one of them to recommend objects of charity; this man carries on a most profitable trade by it. He is known to have in his pay several loathsome decrepid wretches, such as are most calculated to excite charity, and stations them at the corner of streets best frequented. They are furnished by him with a written testimonial, and are allowed by him a small share of the profits. I cannot say how the religious are supported, but great numbers are always seen in the streets, dressed in their robes, soliciting alms; for which

purpose they carry a small square box, with the figure of Christ, or some particular saint, painted upon it. I observed, that, notwithstanding they consider the English as heretics, they do not scruple to receive their money, for which they bestow in return a benediction; and so well are they aware of the liberality of our countrymen, that if a Portuguese and an Englishman are standing together in the street, they will never fail to accost the Englishman first.

In every street there are different images of the Virgin Mary and the saints, which, on particular days are exposed to view, superbly illuminated with a number of large candles. About eight in the evening the children in the neighbourhood assemble round them and sing hymns. This has a pleasing effect, especially as they keep time with great exactness, and have a person to direct them who rings a little bell, whilst they are singing particular parts. Another custom seems remarkably strange. Twice every day, about ten in the morning and seven in the evening, at the tolling of a bell every thing in an instant is at a stand. Men, women, or children, whether in the streets or the houses, instantly pull off their hats, cross themselves, and say a short prayer. This continues about a minute. At the second tolling every thing goes on again as usual. During this time a particular part of the mass is being performed in the grand church. Although this has a striking effect, the positions people are some times caught in are very ludicrous. It appears almost the instantaneous effect of magic. It was my good fortune to be here during Lent, which is most rigidly observed. The illuminations on the churches, fire-works, and processions during the Easter, were very grand. The latter surpass any thing of the kind I ever heard of. It is impossible to avoid smiling at such a combination of superstition and folly, and at the same time being sensibly struck with the immense value of the images displayed on the occasion. One of them I shall describe. Although I may not perhaps be exactly correct in the number of priests, monks, &c. I assure you I am nearly so. It took place on Easter Sunday, about three o'clock in the afternoon. The order was as follows:

Black girls strewing flowers.

A trumpeter covered entirely with black crape, close fitted to his body, with two large horns and red eyes.

Four priests carrying a large red flag with gold fringe, having a white cross upon it.

Twenty monks in their robes, two and two, the first carrying a consecrated lamp.

Thirty white children, dressed as cherubims and seraphims, with gauze wings edged with tinsel, large feathers on their heads, carrying emblems of peace, plenty, &c.

The bishop in his robes, sprinkling holy water from a vase carried by a priest, and bestowing his blessings as he passed, by lifting up his hands and frequent ejaculations.

A priest carrying a cross of solid gold.

Forty priests, two and two, singing hymns at intervals.

An officer and twelve soldiers, six abreast, with arms reversed.

A band of music, playing at intervals solemn airs.

Forty Gray Friars in their robes, two and two.

Black officer and twelve black soldiers, six abreast, with arms reversed.

Large oblong square pedestal, representing the nativity of Christ in figures of silver, as large as life, carried by twelve slaves.

Twenty Carthusian monks with lighted tapers, two and two.

Another pedestal showing Christ's preaching in the wilderness, in figures of silver, carried by twelve slaves

Twenty Carmelite monks in their robes, carrying tapers, two and two.

Another pedestal showing Christ's transfiguration, in figures of silver, carried by twelve slaves.

Twenty choristers singing hymns.

Pedestal showing the Last Supper, carried by twelve slaves.

Twenty Gray Friars with tapers.

Pedestal showing Christ being scourged, carried by twelve men.

A priest carrying a black flag.

Thirty priests with lighted tapers, two and two.

A pedestal with the crucifixion in gold, the rays round Christ's head set with precious stones, carried by twelve slaves.

Fifty poor black women, two abreast, weeping.

Pedestal showing the tomb with the Virgin Mary weeping over it, in figures of silver, carried by twelve slaves.

Fifty black women weeping.

Pedestal showing the ascension of Christ into Heaven, in silver, carried by twelve slaves.

Fifty choristers singing hymns.

About two hundred priests and monks in their different orders, six abreast, each order with a gold or silver cross.

An officer and twenty-four black soldiers, shouldered arms.

Band of music.

About five hundred soldiers, six deep.

Royal standard of Portugal.

The governor with his aides-du-camp.

Band of music.

About five hundred black soldiers, part of the militia.

Every one seemed sensibly affected with the solemnity of the scene. As the procession passed along, the people fell on their knees with uplifted hands, and when the crucifixion came by I observed most of them wept. From the first image as far as the governor, was a row on each side, consisting of all the gentlemen in the

town, in long black cloaks, carrying white rods, who walked in a direct line, about three yards distant from it. These shows are often repeated, and, as may be conceived, have a wonderful effect on the lower classes, especially the slaves.

The Portuguese take every method of impressing on the minds of the latter the importance of religion, of which the following cannot fail of striking them forcibly. Whenever a slave happens to die before he is baptized, they do not allow him burial; but his body is thrown down on the sea shore, a little below the town, where it is left a prey for bustards and wild beasts. In a walk along the beach to Olinda, I saw no less than five of these bodies lying a little above high water mark. It is impossible to conceive more disgusting objects; however, I took special care afterwards to avoid them, which was easily done, as the birds (who flock round them like the crows in England round a dead horse) pointed out where they lay.

The Portuguese have but few amusements. The principal one I saw was the theatre, which was only opened one night, when the governor was present. A number of soldiers patrolled the different parts of the house to preserve order. Every thing passed on very well until about the middle, when a song being feebly encored by two or three Portuguese in the pit, an officer ordered silence in a very peremptory voice; which not according with the ideas of some English captains, they resumed the cry of *encore*, in which most of the Portuguese (thus encouraged) ventured to join. A commotion took place, the play finished, the guard was called in, through which our countrymen effected a safe retreat, leaving their allies in the pit, who were at last surrounded and made prisoners, and after some resistance carried to the guard-house. The next day they were released by the governor, who graciously condescended to pardon them. The theatre was never re-opened.

Whilst here, I witnessed an instance of the effect it would have on a man to be estranged from his native country in his youth, in the person of one of the governor's aides-du-camp. This young man, who is a native of Cornwall, and is now about thirty years of age, was taken prisoner more than sixteen years ago, in a small English vessel smuggling on the coast, on board of which he was in the capacity of a cabin boy. Being a handsome youth, the governor conceived a partiality for him, and brought him up in the Portuguese army: he is now his favourite aide-du-camp, and always accompanies him when he goes in public. He is a genteel young man; his blue eyes and fair complexion immediately denote him to be an Englishman. Singular as it may seem, it is nevertheless true, he has nearly forgot his native language, and does not take the least notice whatever of his countrymen, whom

he seems even to disown. He appears long ago to have given up all ideas of ever more returning to visit the country which gave him birth, and to have become quite a naturalized Portuguese. Many interesting reflections will naturally arise in the minds of those who read this, possessing any degree of sensibility, on contemplating this singular and romantic incident.

Pernambuco is seated on very low ground, and quite surrounded by water, consequently intermittent fevers are very common. There is only one hospital, which consists of a very large room with about thirty beds on each side, filled with wretches suffering under the most loathsome diseases. A man stands at the door to solicit the charity of passengers, which helps to defray the expenses. When a patient dies, he is laid on a table at the entrance with a plate on his breast, to raise in a similar way money to bury him. It often happens four or five bodies are thus exposed. Great numbers of slaves die of the small-pox on their first importation, and still more from the fever and dysentery. A few months before my arrival here, a tribe of the natives or Japayos, consisting of about two hundred men, women, and children, came to the town from the interior. The governor gave them every encouragement; but these complaints (especially the latter) getting amongst them, the whole party died successively. The country a few miles from the town is full of thick impenetrable woods, dreadfully infested with wild beasts and reptiles, especially snakes. I was one evening returning to the town from Mr. M—'s country residence, when I saw a poor aged black stung in the leg by one of the latter, which he managed however to kill with a large stick he carried. It was about four feet long, of a dusky greenish brown colour, with black spots on the back, and rather of a lighter colour under the belly. He conveyed it in his hand to the town, groaning piteously all the way, which I found he had good reason to do, for one of the English I met with told me there was no cure for the bite of that particular snake, and that his death would certainly follow in a few hours. By the time we arrived in the town, his leg and thigh were so much swollen that he could scarcely walk. As he passed through the streets to the hospital, no one seemed to take any notice of his distress, unless by shaking their heads to signify it was all over. I pitied the poor fellow's situation from the bottom of my heart. Two days after, I saw his body at the hospital door, exposed in the usual way to raise money to bury it; it was quite putrid, especially the leg which had been stung.

I have often heard of the *Ignis fatuus*, or as it is called, a Jack-a-Lantern, but I never saw one before I came to Pernambuco, at a short distance from which they are very common. It is mostly at twilight in the evening they are visible, when I have counted

more than thirty together. I know not what to compare them to, unless it is the very large sparks which fly from a blacksmith's forge ; they rise from the ground and continue to float about in the atmosphere, at the distance of eight or ten feet from the surface, for some minutes, when they totally disappear.

This country also abounds with the most beautiful birds, some of which are as red as scarlet, and sing delightfully. Macaws and parrots are also very common, nearly every house having one or two at the door ; and as they often set each other a chattering through a whole street, they make such a confounded din that an Englishman would think he was got into a Welsh market.

In regard to the fishes on this coast they are very numerous. The river near Pernambuco abounds with alligators, which are often very destructive ; and that extraordinary fish, the torpedo, is frequently caught here. The electric power is so strong in this fish, that even the line which catches him conveys a slight shock. The blacks have a curious way of catching fish, which is thus performed : on a dark night they go on jungadas, (a sort of canoe composed of three or four long pieces of wood lashed together) on which they make a large blazing fire, which instantly attracts the fish, when they strike them with harpoons ; most of the fish with which Pernambuco is supplied are caught in this way. I have before observed that Olinda is a distinct city, three miles from Pernambuco. One day I visited this place in company with an American captain. It is seated on a small hill, on the summit of which is a large monastery.

The town is small ; and though most of the merchants of Pernambuco have seats here, it is nevertheless very thinly peopled. The houses are beautiful white buildings, interspersed with delightful gardens ; rising as they do one above another on the side of the hill, it is seen a great way off at sea. The great trade and other advantages of Pernambuco have drawn all the merchants from it ; and it now contains little more than two monasteries and a nunnery, with a few poor people dependent on them. The object which particularly attracted our attention was, the monastery on the hill ; the church of which being open, we entered to view its curiosities. A slave kindly offered his services, and showed us whatever we wished to see. In the middle of it lay the body of a black woman, for interment. The images and gilt cornices were very grand ; it is almost impossible to conceive the magnificence some of these places exhibit. We observed a large curtain that concealed something. We wished to see it : the slave at first hesitated, but, on looking round and perceiving none of the *padres* near, he ventured to draw it up ; it was a most valuable crucifix in gold, as large as life. Whilst describing its value, a priest came in ; the slave, struck with terror, fell on his

knees and implored his pardon. I perceived it was of no avail ; and therefore I had recourse to artifice, to save the poor fellow a flogging. I told him I was a Roman Catholic, but he would not believe it. By good fortune I had a gold cross for a brooch in my bosom ; I showed it him, he was then convinced, pardoned the slave, and showed us all the curiosities we had not previously seen, especially some exquisite paintings on religious subjects.

One cannot imagine a more romantic situation, or one which commands a more lovely prospect than this monastery, especially the church, which is far the highest object on this coast, and is visible a long way off at sea. As it was late in the evening before we returned to the bottom of the hill, after taking each a glass of sangaree, and smoking a segar, we hired a canoe, which soon paddled us down the river to Pernambuco, through a swampy wood of low mangrove trees, full of alligators, one of which we could discern crossing the river a little before us.

The Portuguese are an honest well-behaved people, remarkably attached to the English ; but they are passionate in the extreme, and murders are very common. These are never committed for the sake of plunder, but of revenge, or are the effect of some sudden quarrel. One day I witnessed one of them take place, which almost chilled my blood. Happening to go down to the cotton-wharf, I saw two men fighting, one of them gave the other a severe blow on the breast, which exasperated him so much that he immediately drew a knife and cut his adversary across the abdomen, by which all the viscera fell out, and a good deal of the fæces. The unfortunate man expired in about five minutes, while the assassin took sanctuary in a neighbouring church ; and in about a week afterwards I saw him looking at some English hardware in a shop window. The man who was thus killed was remarkably active in assisting us when we discharged our cargo, having the command of one of the boats which conveyed it to the shore. It is too expensive for any one to undertake to bring a criminal to justice for a capital crime, unless he is possessed of a good property, and even then, if he has taken sanctuary, it is of no use. The Portuguese are sober, and tolerably industrious. Their seamen are remarkably good and faithful, and are particularly adapted for English merchant shipping, in preference to any other foreigners. This I have often experienced. The produce of the Brazils consists of gold, silver, diamonds, sugar, cotton, hides, ipecacuana, sarsaparilla, fustic, rum, molasses, coffee, ginger, and many other valuable commodities ; but the greatest part of these articles are not importable into England, on account of our West-India possessions, the produce of which is nearly similar, but inferior in quality, and double the price of that brought from the Brazils.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

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*Madame Blanchard.*—Madame Blanchard, notwithstanding her late disaster at Rome, made another ascension from that capital on the 23d of December. After experiencing the extremes of heat and cold, she says, she fell into a profound sleep, during which her balloon attained an elevation of 12,000 feet. She afterwards descended at Tagliacozza.

*Ladder in case of Fire.*—Paris, Feb. 14. M. Regnier, conservator of the Artillery Museum, has received the prize for the invention of a ladder, which consists of several *lengths*, each four yards long, which fasten into each other, so that when united, they form one ladder *eleven yards* in length, without the necessity for cords, or other mode of tying them together. Although the bands which combine these ladders are of iron, yet the whole together does not weigh above 200 lbs. so that two men can readily carry the whole to any place where it may be wanted. Or it may be carried in parts; where houses, &c. are not high.

*Banditti in force.*—The forests of the Spessart, and Odenwald, are said to have been recently the theatre of sanguinary conflicts. A corps of 4000 troops having been sent to discover the brigands, divided themselves into small parties: some of these, after repeated attacks, having penetrated very far, came to a small encampment, defended by a ditch and three pieces of cannon. While the troops were preparing for assault, the robbers rushed out, and bore down all before them. The troops fled, leaving behind them two pieces of cannon, some colours, and 250 killed and wounded.

*City and people consumed by fire.*—The city of Bassen, situated on the southern coast of Pegu, and one of the principal cities of the Burmah empire, has been destroyed by fire. Some thousands of the inhabitants perished in the flames. This is the second calamity of the same description which has, within the space of a few months, visited that wretched country.

*Mecca relieved: Wehabites expelled.*—Letters from Constantinople, of the 2d of January, state that official intelligence had been received of the overthrow of the Wehabites, by the Egyptian forces under a son of Mahomed Aly-Pacha; and that the latter had marched for Mecca, which had declared for the Grand Seignior, to chase from thence the enemies of the Faith. This had diffused joy at Constantinople—prayers were ordered in the mosques; and the Imans and Doctors had declared, that the expulsion of the Wehabites from Mec-

ca, coupled with the birth of an heir to the Throne, must be considered as indications that Divine wrath was removed, and that Providence would bless the arms of the Faithful against Infidels, and restore the Empire to its former splendour. *So anxious were all classes for advices of the re-occupation of Mecca, and so certain of its taking place, that thousands had made vows of abstaining from all animal food, &c. until they were received.*

*A monstrous long Ibernian Play.*—The Spanish theatre did not begin to refine till the commencement of the fifteenth century. Rodriguez de Cota then gave his Calixtus and Melibeus; it was one of the first pieces in which the rules of the dramatic art appear to be at all understood, and abounds with very lively but often licentious descriptions. Celestina appeared a short time after; it consists of twenty-one acts by different authors; the earlier ones are attributed by some to Rodriguez de Cota, by others to Juan de Mena; the latter ones are by Fernando Roxas de Montalvano, known also by another dramatic piece, Progne and Philomela. Celestina was begun before the middle of the fifteenth century, but was not finished till fifty or sixty years after. Though it may be regarded as a monster, the piece has its beauties. The plot is clearly unfolded, the action well sustained, the incidents are well introduced; its episodes are probable; its delineations of manners and characters just. It made a great noise in the literary world. It went through fifteen Spanish editions, a Latin translation and edition, and two French translations and editions. It pleased very much in Italy, where translations were multiplied, and went through ten editions in that language.

*Secret Intelligence of the Order of Jesuits.*—The late Duke of Chaulseul (says Mr. Seward in his Biographiana), having no employ in the government of France, happened one evening at supper to say something very strong against the Jesuits. Some years afterwards he was sent Ambassador to Rome, where, in the usual routine of his visits in that situation, he called upon the general of the Jesuits, for whose Order he professed the highest veneration. "Your Excellence did not always, I fear, think so well of Us," replied the General. The Duke, much surprized at this observation, begged to know "What reasons he had for thinking so? as he was conscious that he had never mentioned the Order but in terms of the highest respect." The General, to convince him of the contrary, shewed him an Extract from a large Register-book belonging to the Society, in which the particular conversation alluded to, and the day and the year in which it happened, were minuted down. The Ambassador blushed, and excused himself as well as he could, and soon went away, resolving within himself, whenever he should become Prime Minister, to destroy a Society that kept up such particular and detailed correspondences, of which it might make use to the detriment of Administration and Government.

*Devil's Tree.*—There is a tree, called the Devil's Tree, which grows in America, its fruit, in a state of maturity, is elastic; and when dried

by the heat of the sun, noisily splits, and bursts forth its grains. To this sport of nature the tree owes its name, for at the moment of bursting, the effect of a small artillery is produced, the noise of which succeeds rapidly, and is heard tolerably far off. If this fruit be transported before it is ripe to a dry place, or exposed on a chimney-piece to a gentle heat, it will have the same effect, and produce the same phenomenon.

*Hesentrum's travels.*—Mr. Hesentrum is now in St. Petersburg, having travelled through Siberia as far as the Frozen Ocean, from whence he visited two islands, now called the Holy Islands; he there found a vast number of skeletons of the mammoth, rhinoceros, elephant, and whale fish, and thencefrom considers those uninhabited islands as the burial place of unknown generations. He has also found the pinnions and claws of a bird which must have been at least three times the size of the condor, in South America, which is the largest of all the known feathered creation, and the wings of which, when extended, measured from 15 to 16 feet. In both the islands path-ways were discernible, which must have been made by wild beasts.—From all these circumstances, it is supposed that there must be a continent of land, extending from the 80th degree of the pole, and which must be chiefly inhabited by white bears and black ravens, who are particularly fond of the climate.

*Genuine Account of the Upas Tree.*—After all the romantic nonsense which has been circulated through the English press, particularly the newspapers, it seems we are indebted to the *Annales du Muséum de l'Histoire Naturelle*, written by M. Leichenault, for the rational information on this doubtful subject: "It was," says he, "at Sumanap, on the Island of Madura, contiguous to Java, that I procured intelligence respecting the famous poison called Upas, or Ipo.—A bark from the neighbouring island had just arrived, having on board a Javanese, from the mountains of the interior, a preparer and vender of this poison. On conversation with him, by means of an interpreter, I found him full of exaggerations and fabulous stories about the danger of and preparing this poison; but when I proposed a proper reward to him to accompany me to the mountains, and dazzled his eyes with a handful of sequins, he consented to be my guide, and to shew me the upas tree, and to prepare some of the poison before my eyes. On our arrival at the mountains in a very woody district of a fertile soil, he pointed out to me this magnificent tree, growing to the height of an hundred feet, with a straight upright stem of nearly eighteen feet girth at the bottom, a smooth light-coloured bark, and a bushy head, *not in the least incommoding the surrounding trees.* As it was necessary, from the smoothness of the bark, to make some incision in order to climb the tree, my guide, in executing this service, was incommoded either by the effluvia or the contract of the poisonous gum; he was attacked by a nausea, a vertigo, and a slight swelling, but they soon disappeared. He procured, as I desired, some flowering branches, from whence I deduced its botanical character. The Javanese proceeded to prepare the poison, which after expressing the gum, was by steeping in a cop-

per vessel close stopped, stirring and mixing separately with a dry wooden stick the juice of capsicum, powdered ginger, juice of garlic, powdered root of *kæmpfera*, galenga, marantha, mallacensis, and *costus arabicus*. It was necessary to prove the effect of this poison after it was prepared; and having put some on a sharp instrument, I slightly pricked the thigh muscle of a full-grown fowl, which expired in the course of two minutes; but, cutting out the wounded part, the flesh is no ways injured for eating."—Besides a Dane, named Foerch, our countryman Dr. Darwin, has been the most prominent in his marvellous account of the upas tree.

*National library.*—A grand national library has been completed and opened at Petersburg, comprising 250,000 printed volumes, 80,000 of which relate to theology, and 40,000 duplicates. There are 12,000 manuscripts, many of them exceedingly curious. Among them are some Epistles of Paul, written during the fourth century, with marginal notes, and a book of Mahomedan prayers in Cufic characters.

*New South Wales.*—A New South Wales Almanack, for the year 1811, has been published in that settlement, containing among other matters, lists of the civil and military establishments; the list of colonial shipping, consisting of 29 small vessels, from 14 to 186 tons, 49 vessels of from 58 to 627 tons, from British, American, and other foreign ports, had entered Port Jackson, between the 1st of Nov. 1808, and the 31st of December, 1810.

*Valuable discovery.*—A valuable discovery has been made by some German travellers in the Isle of Egina, under the ruins of the temple of Jupiter Pauhellénus. They have found 18 marble statues, nearly as large as life, and in the most antique Greek style. They had been placed on the pediment of the temple, and may be easily restored. Several interesting fragments have also been found, by digging in the same place; and on clearing away the rubbish, the pavement of the temple was discovered in perfect preservation. The French consul at Athens, M. Fauvel, having been informed of this discovery, immediately repaired to the place. He is in possession of a truly valuable collection of antiques, which is every day augmented by new researches. Among these are a great number of cinerary urns, in each of which was found an obolus. On one of them is the boat of Charon. The statues above mentioned represent different heroes of the Trojan war.

*Hornemann.*—Authentic advices have lately been received at Frankfurt, announcing, that the celebrated German traveller, Hornemann, who, about ten years ago, set out from Cairo, to discover antiquities, and explore the exterior of Africa, was at Murzouk, in the kingdom of Fezzan where he enjoyed the confidence of the sultan, and acted as his minister. From the long period which had elapsed since any intelligence was heard of him, it was generally concluded by the literati in Europe, that he had perished. The foreign journals, in slightly noticing

the above intelligence, add, that like our lamented countryman, Mungo Parke, he had been carried into slavery, and endured the most incredible hardships. Hornemann will be the first European who ever penetrated to Fezzan, the existence of such a kingdom hitherto resting on the credit of the Moors.—Fezzan is a small circular domain, placed in the midst of vast deserts, and is south of Tripoli, near five hundred miles.

*Extract from the Calcutta Monthly Journal for June, 1811.*—"No certain intelligence has hitherto been received of the fate of Mr. Mungo Parke; but it appears by the English papers, that the accounts of his safety are again doubted. We know not whether the following circumstances, as communicated by Mr. Pearce, in Abyssinia, to Captain Rudland, at Mocha, in a letter, dated Autalou, the 29th of December, 1810, are calculated to lessen those doubts or not. The person alluded to is either Mr. Mungo Parke or Mr. Hornemann, who has been sent by the Dilettanti Society on a similar mission. A friend of Mr. Pearce's who has a relation, a merchant, in the Shoa, Cofla, and who left Efat three months ago, said, that some strange white man had arrived in the country of Shoa, and was expected at Efat, with an intention to proceed thence to Tigri. Since this information, Mr. Pearce heard that a white man was seen beyond Shoa. Mr. Pearce had obtained leave from the Ras to proceed to Shoa. In consequence of a letter addressed by Captain Rudland to the Ras Wellela Selasse, orders had been given, that in case Mr. Pearce entered the territories of the Ras, every attention was to be shewn him, and every assistance afforded him to reach Massowa."

*Birth Day of Frederic II.*—Berlin, Jan. 24. This day has been commemorated as the *hundredth anniversary* of the birth day of the Great Frederic. It was distinguished by numerous assemblies public and private. The members of the Exchange met at a grand dinner. This society also gave a plentiful repast, previous to its own, to all the veterans in the hotel of the invalids, of this city, who had served under Frederic in the seven years war. The whole number remaining is 121, of which 13 could not attend at the repast, being indisposed. Their dinner was therefore sent to them.

*Longevity.*—A silk-weaver, named John Urssulark, died lately at Lemburgh, in Prussia, at the age of 116 years. He had six wives. The last, who survives him, brought him a son 12 months ago. He was extremely healthy and active, and walked six miles the day before his death.

# POETRY.

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## ORIGINAL.

*To the memory of Mrs. ———, who died in child-bed, leaving an infant son.*

THE tear of grief had not been shed, nor sighs  
Of heartfelt wo been breath'd, if virtue, love  
And piety and meekness could detain  
The disembodied spirit in its flight  
To brightest realms of everlasting peace.  
She, from whose voice inspired, has often flow'd  
In tones of sweetest harmony, the song  
Ascending high, of thanks and gratitude  
To Heav'n's eternal Sovereign and King;  
She whose tongue oft was eloquent in praise;  
Whose lips have softly breath'd the fervent pray'r  
Kneeling at Mercy's throne, has wing'd her flight  
And left a world of sorrow and of care.

Mother! grieve not thy daughter—soon wilt thou  
Tread the bright way of glory she has mark'd,  
And join with her the choir of Seraphim.

Brother! sister! hear ye the warning voice!  
On youth and virtue, and on her ye lov'd  
The dark, cold grave is now forever clos'd.

Husband! repress the troubled sigh of wo!  
The eye which sweetly beam'd with love and joy  
When thou wast near, has lost its cheering ray;  
The lip which breath'd affection, and on which  
A smile of fondest love was used to dwell;  
Where thou hast oft impressed the rapt'rous kiss,  
Is cold and bloodless; and the heart which throb'd  
For thee alone, alas! will throb no more.

Weep not mourner, but so kiss the rod  
That chast'neth thee—adore th' Eternal God  
Whose grace and love have spar'd to thee thy son.  
And thou sweet smiling cherub too! whose eye  
Scarce saw the light ere thou wast motherless;  
Who ne'er shall hie a mother's much lov'd name;  
Whose infant cries a mother's soothing voice  
Shall never hush; whose piteous tears shall ne'er  
Bedew a mother's bosom; whose sweet smile  
Shall ne'er give rapture to a mother's heart;  
Whose eye-lids drooping when thou seek'st to sleep,  
A mother's hand shall ne'er close, tenderly;  
May'st thou, unconscious babe! ne'er know the grief,  
The keen, the poignant anguish of bereavement!  
May gentle gales from Heav'n waft thy frail bark  
Unhurt, uninjur'd, o'er life's stormy sea!  
Let virtue guide thy steps; be truth thy star!  
Be it thy brightest star which leads to Heav'n!  
Pursue God's righteous law, the road to bliss,  
The way to pure and everlasting joys.

EUGENIUS.

FROM THE LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

## A SONG.

*By Mrs. Opie.*

THEN be it so, and let us part,  
 Since love like mine has fail'd to move thee;  
 But do not think this constant heart  
 Can ever cease, ingrate, to love thee.  
 No—spite of all the cold disdain,  
 I'll bless the hour when first I met thee,  
 And rather bear whole years of pain  
 Than e'en for one short hour forget thee.  
 Forget thee! No.

Still Memory, now my only friend,  
 Shall with her soothing art endeavour  
 My present anguish to suspend,  
 By painting pleasures lost for ever.  
 She shall the happy hours renew,  
 When full of hope and smiles I met thee,  
 And little thought the day to view  
 When thou woudst wish me to forget thee.  
 Forget thee! No.

Yet I have lived to view that day,  
 To mourn my past destructive blindness,  
 To see now turn'd with scorn away  
 Those eyes once filled with answering kindness.  
 But go—farewell! and be thou blest,  
 If thoughts of what I feel will let thee:  
 Yet though thy image kills my rest,  
 'Twere greater anguish to forget thee.  
 Forget thee! No.

FROM THE SAME.

## WRITTEN IN A YOUNG LADY'S PRAYER-BOOK.

YOUTH, beauty, health, and mirthful ease,  
 Have each their sev'ral pow'rs to please:  
 But where's the nymph, among the fair,  
 That knows the charm, the pow'r of prayer?  
 Believe me, Hebe, in this book,  
 The brightest eye may deign to look;  
 May seek, may find a better grace  
 Than e'er adorned the fairest face.  
 Yet the recital of the words,  
 Nor love, nor joy, nor grace affords;  
 When prayer its proper music brings,  
 The soul itself must strike the strings.  
 The pious heart, with love sincere,  
 May breath its sighs in secret here;  
 Or burn with joys to all unknown,  
 But breasts of angels and its own.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

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### RECENT BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

A Sketch of the present state of Caraccas, including a journey from Caraccas to Puerto Cabello. By Robert Semple, author of "Two Journeys into Spain," &c.

Emily, a moral tale, by the Rev. Henry Kett.

Memoirs of the Rev. G. Whitfield. By the Reverend J. Gillie.

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Bible News ; or, Sacred Truths relating to the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, illustrated and defended in a continued series of letters and inquiries. The second edition, corrected and enlarged. By Noah Worcester, A. M.

A Scripture Catechism, to aid the religious education of Children. The answers all given from the Bible, with reference to book, chapter and verse. In four parts. By Thomas Worcester, A. M. Minister of the Gospel.

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*Mr. Madison's War.* A dispassionate inquiry into the reasons alleged by Mr. Madison for declaring an offensive and ruinous war against Great Britain; together with some suggestions as to a favourable and constitutional mode of averting that dreadful calamity. By a New England Farmer. Second edition.

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A Solemn Protest against the late declaration of war, in a discourse delivered next Lord's day after the tidings of it were received. By David Osgood, D. D. Pastor of the Church in Medford.

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The Art of preserving all kinds of Animal and Vegetable Substances, for several years in their original state, without the expense of Sugar, &c. A work published by order of the French Minister of the interior on the report of the board of Arts and Manufactures, and which, in a few months, run through several London editions.

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**The Historical and Chirurgical account of the expedition of the (French) Army of the East, in Egypt and Syria.** By D. J. Sarrey, Doctor of the Special School of Medicine at Paris, chief surgeon of the Army of the East, &c. &c. Translated from the French by Richard W. Hall, M. D. adjunct professor of midwifery and the diseases of women and children, in the College of Medicine Maryland; member of the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland, &c. &c. In one vol. 8vo.

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**FOR SEPTEMBER, 1812.**

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Speeches of Lord Erskine, when at the Bar, on Miscellaneous Subjects.

8vo. pp. 248. Ridgeway, London. 1812.

IT is now a considerable time since we called the attention of our readers to the very interesting and important publication of which this volume forms the sequel. The opinions then expressed, although known to be those entertained by the enlightened profession of which Lord Erskine was the chief ornament, have, as might be expected from party violence and ignorance, encountered some opposition;—chiefly, however, among persons at a distance from the theatre where his talents were displayed, and not the most capable, in other respects, of forming a sound judgment on such subjects. The remarks which we made on the political persecutions of 1794, have been also attacked; and, as might be expected, with some bitterness, by the few remaining adherents of the system,—and the supporters of those weak and contemptible politicians who are seeking to remove the worst enemy they have to contend with—popular discussion—by reviving the measures formerly pursued against the liberty of the press. Having now had some leisure for maturely weighing both branches of the subject,—the merits of the orations in question, and the character of the measures of 1794,—and having had ample opportunities of observing the way in which those topics are canvassed by such as are competent to handle them, we have no hesitation in avowing, that our sentiments remain wholly unchanged. Not a word have we heard derogatory to the warm and unbought applause extorted from us by the great services which Lord Erskine has rendered to the cause of liberty; and we fancy that all who have had time to study the speeches,

now go along with us in the tribute of admiration paid to their transcendent merits. Indeed there seems but one voice upon the matter. We heard some time ago of an exception or two, the particulars of which have escaped us ; but we believe there was a newspaper written in the Scottish tongue, in some remote part of the country, which professed an inability to understand the beauties of the composition, possibly from ignorance of the language in which the speeches were delivered : and it was said, that an attorney, somewhere in Scotland, (and most likely from the same cause), was greatly offended at our praise of the speech for Stockdale, which he professed an inability to enter into ;—but was confident the best '*Session papers*' were very different things. With these slight exceptions, we take the opinion of the country, and of every part of the world where the language is understood, to be that of the most unbounded admiration of these exquisite specimens of judicial oratory,—and of great obligations to the editor of the collection.

Those obligations are now considerably increased by the publication of the present volume, which contains some speeches less known to the world, because upon subjects of a private nature ; but not at all inferior in oratorical merit to the finest of Lord Erskine's performances in State Trials. It is with great delight that we revert to so interesting a task as that of tracing the skill and genius of a first-rate orator, and of holding up his exertions for the instruction of those who may feel within themselves one of the noblest passions of our nature—love of the fame to be acquired, and the gratification to be felt, in wielding the feelings of a popular assembly ;—a passion only second to that of which Lord Erskine too holds forth so bright an example—the love of earning that fame by the services which, in a free country, eloquence may render to the rights of the people, and the best interests of mankind.

This volume contains seven speeches of Mr. Erskine ; three of which are on trials of a public nature—the speech for Hadfield, that for the Madras Council, and that for Cuthell. The other four are speeches in private actions ; two in cases of adultery, one in an action for breach of promise of marriage, and one in the Bishop of Bangor's case. There is a circumstance, unavoidable perhaps, but greatly to be lamented, in the publication of the two speeches in cases of seduction : we mean the pain which a revival of such discussions must give to the feelings of the parties and their families. The publicity of their story inflicts some of the most acute of the sufferings arising from such transactions at the time ; and it is painful to think how severely the same feelings must be wounded by the revival of the subject at a distance of time, when those may have become capable of being

wounded, over whose happily tender years the first blast of evil fame had passed innoxious. For this serious evil we fear there is no remedy ; yet we do not the less regret it ; and, in alluding to the cases in question, and quoting passages, we shall carefully abstain from mentioning names, that we may not have to reproach ourselves with spreading the mischief.

The speech for Hadfield contains one of the most sound and able disquisitions on the subject of insanity, as matter of defence against a criminal charge, that is any where to be found. Indeed, we view it as a peculiarly important addition to legal learning, and as going far to settle the question within what limits this defence shall be available. Most of our readers must recollect the singular transaction which gave rise to it. We prefer recalling it to the minds of such as do not, in the words of Mr. Erskine's exordium ; for they convey a lesson as well as a narrative of the fact.

" The scene which we are engaged in, and the duty which I am not merely *privileged*, but *appointed* by the authority of the Court to perform, exhibits to the whole civilized world a perpetual monument of our national justice.

" The transaction, indeed, in every part of it, as it stands recorded in the evidence already before us, places our country, and its government, and its inhabitants, upon the highest pinnacle of human elevation. It appears, that upon the 15th day of May last, his Majesty, after a reign of forty years, not merely in sovereign *power*, but spontaneously in the very hearts of his people, was openly shot at (or to all appearance shot at) in a public theatre in the centre of his capital, and amidst the loyal plaudits of his subjects, YET NOT A HAIR OF THE HEAD OF THE SUPPOSED ASSASSIN WAS TOUCHED. In this unparalleled scene of calm forbearance, the king himself, though he stood first in personal interest and feeling, as well as in command, was a singular and fortunate example. The least appearance of emotion on the part of that august personage, must unavoidably have produced a scene quite different, and far less honourable than the Court is now witnessing ; but his Majesty remained unmoved, and the person *apparently* offending was only secured, without injury or reproach, for the business of this day." p. 5.

He then describes the peculiar indulgences which our treason laws extend to the accused ; in so much that he who, for an attack upon the meanest individual, would be hurried away to trial, without delay, or counsel, or knowledge of witnesses, or of jurors, or of charges, is, when charged with a murderous design against the sovereign of the country, ' covered all over with the armour of the law ;'—a distinction which, when soberly considered, we may in passing remark, affords praise to the English law of treasons, at the expense of the other branches of criminal ju-

risprudence. Mr. Erskine, pursuing the topic, enters upon a train of reflexions, which, we think, all will acknowledge to be profound, who are not resolved to call every thing shallow and empty, which they are forced to admit is beautiful and brilliant.

"Gentlemen, when this melancholy catastrophe happened, and the prisoner was arraigned for trial, I remember to have said to some now present, that it was, at first view, difficult to bring those indulgent exceptions to the general rules of trial within the principle which dictated them to our humane ancestors in cases of treasons against the political government, or of *rebellious* conspiracy against the person of the king. In *these* cases, the passions and interests of great bodies of powerful men being engaged and agitated, a counterpoise became necessary to give composure and impartiality to criminal tribunals; but a *mere murderous* attack upon the king's person, not at all connected with his political character, seemed a case to be ranged and dealt with like a similar attack upon any private man.

"But the wisdom of the law is greater than any man's wisdom; how much more, therefore, than mine! An attack upon the king is considered to be parricide against the state; and the jury and the witnesses, and even the judges, are the children. It is fit, on that account, that there should be a solemn pause before we rush to judgment: and what can be a more sublime spectacle of justice than to see a statutable disqualification of a whole nation for a limited period, a fifteen day's *quarantine* before trial, lest the mind should be subject to the contagion of partial affections!"\* p. 6, 7.

He now enters upon the subject, and cites the authorities of our great criminal lawyers, especially Lord Hale, as establishing the rule, that it must be a total and not a partial insanity which shall excuse. The rule, however, is of difficult application; and Lord Hale himself has admitted it when he says, that it is very difficult to define the invisible line which divides perfect and partial insanity; and adds, 'it must rest upon circumstances, duly to be weighed and considered both by judge and jury, lest on the one side there be a kind of inhumanity towards the defects of human nature; or, on the other side, too great an indulgence given to great crimes.' The arguments of Mr. Erskine are addressed to the proper means of applying this rule; and they are, in our humble apprehension, equally ingenious and satisfactory. He first admits, that there is a material difference between the application of it to civil and to criminal cases. In the former, the law will justly avoid a man's act, if he be proved to be *non compos mentis*, although the act in question cannot be referred to the peculiar impulse of the malady; or even, though to all *appearance* it may be separate from it, provided only it be shown,

\* There must be fifteen days between arraignment and trial.

that, at the time of doing the civil act, he was not of sound mind. But, in judging of a criminal act, some connexion must always be traced between the act and the delusion under which the person labours;—it must appear to flow from that delusion. Here Mr. Erskine clears away a misapprehension of the phrase *total insanity*, or *total deprivation of mind and understanding*, as used by Lord Coke and Lord Hale. ‘If,’ says he, ‘a *TOTAL deprivation of memory* was intended by these great lawyers to be taken in the *literal* sense of the words;—if it was meant, that, to protect a man from punishment he must be in such a state of prostrated intellect as not to know his name, nor his condition, nor his relation towards others—that, if a husband, he should not know he was married; or, if a father, could not remember that he had children; nor know the road to his house, nor his property in it—then no such madness ever existed in the world. It is *IDIOTCY* alone which places a man in this helpless condition; where, from an *original* mal-organization, there is the human frame alone without the human capacity. But in all the cases which have filled Westminster Hall with the most complicated considerations—the lunatics, and other insane persons who have been the subjects of them, have not only had memory, *in my sense of the expression*—they have not only had the most perfect knowledge and recollection of all the relations they stood in towards others, and of the acts and circumstances of their lives, but have, in general, been remarkable for subtlety and acuteness.’—‘These,’ he adds, ‘are the cases which frequently mock the wisdom of the wisest in judicial trials; because such persons often reason with a subtlety which puts in the shade the ordinary conceptions of mankind; their conclusions are just and frequently profound; but the *premises from which they reason*, WHEN WITHIN THE RANGE OF THE MALADY, are uniformly false:—not false from any defect of knowledge or judgment; but because a delusive image, the inseparable companion of real insanity, is thrust upon the subjugated understanding, incapable of resistance, because unconscious of attack.’ The doctrine contended for is clearly expressed, and with a singular felicity of diction too, in the following passage:

“*Delusion*, therefore, where there is no frenzy or raving madness, is the true character of insanity; and where it cannot be predicated of a man standing for life or death for a crime, he ought not, in my opinion, to be acquitted; and if courts of law were to be governed by any other principle, every departure from sober, rational conduct, would be an emancipation from criminal justice. I shall place my claim to your verdict upon no such dangerous foundation.—I must convince you, not only that the unhappy prisoner was a lunatic, within my own definition of lunacy, but that the act in question was the *IMMEDIATE, UNQUALIFIED OFFSPRING OF THE DISEASE*. In *civil* cases, as I have

already said, the law avoids every act of the lunatic during the period of the lunacy; although the delusion may be extremely circumscribed; although the mind may be quite sound in all that is not within the shades of the very partial eclipse; and although the act to be avoided can in no way be connected with the influence of the insanity:—But, to deliver a lunatic from responsibility to *criminal* justice,—above all, in a case of such atrocity as the present, relation between the disease and the act should be apparent. Where the connexion is doubtful, the judgment should certainly be most indulgent, from the great difficulty of diving into the secret sources of a disordered mind;—but still, I think that, as a doctrine of law, the delusion and the act should be connected. I cannot allow the protection of insanity to a man who only exhibits violent passions and malignant resentments, acting upon *real circumstances*; who is impelled to evil from no morbid delusions; but who proceeds upon the ordinary perceptions of the mind.—I cannot consider such a man as falling within the protection which the law gives, and is bound to give, to those whom it has pleased God, for mysterious causes, to visit with this most afflicting calamity. He alone can be so emancipated, whose disease (call it what you will) consists, not merely in seeing with a prejudiced eye, or with odd and absurd particularities, differing, in many respects, from the contemplations of sober sense, upon the actual existences of things; but, *he only* whose whole reasoning and corresponding conduct, though governed by the ordinary dictates of reason, proceed upon something which has no foundation or existence.

“Gentlemen, it has pleased God so to visit the unhappy man before you;—to shake his reason in its citadel;—to cause him to build up, as realities, the most impossible phantoms of the mind, and to be impelled by them as motives *irresistible*: the whole fabric being nothing but the unhappy vision of his disease—existing no where else—having no foundation whatsoever in the very nature of things. p. 17, 19.

He adds a refutation, after dwelling at some length on the present case, of a proposition, much too vaguely broached by reasoners on this subject, that every person ought to be responsible for crimes who has the knowledge of good and evil.

“Let me suppose that the character of an insane delusion consisted in the belief that some given person was any brute animal, or an inanimate being, (and such cases have existed), and that upon the trial of such a lunatic for murder, you firmly, upon your oaths, were convinced, upon the uncontradicted evidence of an hundred persons, that he believed the man he had destroyed, to have been a potter’s vessel; that it was quite impossible to doubt that fact, *although to all other intents and purposes he was sane*; conversing, reasoning, and acting, as men not in any manner tainted with insanity, converse, and reason, and conduct themselves: suppose further, that he believed the man whom he destroyed, but whom he destroyed as a potter’s vessel, to be the property of another; and that he had malice against such supposed person, and that he meant to injure him, knowing the act he was doing to

be malicious and injurious, and that, in short, he had full knowledge of all the principles of good and evil; yet would it be possible to convict such a person of murder, if, from the influence of his disease, he was ignorant of the relation he stood in to the man he had destroyed, and was utterly *unconscious* that he had struck at the life of a human being? I only put this case, and many others might be brought as examples to illustrate, that the knowledge of good and evil is too general a description." p. 24.

The case of Hadfield was brought within the law thus laid down, by evidence of his having been most severely wounded in service, so as to make him at times wholly insane;—that he laboured under a delusion of a peculiar cast, being firmly persuaded he was to save mankind by dying a violent death;—yet that this death must be inflicted without the guilt of suicide;—that he had recently attempted to kill his infant child, of which he was in general passionately fond;—and that his whole demeanour and conversation had been those of a most loyal subject, attached with peculiarly zealous feelings to the family and service of the king. It is said that Lord Kenyon, who presided at the trial,\* appeared much against the prisoner while the evidence was giving for the crown; but when Mr. Erskine had stated the principle upon which he grounded his defence, and when his Lordship found that the facts came up to the case opened for the prisoner, he delivered to the Attorney-General the opinion of the Court, that the case should not be proceeded in: So there was a verdict of acquittal, without any reply for the Crown.

The speech for the Madras Council was delivered soon after Mr. Erskine came to the bar, on an occasion which excited unexampled interest in those days of quiet, when the world was unaccustomed to great and strange events,—the arrest of Lord Pigot, in consequence of a misunderstanding between him and his Council. They were prosecuted at the desire of the House of Commons, and convicted; but when brought up for judgment, after Mr. Dunning, Mr. Erskine, and others, had been heard in mitigation, they were only sentenced to pay a fine of one thousand pounds, which was considered, and most justly, as a very lenient punishment. We abstain from entering further into the subject of this speech, because it is so similar to the late proceedings in the East, and in some of our other foreign settlements, that we prefer reserving the subject for a more regular and ample consideration. This speech is now published for the first time; and though from almost any other quarter it would excite no little admiration, we look upon it as one of the least brilliant of Mr. Erskine's exhibitions, and by no means the shortest.

\* It was a trial at bar in the Court of King's Bench.

The last speech on a public trial contained in this volume, is the defence of Mr. Cuthell; against whom an indictment for a libel had been preferred, in circumstances of so peculiar a nature, that we are extremely glad to find the case recorded. The interest it excites is closely connected with the topics of the present day, and the attacks which ill-advised men are making upon the liberty of the press. We must, therefore, enter somewhat at large into the case.

Mr. Cuthell was an eminent bookseller, who dealt entirely in works upon literary subjects, being chiefly, if not altogether, a publisher of classical books. As such, he had been selected by Mr. Gilbert Wakefield to publish the various editions of classics and other books, particularly on theological subjects, with which he enriched the republic of letters. In 1796, the bishop of Landaff (Dr. Watson) published an address to the people on the subject of an apprehended invasion: exhorting them to defend their country, to be loyal towards their king, and to love the constitution;—expounding to them how disagreeable a thing conquest is, and what risks attend revolutions, and above all French revolutions;—and recommending a *new* plan of finance, the details of which we have forgotten, as we presume every body else has, except one;—but the general purport was, to pay off some hundreds of millions of public debt by levying taxes on the capital of the country. This project was pretty universally ridiculed at the time, and might have been safely left to its fate. The rest of the work was, if not quite so original, at least a good deal sounder; and one should have thought no man so squeamish as to object to a bishop for preaching up the usual doctrine of rallying for the defence of the state. Mr. Wakefield, however, thought otherwise; and was so ill-advised as to throw away time, which might have been so admirably and usefully employed in expounding the classics and the scriptures, upon a political controversy. He wrote a pamphlet in answer to Dr. Watson, abounding indeed with point and wit,—in some parts sufficiently argumentative—in many very triumphant,—but touching upon very tender ground in other passages, and conceived by the government to have a tendency hostile to the peace of the community, and unfavourable to the defence of the country. Mr. Wakefield, for example, pointed out the oppressions under which the people suffered, from the war and the taxes, and the novel restraints imposed on civil liberty. The ministers conceived, that this would excite discontent, and indispose the people to resist the enemy. For they reasoned thus. It is true, said they, there is no foundation for all this—the war does not press heavily upon the country,—it has only lasted for five years and a half—distressing not more than from thirty to forty thousand men, and crippling about a score thousands more,

at the outside; and then, if we have gained by it nothing of what we expected, we have at least got a few unwholesome and useless islands, which we never counted upon; and, at any rate, we have lost not an inch of territory, whatever our allies may have done. And as for taxes—what signify taxes! They only press upon the rich—the poor are quite well off—every thing is as cheap as it ought to be, if not as it has been;—and those who can't afford to live, may die, or come upon the parish. All this we know, said the ministers, and the people feel it;—they are quite easy, comfortable, and happy. But what signifies the evidence of facts? What though a man knows that he is as well off as possible? If Mr. Gilbert Wakefield is permitted to tell him that war and taxes have ground him down, there is no doubt that he will be believed, in spite of the evidence of sense and memory to the contrary—it being quite plain the perusal of a *pamphlet* is the only means by which a man can discover whether he is hungry and cold or not: Therefore, if such publications—such *false* and scandalous writings, are allowed to be read, we shall have the whole country convinced that bread is ten shillings a pound, and that no man has a farthing in his pocket.

Such was the reasoning of the government; and it is said that there were foolish people in those days, who suggested the possibility of answering Mr. Wakefield; arguing, weakly enough, that a single man, clearly on the wrong side of the question, might be refuted by the united exertions of all the rest of the community who were on the side of truth. But the ministers held such doctrines to be almost as bad as the seditious work itself,—contending, that nothing can be more dangerous than reasoning and answering in such cases: For, said they, what though Mr. Wakefield is in the wrong, and is known by every body to be so? What though he is the only person who holds such doctrines? and what though there is not a man in the whole church, or out of it, who could not refute his pamphlet in a moment—and what though we have the whole truth on our side? Shall a government defend itself by argument? Then why have Attorney-generals and prisons?—So, such suggestions were overruled; and it was resolved to prosecute.

Mr. Wakefield had caused his work to be printed by a Mr. Hamilton, and sold by Mr. Johnson, the late respectable and independent bookseller in St. Paul's Church-yard: But he had sent a few copies to Mr. Cuthell's, who conceiving the work to be on a theological topic—for Mr. Wakefield had never written before on any other than classical and theological points, and Mr. Cuthell knew that Dr. Watson had engaged in theological controversy—sold several of the pamphlets, before he had the most remote guess that he was selling a political tract. As soon as he was in-

formed that it was of this description, he immediately discontinued the sale of it. In the first place, Mr. Johnson and another bookseller were prosecuted and convicted for publishing it. This, however, not being deemed a sufficient refutation of the doctrines contained in it, the arguments of the Bishop of Llandaff were to be defended by prosecuting the author; but in order to make the answer complete, and that no part of the Bishop's work might be left unsupported, and no iota of Mr. Wakefield's positions go without a full exposure, it was deemed expedient to prosecute Mr. Cuthell also;—for he had sold one or two copies, mistaking it for a treatise on the middle voice, or the disputed passage in St. John.

Accordingly, Mr. Cuthell and Mr. Wakefield were tried on the same day; and Mr. Cuthell's case came on first. From what has been stated, it will appear that Mr. Erskine had here a different kind of point to urge, from any of those which generally bear upon cases of libel. With the libellous or innocent nature of the work, he professed that he had little concern:—Mr. Wakefield, its author, who appeared in Court to defend himself, was to treat that question, as more directly interested in it. The defence of Mr. Cuthell rested on his entire ignorance of the book he was selling, nay, of the subject on which it treated; and this ignorance he was to substantiate by evidence. Here, then, arises a question of no small importance, and rendered of more difficulty than naturally belongs to it, by the attempts made to confound it—Whether an act of publication shall be held *of itself* to fix the publisher with responsibility for the contents of the work? or, in other words, whether publication be conclusive evidence of a knowledge of those contents—such evidence as creates a presumption of law, not to be rebutted by contrary proof, and leading to an inference which overrules all considerations of fact whatever?

In civil cases, such presumptions are of necessity extremely common. Without entering into the principles upon which they are founded, we may mention an example or two. The liability of the owners of public carriages for the damage arising from the carelessness of their servants,—and the general liability of a person for the acts (*quoad civilem effectum*) of his agent, to the extent to which he has given him authority, as to be bound by his undertakings, and to release, by his acquittance, those bound to him—the liability of a husband for the debts of his wife, and for damages occasioned by illegal acts committed by her, though without his privity—the liability of a master to make good the losses occasioned to the property or persons of others by certain negligent uses of his own property, as his horses or carriages. These, and a variety of other cases, are undeniable instances in which a person is held answerable in his own property for inju-

ries done to the persons and properties of others, and is precluded, by presumption of law, from averring his own unconcern in, or ignorance of the act which is to bind him. The meaning of all this is simply, that the law requires a certain degree of care in the choice of a servant or agent, and a certain superintendence over his conduct in that capacity; to enforce which, and to relieve the party suffering from the absence of it, the burthen of repairing the injury occasioned by the deficiency is thrown upon the principal. But, in no one instance, except in that of publishing a libel, has an attempt ever been made to extend this civil responsibility, and to make a man liable to punishment as a criminal, as a malicious and wicked person, for the act of a servant, performed without his assistance or knowledge.

Now, it is not denied, that even in this case, a certain responsibility may safely, and should in justice, be thrown upon the principal. In the first place, he is liable civilly in damages for the publication, beyond all doubt, and ought to be so. But, again, he is to be taken as privy to, and answerable even criminally for the act of publication by his servant, unless he shall make out a case of ignorance and real disconnexion with the act. The act of publication by the servant is admitted to be *prima facie* evidence against his master: but it is maintained to be only a presumption of fact, which opposite proofs may rebut. We would even, from the peculiar nature of the case, go one step farther, and allow of a certain penalty attachable to the master, in the event of his servant having, though unknown to him, committed the act of publication—a penalty incurred by the master's negligence, where due caution was required of him, but of a much lower nature than the penalty incurred by a wilful and malicious publication. Let there, in short, be a count in the indictment or information charging a culpable negligence only, through which the injurious publication took place. This will then be put in issue, as well as the grave offence; and the verdict will describe, upon the face of the record, distinctly, that kind of delinquency of which the defendant has been found guilty. At present, and as long as judges are in the practice of directing juries to find general verdicts of guilty, merely upon evidence of publication by a servant, the charge making no distinction, the record does not show which of two offences, in their nature wholly different—the one a grave, the other a very slight offence—has been committed.

Now, by the concessions here made, let it be observed, that we still place the crime of libel in a very different situation from any other; because we continue to fix the principal with a certain criminal responsibility. An apothecary sells poisons as well as healing drugs;—indeed, many of his finest drugs are poisonous, beyond the proper dose: He employs a shopman or a shop-

boy, who, to raise the question still more clearly, shall be supposed extremely negligent and ignorant, and by his mistake half a family lose their lives. Here, there is no one criminally answerable at all: But if the shopman wilfully poisons half his customers—nay, taints with deleterious drugs the springs which supply a whole city, and is thus guilty of the foulest of crimes, the master is not in the smallest degree responsible, but the actual offender shall suffer. The vender of books, however, is very differently treated. Not content with punishing the author, and the printer, and the actual publisher—the shopman who knowingly circulates a libel—we exact the same punishment from his master, how impossible soever it may be that he ever should have heard of the work. This is the law, as public prosecutors now contend for it; and even we, who would mitigate this strange severity, and soften down somewhat of these gross anomalies, are fain to admit, that the general negligence of the bookseller, in choosing a shopman, should make him punishable in a way in which the apothecary is never attempted to be dealt with, whose servant has poisoned a whole city;—though in truth it might well be asked, why the liability of the servant himself would not be sufficient in the case of the bookseller, as well as that of the druggist? Further, we are content to admit, that the burthen of proving a negative should rest on the bookseller; the act of his servant being *prima facie* evidence of his master's privity. But here, again, even we, who are for relaxing the present rules, go beyond the measure of strictness applied by the law in all other cases. For assuredly the wilful murder of the apothecary's customers by his servant would never be sufficient to put the master on his defence: and, in such a case, it is quite certain that the prosecutor must connect him with the servant, before he can be called on to prove his ignorance. Why, then, it might be again demanded, not trust the peace and good order and allegiance of the community to the same securities which are found sufficient to protect our lives? The following passage from Mr. Erskine's speech for Cuthell puts the argument in a very plain and clear light.

“ In the case of a *civil* action throughout the whole range of civil injuries, the master is always *civiliter* answerable for the act of his servant or agent; and accident or neglect can therefore be no answer to a plaintiff, complaining of a consequential wrong. If the driver of a public carriage maliciously overturns another upon the road whilst the proprietor is asleep in his bed at a hundred miles distance, the party injuring must unquestionably pay the damages to a farthing; but though such malicious servant might also be indicted, and suffer an infamous judgment, *could the master also become the object of such a prosecution?* CERTAINLY NOT.—In the same manner, partners in trade are *civilly* answerable for bills drawn by one another, or by their agents,

drawing them by procuration, though fraudulently, and in abuse of their trusts; but if one partner commits a fraud by forgery or fictitious indorsements, so as to subject *himself* to death, or other punishment by indictment, could *the other partners* be indicted?—To answer such a question here, would be folly; because it not only answers itself in the *negative*, but exposes to scorn every argument which would confound indictments with civil actions. *Why then is printing and publishing to be an exception to every other human act? Why is a man to be answerable criminaliter for the crime of his servant in this instance more than in all other cases? Why is a man who happens to have published a libel, under circumstances of mere accident, or, if you will, from actual carelessness or negligence, but without criminal purpose, to be subjected to an infamous punishment, and harangued from a British Bench as if he were the malignant author of that which it was confessed before the Court delivering the sentence, that he never had seen or heard of?* As far, indeed, as damages go, the principle is intelligible and universal; but as it establishes a *crime*, and inflicts a punishment which affects character and imposes disgrace, it is shocking to humanity and insulting to common sense.—The Court of King's Bench, since I have been at the Bar (very long, I admit, before the Noble Lord presided in it, but under the administration of a truly great Judge), pronounced the infamous judgment of the pillory on a most respectable proprietor of a newspaper, for a libel on the Russian Ambassador, copied too out of another paper, but which *I myself* showed to the Court, by the affidavit of his physician, appeared in the *first* as well as in the *second* paper, whilst the defendant was on his sick-bed in the country, delirious in a fever. I believe that affidavit is still on the files of the Court.—I have thought of it often—I have dreamed of it, and started from my sleep—sunk back to sleep, and started from it again. The painful recollection of it I shall die with.—How is this vindicated? From the *supposed* necessity of the case.—An indictment for a LIBEL is, *therefore*, considered to be an anomaly in the law.—*It was held so undoubtedly*; but the exposition of that error lies before me; the Libel Act lies before me, which *expressly*, and in terms, directs that the trial of a libel shall be conducted *like every other trial for any other crime*; and that the Jury shall decide, *not* upon the mere fact of *printing or publishing*, but upon the *whole matter put in issue*, i. e. the publication of the libel WITH THE INTENTIONS CHARGED BY THE INDICTMENT.—This is the rule by the Libel Act; and you, the Jury, as well as the court, are bound by it." p. 223—225.

Indeed, that such is very nearly the doctrine of the English law, may be inferred from several *dicta* in the books, long before the libel act was passed. Not to drag the reader through a law argument, we only desire to refer him to the case of the *King and Almon*, in 5. Burr.; where Lord Mansfield held, that *if a defendant called no witnesses to repel it*, the guilt of publishing was to be inferred from the act of publication; but, that the publication might be excused as innocent, and justified as legal, by

circumstances established by the defendant in proof. Why there should be any repugnance to resort to such sound doctrines, we cannot conceive. Of one thing we are quite sure, that the administration of justice suffers greatly by such a confounding of different things under one and the same name, as the present practice involves. The proper degree of punishment is not meted out to guilt. Offences totally different in kind are called by one appellation, and visited with the same penalty; and juries are obliged to violate their oaths, in order to acquit, that they may avoid a greater evil, the undue conviction, and consequent punishment, of the person accused. We trust that the legislature will take this subject into its early consideration. But we must warn the reader against supposing, that any very great security would be gained to the press, by even a complete reform of the abuse complained of. The cases are but of rare occurrence, to which the present remarks apply. The attacks on the freedom of the press come on a different quarter; and not a single work would escape the inquisition now sought to be established on political writings, in consequence of the change which we are contemplating. It is the eagerness with which political discussions, carried on in an animated, interesting, and effectual manner, are construed into libels, that bids fair to leave us only the name of a free constitution, by destroying even the name of a free press; and for this we know of no remedy so effectual, as the exertions of an enlightened bar, and the control which it always exercises—together with the honesty of free and bold juries. To both of those classes we would most earnestly address ourselves. Let every member of the profession which Erskine illustrated, reflect on the degraded station he must forthwith occupy, as soon as either the tyranny of the government, or the unbounded sway of the judges in political matters, shall be established. Into what insignificance he must sink—in what vile and hopeless dependence on others he must continue to exercise his talents. And if the rights of the people, and the love of his country, have no claims upon him, let him show his regard for his own character and independence, by the temperate, discreet and sober, yet manly and courageous discharge of his highest, and not his most arduous duties. But they who serve on juries should look well to the times; their task is more important; and each individual, in this capacity, has far more power. Let every honest and free-spirited man, when called upon to determine, whether a person shall be consigned for eighteen months or two years to a prison, well reflect on the doom to which he is handing him over; and be fully convinced, that the work for which he is dealing out such a fate to a fellow-creature, is in reality so pernicious to society as to justify such high punishments. Let him examine it tho-

roughly with this view ; and, by the effects it produces on himself, let him judge how far it is likely to raise revolt and disaffection amongst others. If he thinks our government so firmly established in the institutions of the state, and in the affections of the people, and so well deserving their support from its general excellences, as to be in no danger from the freest discussions—let him rather leave the writings of the factious to be answered, and exposed by the well-affected, than endanger—nay destroy—the freedom of the government altogether, by assisting the blows meditated at the liberty of the press, and consigning to the greatest punishments those who have exercised that liberty.

We urge these considerations with the greater earnestness, because we are intimately persuaded that many very worthy and well-meaning persons, have suffered themselves to be led away by a groundless apprehension, propagated by interested and designing men, that serious dangers are likely to arise from what is called the licentiousness of the press ; and that the only way of counteracting the evils which unquestionably do spring up along with the fruits of its liberty (for what human production, or possession, is untainted with these ?), is to keep a rigorous watch over discussion. For our own parts, in proportion to our confidence in the excellence of the constitution, is our belief in its stability ; and we shall never consent to think its only defences are force and fear, so long as we see no reason for its dreading to be supported by fair argument. When was there a work ever published, which, if let alone, or left to be refuted by an antagonist, would have shaken the government, or even materially affected the tranquillity of the state for a single hour ? And whence arises this nameless dread of something, which no man ever saw, or could trace in its effects ? It arises from delusions practised by those who know far better. Bad rulers hate free discussion ; and profligate weak princes, and their favourites and ministers, who have not the sense to pursue a system of arbitrary measures, or to defend their schemes by putting down inquiry, are alive to the personal abuse with which they are assailed, and hate the light which exposes their ridiculous or hateful features. All this would, however, not suffice, as long as juries were the judges of libel. But the press, by being too often prostituted to the defamation of private character, loses many a friend who might help it in the day of trial, and acquires even pretty determined enemies among men, whom otherwise the arts of a corrupt government would not move from their independent principles. To persons in this predicament we chiefly address ourselves ; and implore them to consider, that they act a weak and unmanly part, in proscribing all the good, for the crimes of a few unworthy men ; and, if they will not excuse the errors of the

press—in consideration of its virtues—of the vast benefits which it has rendered the world;—if they will not bear in mind the saying of Lord Chatham, that it is, like the air, a chartered libertine; let them at least reflect on the ruin which must follow, if they sacrifice its liberty to a desire of punishing those who abuse it: and, calmly asking themselves what mighty harm a few scurrilous paragraphs can do an immense establishment, fortified all around with revenues, armies, and functionaries—let them leave those who malign our institutions, to be answered by reasoning, and by appeals to the fact;—while for those who abuse the privileges of discussion, by invading the sanctity of private character, there are just penalties prepared, which the warmest advocates of a free press would be the last to wish diminished, or repealed.

The argument in *Morton v. Ferm*, is extremely short, and only valuable on account of the principle which it illustrates. A verdict had been obtained of 2000*l.* by the plaintiff, who was formerly housekeeper to the defendant, and had cohabited with him on promise of marriage. After living with her, he had contrived to get rid of her, and married another person. In consequence of this treatment and disappointment, the plaintiff's health, as well as peace of mind, had been destroyed. The plaintiff was a widow, past the usual age of marriage; the defendant an old man; and both parties remarkably deficient in personal charms. The principle contended for by Mr. Erskine, in showing cause against a rule obtained by Mr. Wallace for a new trial on the ground of excessive damages, was, that though, in cases where the claim is regulated by pecuniary, or other contracts of a certain definite nature, or founded on damages done to property in a certain calculable shape, the Court may interfere, if the jury have gone very wide of the mark; yet, where the compensation is for an injury not definite, nor capable of being accurately computed, the jury are the fit judges of the amount, provided the case has been fairly and fully before them. This ground he maintained with success; and the rule was discharged.

We hasten to the two remaining speeches in this volume, (passing over that in the Bishop of Bangor's case as well known)—those in cases of adultery. They contain some of the finest specimens of Mr. Erskine's eloquence; and we trust we shall be able to lay a few of the passages before our readers, without being under the necessity of particularizing names. In the one, he was counsel for the plaintiff; and the defendant having suffered judgment to go by default, this address was delivered before the under-sheriff and his jury, impanelled to assess the damages, in execution of the writ of inquiry. In the other, he was counsel for the defendant at the trial in the Court of King's Bench.

Perhaps the circumstances in which the first of these speeches

was delivered, are little known to many of our readers. The majesty of English justice,—which is ample and full, while the parties are at issue, and the Court in which the record is, or the Judge to whom it is sent for trial, have the whole treatment of the cause,—sinks into rather an obscure form, when the general statement of the facts is no longer disputed, and the only remaining question between the parties relates to the amount of the compensation due. This point, frequently the most important of all, is left to the ministerial officer, or his deputy, who is generally a practising attorney, assisted by a junior barrister, and a common jury. The Court, thus constituted, meets in any room which may be provided for the purpose :—In the present case, it assembled in the King's Arms Tavern, in Palace-Yard. The first object of Mr. Erskine was, therefore, to counteract the natural effect of these circumstances, and to raise the dignity of the place, and form of procedure, by all his arts ; and he judiciously recurs to the same topic in his peroration. After describing the early intimacy, and long-continued friendship of the parties, he proceeds—

“ Yet, dreadful to relate, and it is, indeed, the bitterest evil of which the plaintiff has to complain, a criminal intercourse for nearly five years before the discovery of the connexion, had most probably taken place. I will leave you to consider what must have been the feelings of such a husband, upon the fatal discovery that his wife, and such a wife, had conducted herself in a manner that not merely deprived him of her comfort and society, but placed him in a situation too horrible to be described. If a man without children is suddenly cut off by an adulterer from all the comforts and happiness of marriage, the discovery of *his* condition is happiness itself, when compared with that to which the plaintiff is reduced. When children, by a woman lost for ever to the husband by the arts of the adulterer, are begotten in the unsuspected days of virtue and happiness, there remains a consolation ; mixed, indeed, with the most painful reflections, yet a consolation still.—But what is the plaintiff's situation ?—He does not know at *what time* this heavy calamity fell upon him—he is tortured with the most afflicting of all human sensations. When he looks at the children, whom he is by law bound to protect and to provide for, and from whose existence he ought to receive the delightful return which the union of instinct and reason has provided for the continuation of the world, he knows not whether he is lavishing his fondness and affection upon his own children, or upon the seed of a villain sown in the bed of his honour and his delight. He starts back with horror, when, instead of seeing his own image reflected from their infant features, he thinks he sees the destroyer of his happiness—a midnight robber introduced into his house, under professions of friendship and brotherhood—a plunderer, not in the repositories of his treasure, which may be supplied, or lived without,—“ *but there where*

*he had garnered up his hopes,—Where either he must live, or bear no life."* p. 176, 178.

We know not how this may please some readers, such as those few who thought our praise of the other speeches too unbounded; but to us it does appear the perfection of simple and beautiful composition. We extract the following reflections on the law as it regards this subject—but without pursuing the subject which they start; as we may have another opportunity of treating it at large.

"But there are other wrongs which cannot be estimated in money:

"You cannot minister to a *mind* disease."

You cannot redress a man who is wronged beyond the possibility of redress:—the law has no means of restoring to him what he has lost. God himself, as he has constituted human nature, has no means of alleviating such an injury as the one I have brought before you. While the sensibilities, affections, and feelings he has given to man remain, it is impossible to heal a wound which strikes so deep into the soul. When you have given to a plaintiff, in damages, all that figures can number, it is as nothing;—he goes away hanging down his head in sorrow, accompanied by his wretched family, dispirited and dejected. Nevertheless, the law has given a civil action for adultery, and, strange to say, it has given *nothing else*. The law commands that the injury shall be compensated (as far as it is practicable) *IN MONEY*, because courts of *civil* justice have no other means of compensation *THAN money*; and the only question, therefore, and which *you* upon your oaths are to decide, is this—Has the plaintiff sustained an injury up to the extent which he has complained of? Will twenty thousand pounds place him in the same condition of comfort and happiness that he enjoyed before the adultery, and which the adulterer has deprived him of? You know that it will not. Ask your own hearts the question, and you will receive the same answer. I should be glad to know, then, upon what principle, as it regards the *private* justice which the plaintiff has a right to, or upon what principle, as the example of that justice affects the public and the remotest generations of mankind, you can reduce this demand even in a single farthing." p. 180, 181.

Having applied these reflexions, and brought them all to bear on his case, so as to increase the amount of damages by their assistance, he touches another string for the same purpose; and we pray our readers to mark, that, wide as he may seem to begin from the point he aims at, and largely as his fancy may appear to roam, luxuriating in the outskirts of his subject, not an idea is ever started by this great advocate, which the matter in issue could have spared, or which he does not bring round to the very object he has immediately in view; and then we find,

that it has been not merely the most pleasing train of description which he has been pursuing, but the course most directly conducive to the accomplishment of his purpose.

"I had occasion, not a great while ago, to remark to a jury, that the wholesome institutions of the civilized world came seasonably in aid of the dispensations of Providence for our well-being in the world. If I were to ask, what it is that prevents the prevalence of the crime of incest, by taking away those otherwise natural impulses, from the promiscuous gratification of which we should become like the beasts of the field, and lose all the intellectual endearments which are at once the pride and the happiness of man? What is it that renders our houses pure, and our families innocent? It is that, by the wise institutions of all civilized nations, there is placed a kind of guard against the human passions, in that sense of impropriety and dishonour, which the law has raised up, and impressed with almost the force of a second nature. This wise and politic restraint beats down, by the habits of the mind, even a propensity to incestuous commerce, and opposes those inclinations, which nature, for wise purposes, has implanted in our breasts at the approach of the other sex. It holds the mind in chains against the seductions of beauty. It is a moral feeling in perpetual opposition to human infirmity. It is like an angel from heaven placed to guard us against propensities which are evil. It is *that* warning voice, gentlemen, which enables you to embrace your daughter, however lovely, without feeling that you are of a different sex. It is *that* which enables you, in the same manner, to live familiarly with your nearest female relations, without those desires which are natural to man.

"Next to the tie of blood (if not, indeed, before it), is the sacred and spontaneous relation of friendship. The man who comes under the roof of a married friend, ought to be under the dominion of the same moral restraint: and, thank God, generally is so, from the operation of the causes which I have described. Though not insensible to the charms of female beauty, he receives its impressions under a habitual reserve, which honour imposes. Hope is the parent of desire, and honour tells him he must not hope. Loose thoughts may arise, but they are rebuked and dissipated—

"Evil into the mind of God or man

"May come and go, so unapprov'd, and leave

"No spot or blame behind."

"Gentlemen, I trouble you with these reflexions, that you may be able properly to appreciate the guilt of the defendant; and to show you, that you are not in a case where large allowances are to be made for the ordinary infirmities of our imperfect natures. When a man does wrong in the heat of *sudden* passion—as, for instance, when, upon receiving an affront, he rushes into immediate violence, even to the deprivation of life, the humanity of the law classes his offence amongst the lower degrees of homicide; it supposes the crime to have been committed before the mind had time to parley with itself.—But is the

criminal act of such a person, however disastrous may be the consequence, to be compared with that of the defendant?—Invited into the house of a friend,—received with the open arms of affection, as if the same parents had given them birth and bred them ;—in THIS situation, this most monstrous and wicked defendant deliberately perpetrated his crime ; and, shocking to relate, not only continued the appearances of friendship, after he had violated its most sacred obligations, but continued them as a cloak to the barbarous repetitions of his offence—writing letters of regard, whilst, perhaps, he was the father of the last child, whom his injured friend and companion was embracing and cherishing as his own.—What protection can such conduct possibly receive from the humane consideration of the law for sudden and violent passions ? A passion for a woman is progressive—it does not, like anger, gain an uncontroled ascendancy in a moment : nor is a modest matron to be seduced in a day. Such a crime cannot, therefore, be committed under the resistless dominion of *sudden* infirmity ; it must be *deliberately, wilfully, and wickedly* committed.—The defendant could not possibly have incurred the guilt of this adultery, without often passing through his mind (for he had the education and principles of a gentleman)—the very topics I have been insisting upon before you for his condemnation.—Instead of being suddenly impelled towards mischief, without leisure for such reflexions, he had innumerable difficulties and obstacles to contend with.—He could not but hear, in the first refusals of this unhappy lady, every thing to awaken conscience, and even to excite horror.—In the arguments he must have employed to seduce *her* from *her* duty, he could not but recollect, and wilfully trample upon *his own*. He was a year engaged in the pursuit—he resorted repeatedly to his shameful purpose, and advanced to it at such intervals of time and distance, as entitle me to say, that he determined in cold blood to enjoy a future and momentary gratification, at the expense of every principle of honour which is held sacred amongst gentlemen, even where no laws interpose their obligations or restraints.” p. 183, 186.

The jury gave 7000*l.* damages, supposed to be equal to the defendant's whole property.

The other speech which we proceed to notice is of the same exalted character. It was delivered in behalf of a gentleman of high family, who having been attached to a young lady of equal rank, was prevented from marrying her by the interested views of her relations, who preferred an alliance with one of the greatest houses in the kingdom. The marriage was an unhappy one : the original attachment seems never to have been replaced by any other—it revived after an interval of misery and separation—and produced the elopement which occasioned the present action. It is quite impossible, we think, for human ingenuity and eloquence to have turned those circumstances to better account than Mr. Erskine's did in this exquisite speech.

The counsel for the plaintiff having dwelt on the loss of domes-

the happiness occasioned by the seduction, Mr. Erskine meets him here at once.

“ In order, therefore, to examine this matter (and I shall support every syllable that I utter, with the most precise and uncontrovertible proofs); I will begin with drawing up the curtains of this blessed marriage-bed, whose joys are supposed to have been nipped in the bud, by the defendant’s adulterous seduction. Nothing, certainly, is more delightful to the human fancy, than the possession of a beautiful woman in the prime of health, and youthful passion: It is, beyond all doubt, the highest enjoyment which God in his benevolence, and for the wisest purposes, has bestowed upon his own image: I reverence, as I ought, that mysterious union of mind and body, which, while it continues our species, is the source of all our affections; which builds up and dignifies the condition of human life; which binds the husband to the wife, by ties more indissoluble than laws can possibly create; and which, by the reciprocal endearments arising from a mutual passion, a mutual interest, and a mutual honour, lays the foundation of that parental affection which dies in the brutes with the necessities of nature, but which reflects back again upon the human parents, the unspeakable sympathies of their offspring, and all the sweet, delightful relations of social existence.—While the curtains, therefore, are yet closed upon this bridal scene, your imaginations will naturally represent to you this charming woman, endeavouring to conceal sensations which modesty forbids the sex, however enamoured, too openly to reveal; wishing, beyond adequate expression, what she must not even attempt to express; and seemingly resisting what she burns to enjoy.—Alas, Gentlemen! you must now prepare to see in the room of this a scene of horror, and of sorrow; you must prepare to see a noble lady, whose birth surely required no further illustration; who had been courted to marriage before she ever heard even her husband’s name; and whose affections were irretrievably bestowed upon, and pledged to my honourable and unfortunate client; you must behold her given up to the plaintiff by the infatuation of parents, and stretched upon this bridal bed as upon a rack;—torn from the arms of a beloved and impassioned youth, himself of noble birth, only to secure the honours of a higher title; a legal victim on the altar of heraldry!” p. 201, 202, 203.

He then goes into the particular facts which are to support this description, and works them up to a purpose bold indeed—but not rash:—he contrives to make the parties change places, and represents the seducer as the injured person.

“ To all this it will be said by the plaintiff’s counsel (as it has indeed been hinted already), that disgust and alienation from her husband could not but be expected; but that it arose from her affection for Mr. B.—Be it so, gentlemen.—I readily admit, that if Mr. B.’s acquaintance with the lady had commenced *subsequent to the marriage*, the argument would be irresistible, and the criminal conclusion against him

unanswerable: But has Mr. H. a right to instruct his counsel to charge my honourable client with seduction when *he himself* was the SEDUCER? My learned friend deprecates the power of what he terms my pathetic eloquence: Alas, gentlemen! if I possessed it, the occasion forbids its exertion, because, Mr. B. has only to defend *himself*, and cannot demand damages from Mr. H. for depriving him of what was *his* by a title superior to any law which man has a moral right to make. Mr. H. was NEVER MARRIED. God and nature forbid the banns of such a marriage.—If, therefore, Mr. B. this day could have, by me, addressed to you his wrongs in the character of a plaintiff demanding reparation, what damages might I not have asked for him—and, without the aid of this imputed eloquence, what damages might I not have expected?

“I would have brought before you a noble youth, who had fixed his affections upon one of the most beautiful of her sex, and who enjoyed hers in return.—I would have shown you their suitable condition;—I would have painted the expectation of an honourable union, and would have concluded by showing her to you in the arms of another, by the legal prostitution of parental choice in the teeth of affection: with child by a rival, and only reclaimed at last, after so cruel and so afflicting a divorce, with her freshest charms despoiled, and her very morals in a manner impeached, by asserting the purity and virtue of her original and spotless choice.—Good God! imagine my client to be PLAINTIFF, and what damages are you not prepared to give him? and yet he is here as DEFENDANT, and damages are demanded against him.—Oh, monstrous conclusion!” p. 204, 205.

After this, he says he considers his client as perfectly safe in the hands of the jury; and may spare a moment to render his cause beneficial to the public. It might be supposed that he is in reality going to lecture upon some general topics arising out of the cause; not for the sake of really edifying his audience, but for relieving their attention, and displaying Rhetoric.—No such thing—these are arts of lesser rhetoricians.—He enlarges on such points indeed, and persuades his hearers that he is instructing them, and stepping aside for their improvement; but after thus getting the more complete and unsuspecting possession of them, he speedily, but not abruptly, turns all he has been saying to the account of his cause, by a transition perfectly natural, and indicating the purpose for which the supposed digression was indulged in.

“It involves in it an awful lesson; and more instructive lessons are taught in courts of justice than the church is able to inculcate.—Morals come in the cold abstract from pulpits; but men smart under them practically when we lawyers are the preachers. Let the aristocracy of England, which trembles so much for itself, take heed to its own security: let the nobles of England, if they mean to preserve that pre-eminence which, in some shape or other, must exist in every social

community, take care to support it by aiming at that which is creative, and alone creative, of real superiority. Instead of matching themselves to supply wealth, to be again idly squandered in debauching excesses, or to round the quarters of a family shield; instead of continuing their names and honours in cold and alienated embraces, amidst the enervating rounds of shallow dissipation, let them live as their fathers of old lived before them;—let them marry as affection and prudence lead the way; and in the ardours of mutual love, and in the simplicities of rural life, let them lay the foundation of a vigorous race of men, firm in their bodies, and moral from early habits; and instead of wasting their fortunes and their strength in the tasteless circles of debauchery, let them light up their magnificent and hospitable halls to the gentry and peasantry of the country, extending the consolations of wealth and influence to the poor.—Let them but do this,—and instead of those dangerous and distracted divisions between the different ranks of life, and those jealousies of the multitude so often blindly painted as big with destruction; we should see our country as one large and harmonious family,—which can never be accomplished amidst vice and corruption, by wars or treaties, by informations *ex officio* for libels, or by any of the tricks and artifices of the state;—would to God this system had been followed in the instance before us!—Surely the noble house of F. needed no further illustration; nor the still nobler house of H.,—with blood enough to have inoculated half the kingdom.” p. 205, 207.

The speech concludes with such a representation of the defender's circumstances as might conduce to the same end—the diminution of damages. Whether he was successful or not, the reader may judge, when he learns, that only 500*l.* were given;—barely enough to cover an application for a divorce bill.

We shall now close this article, which we trust will not be thought tedious, however extended in length, by such as have read the extracts, which give it the whole value it possesses. It is too late to indulge in general reflexions upon a professional career, about which the world has long since made up its mind. Nothing now remains but to admire its lustre, and to lament that it has been terminated,—not indeed by events which took Mr. Erskine from a new sphere, to which the habits of his previous life were little adapted, and in which he could have experienced no great comfort, however necessary for his fame and for the honour of the profession his elevation to it might have been. Nor yet do we mourn because the prospect of his return to the same sphere has been overcast. But we may be allowed to express a sincere, though unavailing regret, that the strange and humiliating events which have recently inflicted such injuries on the country, should have deprived it of the services which Lord Erskine might still render, in returning to the courts of common law, and filling a high magisterial station in those scenes where his life was spent.

In concluding these reflexions, we cannot avoid recurring to the topic with which our former article on the same subject was wound up. To hold up Lord Erskine's skill and eloquence to the younger members of the profession for their models, might be in most instances unavailing. But every one, however slenderly gifted, may follow him close in the path of pure honour and unsullied integrity ;—above all—of high and unbending independence,—incapable of being seduced or awed, either by the political or judicial influence of the times. Had he not been the first in this path—had his powers been exerted in obsequiousness to the government, or in time-serving or timid submission to the courts of justice, *we*, at least, should not have stepped aside to attempt the task of praising his eloquence. He might have spoken with the tongue of an angel, if his cause had not been that of the people—and conducted with dauntless resistance to power—unceasing enmity to every kind of oppression, by whomsoever attempted. Covered over with honours (as they are called)—satiated with wealth—bepraised in every court and assembly within the realm—one thing he would still have found beyond the reach either of his talents or his power :—the humble, but honest, and therefore not worthless, tribute of praise which we have given, not to the orator, but to the friend of the people.

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FROM THE BRITISH CRITIC.

A Narrative of a Three Years' Residence in France, principally in the Southern Departments, from the year 1802 to 1805 ; including some authentic particulars respecting the early life of the French emperor, and a general inquiry into his character. By Anne Plumptre. In three vols. 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d. Mawman, &c. &c. 1810.

WE have long wished for leisure and opportunity to pay our respects to this our Frenchified countrywoman. We were well aware that the school in which we know she was formerly a disciple, namely, that of the notorious Miss Helen Maria Williams, was of that kind, in which the best principles must incur the danger of contamination, if not of total corruption. But we could hardly suppose, that the most violent prejudices could so far predominate, or perverseness of intellect so far prevail, that an English woman should be found gravely and deliberately sitting down, to see nothing good and amiable, sound or wise, in the manners and institutions of her country, whenever brought into competition with that of revolutionized France. Will any reader believe, that a female native of England, an individual of respect-

table connexions, good education, and by no means contemptible abilities should be found, who can not only palliate, but justify the most atrocious proceedings of the French and their tyrant; but who can with a certain degree of subtlety explain away the most reprehensible acts of the French government, and who volunteers the defence of those acts of Bonaparte, which have excited the astonishment and provoked the indignation of mankind. Mrs. or Miss Plumptre for having been domiciliated in France, she has probably the opportunity of accepting either appellation, can see nothing wrong in the murder of the Duke D'Enghein, whilst the ill-starred expedition to Copenhagen merits every disgusting mark of reprehension. It is hardly worth while to be minutely circumstantial, but after a careful perusal of these volumes we are compelled to observe, with a mixture of indignation and regret, that wherever a comparison is made between the manners, circumstances, and individuals of France and England, the latter is of no consideration in the balance. Even Robespierre is mild; Bonaparte magnanimous, clement, far from irritable, indeed all that is good, wise, great, and amiable. A few atrocious facts and incidents are, indeed, allowed to have taken place in the tumult and confusion unavoidable from a revolution; but how could it be otherwise? For with a few real patriots, "there were many who were actuated only by a desire of seeing every thing thrown into anarchy and confusion." It is somewhat extraordinary, that this slipshod lady could allow even so much as this. It is really, in our opinion, much to be lamented, that Mrs. or Miss Plumptre did not stay in France to enjoy all these transcendent blessings which so elevate that country in the scale of happiness and prosperity beyond her own.

Her delights commence immediately on her arrival at Calais. Mengaud forsooth, the Commissary of the Police, notorious for his insolence and ill-treatment of Englishmen and their families, behaved to Mrs. or Miss P. with civility and respect. But she was the companion of a Frenchman and his wife, and was in all probability so effectually *Frenchified*, that he never imagined that she could be an English-woman. One of her first impressions with respect to Bonaparte was, that he was a *religious man*!!! which she believed, and of course still believes. The lively lady is impatient to begin her comparisons between *delightful* France and *odious* England, and, as before observed, the latter sinks perpetually in the comparison. Shakespeare is stupid and dull; Westminster Abbey is nothing compared with the Museum of French monuments; the views from the dome of St. Paul's contemptible with those from a certain part of Paris, &c. &c.

Then again, the poor King of France and his Queen were, of course, the one contemptible, the other profligate; every anecdote,

without question of its authenticity, told to the disrepute of either, circumstantially detailed and religiously believed; whilst doubt, and distrust, and scorn attach to every thing related in their vindication. To sum up the whole, Bonaparte is the god of this Mrs. or Miss Plumptre's idolatry; he it is who has rendered the French happy; France, and every thing French, is the standard by which this lively lady measures all excellence, virtue, wisdom, sound policy, and good manners.

We are truly sorry to see this; but having expressed our dislike and disapprobation, we are not reluctant to acknowledge, that these volumes will still be found very entertaining; a multitude of interesting anecdotes occur, which were certainly communicated from the most undoubted authority; the lady is observant, well-informed, properly inquisitive, and by no means without sagacity. We therefore, as a matter of justice, subjoin one or two specimens for the reader's amusement.

"An English lady and her son, with whom I had become acquainted at Paris, had one day made a party with Mons. and Madame B— and myself, to go and see the Jardin des Plantes, and the manufactory of the Gobelins' tapestry, which is at a very short distance. As they lie in a quarter of the town remote from that which we inhabited, we agreed to dine at the garden, and walk home in the cool of the evening. All that we had planned for the day was done, and we were about setting out on our return home, when looking cross the river at the spot where the Bastille once stood, and which was directly opposite to us, our Anglaise said that, though she had been some months at Paris, she had not yet been there, but that it was her intention some day or other to make a pilgrimage thither. And why delay this to another time? we said: it was but crossing the water, and we could then return home by the North Boulevards; our walk, it was true, would by these means be somewhat lengthened, but the route would be much pleasanter, and as the evening was very fine, such an extension of our walk would be far from disagreeable.

"This was no sooner proposed than unanimously agreed to, and we accordingly embarked without delay to cross the river. As it was late, however, before the plan had been thought of, the dusk of evening was beginning to steal upon us by the time we reached the site of the Bastille. This spot, which ought to be consecrated to some national monument, is now converted into what the French call a *chantier*, that is a large magazine of billets for firing. It is open all day, and there is a public passage through it from Fauxbourg St Antoine to the Arsenal, but it is locked up at night. As we were looking about, we fell into conversation with two men whom we found there, and soon learned that they were heroes of the fourteenth of July, and had actually assisted in the ever-memorable exploit of that day,—the forcing the fortress which stood on that ground, till then deemed impregnable. Could any thing be more interesting than to meet with two of these heroes, on the very spot which had been the scene of their pro-

wess! A few questions were sufficient to encourage them to enter at large upon the subject; and they began a detail of the affair from beginning to end: like Alexander, they

“ Fought all their battles o'er again,  
And thrice they routed all their foes,  
And thrice they slew the slain.”

“ As they related each circumstance, they led us to the spot where it had happened; they showed us where each particular part of the building had stood; they pointed out to us the remains of a *cachot*, enough of which was still left to give a perfect idea of the nature of these dungeons, and to make one shudder at the idea of a fellow-creature having been immured in it. They, in short, seemed as little weary with relating as we with listening; so that we never thought about separating till the night had completely closed upon us, and the heavens above were spangled with thousands and ten thousands of stars. Warned thus that it was time to think of retiring, we bent our course to the great gate of the *chantier*; but when we arrived there, we had the mortification to find that we had already outstayed our time, and that it was fast locked. What now was to be done? There was a small house near the gate: our heroes called and called repeatedly, in hopes of making themselves heard by the inhabitants, but all in vain. One of them then attempted to climb the gate, but that he found impossible; so that after making every effort to get released without effect, it seemed as if we should be compelled to take up our lodging there for the night, and none of us much relished the idea of imprisonment in the Bastille, though it would be only for a few hours, and not in a *cachot*. At length one of our companions suggested, that near the other gate leading to the arsenal a sentinel was posted, and by going thither we might possibly make him hear, and he might be able to assist in extricating us from our difficulty. Thither then we repaired, and soon succeeded in making ourselves heard by the sentinel, who, to our unspeakable consolation, said that he expected to be relieved every moment, and he would then go to the owner of the *chantier*, and send him to let us out. This promise he punctually performed; and we had not been long returned to the other gate, when we had the satisfaction of hearing the key thrust into the lock, the joyful signal of our deliverance.

“ *Voici, qui est tout à fait comique,*” said the keeper of our prison, as he opened the gate; “ *vraiment, je ne croyois pas avoir encore renfermé des prisonniers dans la Bastille.*”—“ *Oui,*” said one of our heroes, “ *mais Dieu en soit béni, nous voici hors d'affaire, et sans même avoir été contraint de faire nos chemises.*”” And now, after thanking the gaoler,

\* “ Well, this is altogether comic. Indeed I did not suppose, that I had once more shut up prisoners in the Bastille.” “ Yes,” answered the other, “ but thank God we are out of the scrape, and without being obliged even to pull our shirts to pieces.”—It will be recollected, that he here alludes to the escape of *Masters de la Tude*, who ravelled out a number of shirts to make the cordage by means of which he formed the ladder that assisted him to descend from his prison.

we took leave of our warriors, who expressed much regret, that night coming on had cut them short in their narration; "*car nous aurions pu vous raconter encore tant de choses*,"\* they said. But perhaps, they added, we might some time or other come that way again, and perhaps they might meet with us again, and perhaps it might not be so late in the evening, and then they should be able to relate all that yet remained untold; "*en supposant toujours*,"† they concluded "*que cela puisse vous faire plaisir*."‡ We thanked them, and assured them that nothing would give us greater pleasure than such a meeting; and so with mutual good wishes and congratulations on our enlargement we parted. Of our good sentinel we saw no more; having rendered us the service we wanted, he went his way, nor came with the man who opened the gate, to receive the recompense which he might reasonably have expected." Vol. I. p. 105.

The accounts of the horrors perpetrated and sustained at Lyons in the first convulsions of the revolution are exceedingly well detailed, and beyond doubt authentic. It forms a curious, interesting, and pathetic narrative. The extreme interest of the tale will excuse its length.

"On the ninth of December, seventy-two prisoners were condemned, and thrown into the cave of death, there to await the execution of their sentence. This could not be the next day, because it was the decadi: one of the prisoners, by name Porral, only twenty-two years of age, of a bold and ardent spirit, profited of this interval to devise a plan of escape. His sisters, having, by means of a very large bribe, obtained access to this abode of horrors, began to weep around him. "It is not now a time to weep," said he, "it is the moment to arm ourselves with resolution and activity, and endeavour to find some way by which we can elude our menaced fate. Bring me files, a chissel, a turnscrew, and other instruments; bring wine in abundance, bring poniards, that, if reduced to extremity, we may not perish without the means of defence. By this grate, which looks into the *rue Lafond*, you can give me these things, I will be in waiting there the whole day to receive them."

"The sisters retired, and in the course of the day at different visits brought a variety of tools, twelve fowls, and about sixty bottles of wine. Porral communicated his project to four others, bold and active like himself, and the whole business was arranged. The evening arrived, a general supper was proposed, the last they should ever eat. The prisoners supped well, exhorting each other to meet their fate the next morning with heroism, to brave their tyrants with their last breath. The wine was handed briskly about till the heads of the company began to turn, and in the end they were all laid fast asleep.

"At eleven o'clock the five associates began their labours. One of them was placed as a sentinel near the door of the cave, armed with a poniard ready to despatch the turnkey, if, at his visit at two o'clock in

\* "For there are so many other things which we could have told you.

† "Supposing always that it would be agreeable to you."

the morning, he should appear to suspect any thing particular to be going forward: the others, putting off their coats, began to make their researches.

"At the extremity of the second cave they found a large door, and on this they began their operations. It was of oak, and double barred; by degrees the hinges gave way to the file, and the door was no longer held by them; still, however, they could not force it open, it was retained by something on the other side. A hole was made in it with the chissel, and looking through, they perceived that it was tied by a very strong rope to a post at a little distance. This was a terrible moment, they endeavoured in vain to cut the rope with the chissel or the file, but they could not reach it: at length one of the party hit upon an expedient. He returned to the cave and begged a little piece of wax-candle of Fromental, a notary, in whose possession he remembered to have seen such a thing, Fromental, half-asleep, gave it to him; it was lighted and tied to the end of a stick, then thrust through the hole in the door till it reached the cord which in a short time it burnt asunder. The door was then opened, and the adventurers proceeded forward.

"They found themselves in another vault, in the midst of which was a large slab of stone, which seemed laid there for some particular purpose. They struck upon it, when a hollow noise came from within. This gave them hopes that it was a place to cover the entrance of some subterraneous passage; perhaps it might be one that led to the Rhone. They immediately began to employ all their efforts to remove the stone, in which they at length succeeded, and found to their inexpressible transport that they were not deceived in their conjectures, that it was indeed a subterraneous passage, and they doubted not that here they should find an issue. They then tied their handkerchiefs together; and one of them, named Labatre, taking hold of the end with one hand, and carrying a light in the other, descended to explore the place. Alas! their hopes were in a moment blasted:—instead of finding any passage by which they could escape, he perceived that this was only an old well dried up, and heaped with rubbish. Labatre turned with a heavy heart—some other means of escape must be sought.

"A door at the extremity of the cave now appeared their only resource. On this they set to work; but after having forced the lock and hinges, still the door resisted their efforts, they could not get it open. They had again recourse to the chissel, and having made a hole, they discovered that the obstacle now was two pieces of stone laid against it. They pushed with all their might, and at length dislodging one of the stones, it fell down, and with it fell the door.

"But this led only to another vault, which served as a dépôt for confiscated effects and merchandize. Among other things was a large trunk full of shirts. They profited of this discovery, to make an exchange of linen; and instead of the clean ones which they took, they left their own covered with filth and vermin. Two doors, besides that at which they had entered, now offered themselves to their choice. They began to attack one; but they had scarcely applied the file, when

they were alarmed with the barking of a dog behind it. A general consternation seized the party ; the work was stopped in an instant : perhaps the door led into the apartments of the gaoler. This idea recalled to their minds, that it was now near two o'clock, the time of his visit.

" One of the party returned towards the cave of death, to see whether all was safe ; and it was agreed to suspend their labours till his return. They had, indeed, need of some moments of rest ; they took advantage of them to fortify themselves for the rest of their work by taking some wine. " I do not, in general, like wine," said one of the prisoners to me in relating his story, " but never did I take any thing with greater pleasure than that which I drank in this gloomy cave. At every drop I swallowed, my arm seemed strengthened, my courage fortified ; wine did, indeed, on this occasion, appear truly to strengthen man's heart."

" When he who had been sent as a scout returned, he said, that at his arrival at the cave of death he had shuddered with horror at finding the turnkey there already. He, however, who had been left as sentinel, had engaged him to drink with him ; and the scout joining the party, they plied him so well, that he at last reeled off without much examining the cave, and was in all probability laid fast asleep for the rest of the night. This was very consoling news. Quitting then the door at which they heard the dog bark, they applied themselves to the other. They found here folding doors, one of which was held by a bar of iron. The bar was easily loosened, and the door opened.

" But they were not yet at the end of their labours. They only found themselves in a long dark passage. At the end they perceived another door, but listening they heard voices behind it. They looked through a crack ; the glimmering remains of a fire in the room showed them some men extended on a heap of straw. Are these more prisoners ? was the first idea that presented itself to their minds : if so, we must join party with them, and escape together. But one of the men raising himself up, they perceived that he was in the national uniform, and found that the door led in fact to the guard-house. This was a terrible stroke ; had they then got so far only to meet with a worse obstacle than any they had yet encountered ?—must all their labours prove at length fruitless ?

" One only resource remained, and this was a door which they had passed on the side of the passage, and which they had not attempted, because they conceived it must lead to the great court of the Hôtel de Ville, and they had rather found some other exit. In effect, having forced the door, it appeared that they were not mistaken, that they were at the bottom of a staircase which led into the court.

" It was now half past four o'clock : the morning was dark and cold, while rain and snow were falling in abundance. The associates embraced each other with transport, and were preparing to mount the staircase, when Parrot cried " What are you about !—if we attempt to go out at present, all is over with us. The gate is now shut, and if any one should be perceived in the court, the alarm would be

instantly given, and all would be discovered. After having had the courage to penetrate thus far, let us have resolution still to wait awhile. At eight o'clock the gate will be opened, and the passage through the court free. We can then steal out by degrees, and mingling with the numbers that are constantly passing and repassing, we can get away without being perceived. It is not till ten o'clock that the prisoners are summoned away to execution ; between eight and ten there will be time for us all to get away. We will return to the cave, and when the time of departure arrives, each of us five will advertise two others of the means of escape offered. We shall then be fifteen, and going out at three at a time, we shall pass unobserved. Let the last three, as they set out, advertise fifteen others, and thus in succession we may all escape." This plan appeared judicious and safe ; it was unanimously agreed to, and the associates returning to the cave, made choice of those who should first be informed of what they had done.

"Montellier, a notary, was one to whom the means of escape was offered. "I thank you," said he to him who offered it, "but I will tell you as a secret, that I have been mistaken for my brother, who has fled the country. Of this the judges have been informed ; they are convinced of their mistake, and to-morrow morning I shall be set at liberty. I would not, therefore, hazard the danger of being proscribed by an attempt to escape." Alas ! how deceitful was the vision he had formed to himself ! At noon the next day Montellier was no more.

"The ci-devant baron de Chaffoy, a man still in the flower of his age, was also instructed in the way of escape that was opened. "No," he answered, "life has nothing now to offer which can make it worth my acceptance ; all my ties in this world are broken. I have felt the sentiments of affection as strongly as any one ; they never contributed to my happiness. I had an annual income of thirty thousand livres, I have lost it all. My father has been guillotined ; it was a fate he little merited. I do not believe that I merit it myself, yet I shall submit to it."

"The fate of the fifteen who had fled was not entirely similar ; and the escape of the rest was prevented by the imprudence of one of them. The last of the fifteen, who, at quitting the cave, was, according to the plan arranged, privately to apprise fifteen others, instead of doing so, cried aloud, "*the passage is open ; let him that can escape.*" This excited a great movement among the prisoners : they arose in an instant, doubting whether what they heard could be true, or whether he who had uttered these words was not mad. The noise they made alarmed the sentinel without ; he called to the turnkeys ; they hastened immediately to the cave, perceived what had been done, and closing up the door by which the prisoners had escaped, placed a strong guard before it. Nesple, who had excited this movement, was, with three others, retaken and executed.

"Another of the fugitives took refuge in the house of a friend, in an obscure street near the 'Change, who consented to conceal him. Almost at the instant of his entering, a party of those who had been sent in pursuit of the prisoners, came into the house to make a search

there. The fugitive, however, was so well concealed that he was not discovered; but the inquisitors finding the picture of a priest in the house, were angry, and ran their bayonets through it. The master of the house remonstrated, saying, that the priest was his brother. The soldiers, to punish him, carried him away with them, and ordered the seals to be put upon the house. The fugitive, left alone, came forth from his hiding-place; and, frightened lest he should perish for want of food, uttered many cries and deep groans. An old woman, who lived at the next door, heard them; and knowing that the house had been just shut up, was alarmed in her turn, thinking that it was a spirit: she ran in haste to the section, and assured them that she had heard a spirit walking about the house, and turning every thing topsy-turvy. Guards were sent again to search, the fugitive was found, brought back, and guillotined.

"It was not thus with Porral, the original author of the plan. He was the first that came forth from the cave. As he passed the sentinel in the court, "My good friend," said he, "it rains and snows very hard; were I in your place, I would not remain out of doors in such villainous weather, but would go to the fire in the guard-room." The sentinel thanked him, and following his advice, the coast was left more clear for the prisoners. Porral took refuge in the house of one who was considered as a good patriot. A party of the commissaries entered, and related the abominable escape of a number of the rascals destined to be guillotined that morning. Porral put a good face upon the matter, and swore at the rascals with them; not forgetting to belabour also the gaolers, who did not look better after their prey. The commissaries after a while retired, and Porral then began to think of making his way out of the city as fast as possible. When he arrived at the Place Belle-cour, he found parties of the gendarmerie dispersed every where. Porral went into a house, and making known who he was, entreated an asylum. The inhabitants were women, timid to excess; but the desire of saving an innocent person rendered them courageous. They conducted him into a garret, and concealed him behind some planks standing up in a corner. The gens-d'armes arrived; they searched the house; they came into the garret where Porral was concealed. Here they found a large cask, the top of which was fastened down with a padlock. They asked for the key: the women had not got it about them, and went down stairs for it. While they were gone, one of the gens-d'armes leaned against the planks, while a second said, "'Twould be droll enough if we were to find one of the fugitives in this cask."—"More likely plate or money," says a third, "for it seems devilish heavy." The key at length arrived; the cask was unlocked, and was found to be full of salt. The gens-d'armes swore at the disappointment, visited the roof of the house, and retired. In the evening, Porral dressed in woman's clothes, with a basket on his head, and another on his arm, passed the bridge of La Guillotiere, and quitted the city.

"Gabriel, another of the fugitives, concealed himself among some bushes in the marshes of the *Travaux Perache*. The snow fell; he was almost covered with it. In the evening, when he would have

quitted his inhospitable lodging, his feet and hands were so benumbed, that he could not use them; he seemed to have escaped the guillotine but to be frozen to death. By a great effort, however, he contrived to disengage himself from the bushes; and rolling himself well in the snow, he found warmth and life begin to return to his limbs: at last they so far recovered, that he was able to walk, and got away from the city into a place of safety.

"The young Couchoux, who was one of the five that had opened the way for escape, made choice of his father, near eighty years old, as one of the fifteen; but the poor old man's legs were swelled and full of ulcers. "Fly, my son," said he, "if thou hast the opportunity; fly, this instant; I command it thee as an act of duty; but it is impossible that I should fly with thee. I have lived long enough; my troubles will soon be finished; and death will be deprived of its sting if I can know that thou art in safety." His son assured him that he would not quit the prison without him, and that his persisting in his refusal would only end in the destruction of both. The father, overcome by his dutiful affection, yielded, and supported by his son, made his way to the bottom of the staircase; but to ascend it was out of his power: he could just drag his legs along the ground, but to lift them up was impossible. His son, though low in stature, and not strong, took him up in his arms; the desire of saving his father gave him strength, and he carried him to the top of the stairs. His filial piety was rewarded, and both escaped." p. 346.

We not unreluctantly repeat, that a great deal of entertaining matter occurs in these volumes, and that numerous anecdotes might have been selected of great and peculiar interest; but in every page we are disgusted with the impertinence, flippancy, and self-conceit of the writer.

The elaborate vindication of Bonaparte, with which the volumes conclude, the superficial knowledge of the real political conditions of the various states of Europe, accompanied with the presumptuous and peremptory tone with which judgment is pronounced on questions the most delicate and the most difficult, cannot but excite mingled sensations of pity and contempt.

The writer has unquestionably talents which, properly cultivated and properly directed, might have been ornamental to literature and useful to herself. She must now be satisfied with the scanty portion of praise, limited to the very small circle in which she, in all probability, is doomed to move; of her Frenchified countrymen, or of natives of France domiciliated among us. We the more lament this, as we understand Mrs. or Miss Plumptre is the daughter of a dignitary of the church of England, revered for his piety, and beloved for his domestic virtues, and who would deeply and bitterly have lamented, could he have foreseen the result of an excellent education, bestowed for very different purposes, and with far different expectations.

FROM THE LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

*Temper, a Tale, in three Vols. by Mrs. Opie. Published by Messrs. Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Browne, 1812.*

MRS. OPIE will increase the reputation she has so deservedly acquired by her present production. The fair Author has, in this work, exemplified the influence of Temper upon various characters under the various circumstances of discipline, want of discipline, and trying situations; the effect is to ameliorate and improve the heart, temper, and understanding. There is a chasteness in the language, a self-command, a propriety and unaffectedness, in all that is said and done by the prominent characters, intended for examples and imitation, that impresses us with great respect and veneration for them.

The first character, Torrington, exhibits all the dire effects, from infancy to age, of an ill-governed temper, both as it affects her conduct, and the disasters of her life, originating in and proceeding from the over indulgence of a weak and fond parent. Agatha is drawn with life, spirit, and fidelity; in her misfortunes, the consequence of unbridled temper, which are truly pitiable, she discovers many noble and amiable qualities; and the catastrophe of her life is extremely tragic and affecting. She marries, against her mother's consent, to a stranger, who, after the birth of a daughter, named Emma, and having squandered her property, treats her with neglect, and she discovers that he is attempting to deceive and marry another woman for her fortune, to relieve his present wants. Agatha, with her infant daughter, flies from his roof; and the villain, her husband, to prevent her having the protection of her mother, contrives to have the register of their marriage torn from the parish register book, and to make her parent believe that her daughter, his wife, has not been married to him, and is abandoned and worthless. The mother becomes exasperated against her child, refuses to read her letters; and hence an infinity of woe, which terminates only with the existence of the unfortunate sufferer.

Agatha, in the climax of her misery and misfortunes, meditates her own and child's destruction; on this subject, our author says, "There is little doubt that suicides have been often, very often, occasioned merely by the vindictive wish of planting an everlasting thorn in the breast of the parent, the lover, the mistress, the wife, or the husband, whose conduct has, in the opinion of the weak sufferer, the slave of an ill-governed temper, excited the terrible cravings of a vicious resentment. Sure is it, that Temper, like the unseen but busy subterranean fires in the bosom of

a volcano, is always at work where it has once gained an existence, and is for ever threatening to explode, and scatter ruin and desolation around it. Parents, beware how you omit to check the first evidences of its empire in your children; and *tremble*, lest the powerless hand, which is only lifted in childless anger against you should, if its impotent fury remains uncorrected, in future life, be armed with more destructive fury against its own existence, or that of a fellow creature!"

This part of the tale gives occasion for the introduction of two most benevolent persons, Mr. and Mrs. Orwell, whose example, we cannot help regretting, is not more frequently to be found in real life.

We shall anticipate no more; much depends upon the difficulty of proving this marriage; and the fate of Agatha's only daughter, Emma, the heroine of the work, is, in consequence, frequently held in doubtful suspense.

Your interest in the life of Agatha, which is concluded before you have read half the first volume, is so strongly excited, that, unfortunately, it is considerably diminished for the remainder of the tale, till you arrive at the third and last volume; and yet this defect, if defect it can be called, appears to be almost unavoidable, from the necessity of contrasting this character with that of her daughter, Emma, who, with the same strong passions as her mother, under the more happy auspices and instructions of an amiable and intelligent instructor, Mr. Egerton, displays the effects of a well-regulated temper and conduct.

Whenever Mr. Egerton speaks, instruction drops from his lips: he says, "I consider Temper as one of the most busy and universal agents in all human actions. Philosophers believe that the electric fluid, though invisible, is every where in the physical world; so I believe that Temper is equally at work, though sometimes unseen, except in its effects, in the moral world. Perhaps nothing is rarer than a single motive; almost all our motives are compound; and if we examine our own hearts and actions with that accuracy and diffidence which become us as finite and responsible beings, we shall find that, of our motives to bad actions, Temper is very often a principal ingredient, and that it is not unfrequently one incitement to a good one. I am also convinced," added he, "that the crimes, both of private individuals and of sovereigns, are to be traced up to an uncorrected and uneducated temper as their source."

St. Aubin, who becomes enamoured of Emma, is a highly finished portrait; his forbearance, his filial piety, his exemplary conduct, as a son, a friend, a lover, and a man, are admirable lessons.

The story is carried on with the aid of sundry inferior personages; and Mr. Hargrave, a rich and over-bearing uncle, Mrs.

Felton, a coquette, Varley, a coxcomb, and Peter Stokes, a blunt purse-proud man, are ably introduced and contrasted with Mr. Egerton, and his two amiable pupils.

In the last volume, the actors are transported to Paris, and many intelligent remarks, and much curious and entertaining information are given, concerning this grand theatre, of the most important events which have happened within this last century, and for many centuries previous.

After visiting the Museum of Ancient Monuments, in the Rue des Petits Augustins, our travellers reached the gardens of Elysium, where, among other statues, tombs, and urns of great men, judged worthy of having their names and actions recorded on monumental marble, is placed the tomb of Abelard and Eloisa; which gives rise to different sensations in the different spectators. Emma observes on this occasion, "When Mr. Egerton first read aloud to me the poem of these renowned and unfortunate lovers, I was charmed by the beauty of the verse, and interested for the sorrow that it expressed; but when I found that it was the sorrow of unlawful love, and not a virtuous wife separated by force from a virtuous and beloved husband, and that the writer was a woman not ashamed of her error, but glorying in it, and preferring the title of mistress to that of wife, while the poet had only given more power and notoriety to her own profligate prose by clothing it in the most seducing poetical language, I lost the deep interest I originally felt for the eloquent nun, and can, I confess to you, gaze on this tomb with as much indifference nearly as on that of the mistress of Henry the Second."

We earnestly recommend this publication to the perusal of our fair readers; and are confident they will reap both pleasure and improvement from it. Temper, like all Mrs. Opie's works, is superior to most of the kind; it strikes at the root of an evil which destroys the happiness of society; and, if circulated widely, cannot fail to be of general utility.

# SPIRIT OF MAGAZINES.

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FOR THE SELECT REVIEWS.

## MEMOIRS OF MOREAU.

**J. VICTOR MOREAU**, French general, son of an eminent advocate, was born at Morlaix in 1761. Induced by a strong inclination for the military art, he engaged in it at the age of eighteen; but his father having procured his discharge, he continued his studies, and was at Rennes at the beginning of the revolution, where he enjoyed a marked preeminence among the students. An ingenuous air, and an agreeable person, added a lustre to his natural talents, and to the knowledge he had attained. He was first called into action, at the period when M. de Brienne attempted a revolution in the magistracy; and was called the *general of the parliament*. During five months, which was the period of that petty war, he displayed much bravery and *some* prudence. The commandant of Rennes, had ordered him to be taken, alive; but he was so well upon his guard, and showed so much intrepidity, that the garrison could not arrest him, although he appeared every day in the public places, and often with but a small escort. During the winter of 1788-89, he opposed the innovations of the ministers, relative to the convocation of the States-General; he commanded the troops of Rennes and Nantes, armed against the parliament and the states of the province; he presided in 1790 at the confederation of the young men of Brittany at Pontivy, and merited to be appointed at the formation of the volunteers, commander of a battalion from that department. At liberty now, to indulge his taste for the profession of arms, he applied himself to the study of tactics and military details. His battalion was employed early in the armies of the north. He was far from approving of the constitution of 1793, and the battalion which he commanded, was the last in the army that accepted it. His bravery and talents being highly distinguished, he was promoted in 1793 to the rank of a general of brigade.

Having become a general of division, on the 14th April 1794, at the instance of Pichegru, he served in a brilliant manner under that general, in the army of the north, and distinguished himself particularly on the 26th and 30th of April, when he blockaded and took Menin; and in June, before Ypres, which he besieged on the 1st and took the 17th, after twelve days intrenchment; before Bruges, which he entered on the 29th; in July at Ostend, Nieuport, and Cassandria (Isle), of which he was master (successively) on the 1st, 18th, and 28th, and again at the attack of Fort Sluys, which capitulated the 26th of August. It was at the very time when he acquired this place for the republic, that the jacobins of Brest carried his aged father to the scaffold as an aristocrat, or friend of aristocrats. That venerable man, whom the people of Morlaix called the father of the poor, had taken charge of the affairs of some of the emigrants, which formed a pretext to his enemies for his ruin. In the celebrated campaign of the winter of 1794, which added Holland to France, Moreau commanded the right wing of Pichegru's army, contributed much to the rapid successes of that general, and succeeded him in the chief command when he was removed to the armies on the Rhine and Moselle. Moreau about that time drew a plan for the defence of Holland, which he communicated to generals Daendels and Dumonceau, and to the Batavian committee, with orders to put it into execution and to render him an account in eight days, that he might take measures in consequence. Being appointed to the command of the armies on the Rhine and Moselle, in the room of Pichegru, he opened in June 1796, the campaign which laid the foundation of his military glory. After having forced Wurmser in his camp before Frankenthal, he repulsed him at Mannheim and effected his passage over the Rhine at Strasburg, in the night of the 23d and 24th of June; and not finding in Kehl that the troops of the Cantons would oppose any resistance, he made prisoners of part of them and put the rest to flight. He sent against Condé and a number of small corps of Austrians, general Ferino, who had fought against them continually at Brisgau, and against La Kinche on the 18th July; he went himself against the Austrian army of the Lower Rhine, which had advanced towards Rastadt, and sent another body by Huningen, to advance through the forest towns and force the troops to retreat who occupied Brisgau. On the 6th of July he attacked the archduke Charles at Rastadt, and after a very lively action forced him to retreat to Eslingen, where he attacked him again on the 9th, and obliged him to fall back to Dourlach, and thence to Pfortzeim. In these two bloody days the troops on each side gave proofs of much bravery, and Moreau displayed great talents. He was, it is true, perfectly seconded by his ge-

nerals of division, particularly by Desaix. On the 15th he was again obliged to attack the enemy at Pfortzeim, to force them to quit that position ; but from the time he commenced, he advanced with such rapidity, that the best troops of the Cantons, who occupied the impregnable post of Knebis, having fled without combat, the troops which remained at Brisgau were forced to retire for fear of being cut off on the right by general Laborde, who was advancing through the forest towns. Meanwhile the Austrian army fell back step by step, and many bloody encounters took place on the 18th, the 21st, and the 22d, at Stutgard, Canstadt, Berg, and Eslingen ; they all turned to the advantage of the French, who manœuvred in the most masterly manner at Eslingen. These successes rendered them masters of all the course of the Necker, and on the 3d of August they entered Constance. On the 8th and 10th, two of their divisions experienced many checks ; and on the 11th the archduke determined to make a new attempt, charged upon the whole of their line, and drove the advanced bodies as far as the right wing, which lay before Haydenheim ; but Desaix, who commanded on the left, repulsed the enemy with his usual intrepidity and conduct, until Moreau came up with the *corps de reserve*, and regained his ground on the right. Finally, after a battle of seventeen hours, the two armies rested in sight of each other, each claiming the victory. Moreau had already ordered away his baggage ; but perceiving the next day that the Germans were commencing their retreat by the Danube, he hastened to assume an attitude of victory, and to advance upon them. The archduke Charles filed off to the right, to succour general Wartensleben, whom Jourdan pressed very hard, and Moreau continued to follow M. de Latour. On the 13th of August, the division of general Ferino, had an extremely hot action with the troops of Condé, whom they repulsed at Kamlack ; and on the 24th Moreau attacked the Austrian army at Friedburg, near Augsburg, surprised them by a rapid march, and routed them completely, after having killed and taken the best part of them. He then went against Freisingen, which St. Cyr entered on the 3d of September, sent another body against Munich, and ordered a third to L'Iser. This last was beaten on the 11th of September by generals Frolich and Frustenburg, and the second supported continual attacks against the army of Condé, before Munich. Moreau appeared at one time willing to have passed the Danube to relieve Jourdan, but finding that fresh reinforcements were arriving every day from Austria, and that the French general, on his part, was retreating in great disorder, he thought only of effecting a retreat for himself, which he began on the 11th. He intended at first to have possessed himself of the two banks of the Danube, which would

have greatly facilitated the transportation of his baggage, but finding that the bridge of Neubourg was occupied by Nauendorf, he was obliged to follow the right bank. Notwithstanding that this false movement had given occasion to the light troops of the Austrian army, and that of Condé, to take from him a body of from 15 to 1800 men, he tranquilly repassed the Leck on the 17th, and beat a body of the enemy, who would have disputed his passage. His right alone experienced some difficulties, (particularly on the frontiers of Switzerland) during that long retreat, which was accompanied with many skirmishes, in which he always repulsed the Austrians, and particularly at Biberack, where he defeated them completely, took their regiments entire, and would have made his victory still more complete, if the army of Condé, and the column of Mercaudin, had not arrived during the day on his right. The archduke had sent a number of detachments to dispute his passage through the Black Forest, but he swept by these troops, and finally threw himself into Brisgau. After many skirmishes, in which he repulsed all the attacks with which they tried to obstruct his passage over the Rhine, he effected it at Brisac and Huningen, fixing his head quarters on the right bank of the river, at the latter place, and at Fort Kehl. The Austrians advanced upon this last place. It was attacked with vivacity, and obstinately defended. On the 22d of November, Moreau conducted in person a *sortie*, and destroyed many of the enemy's works. At last, on the 31st of December, Kehl was taken by the Austrians, who had lost before that place a number of men and a great deal of time. They then directed their force against Huningen. That little place made also an admirable resistance. As they found themselves overcome by the Austrian batteries, the French dug subterranean dwellings, leaving on the redoubts only the men necessary for the service, but at the moment of an attack, battalions appeared, rising from the bosom of the earth, to repel the enemy. On the 4th of February, 1797, they abandoned again, by capitulation, this little corner of the earth to the Austrians. Moreau then returned to Cologne, to reorganise the army of the Sambre and Meuse, which he soon after resigned to Hoche, to return to the Upper Rhine. On the 20th of April following, he effected another passage at Guemsheim, in full day and by main strength, and before an enemy ranged in the order of battle on the other shore. This was regarded as one of the most brilliant actions of the French armies. It was followed by the retaking of Kehl, with a great many stands of arms, 20 pieces of cannon, military chests, and 3 or 4000 prisoners; but the preliminaries of the peace of Leoben arrested these successes. The army of Moreau continued to remain in the same position. It was not until the 18th Fruct.

an. 5, (4th September, 1797) that he informed the Directory of the correspondence of the Prince of Condé with Pichegru, which had been intercepted at the beginning of the campaign, in a packet to the Austrian general Kinglin, and which he had kept till this time, out of regard for his ancient benefactor, or rather waiting the issue of the dispute between the consuls and the directory; for on account of the first motive it cannot be supposed that he had waited for the moment, the most unfortunate for Pichegru, and at which he might bring triumphantly to the Directory all the means of his ruin. Being sent for to Paris immediately by those before whom he had been *himself* denounced, he wrote that before he could comply with their orders, he wished to be able to assure them of the tranquillity of the army, and that he must arrest a number of persons implicated in that correspondence which he reserved to prove his own innocence. He sent them at the same time a copy of one of his proclamations, the effect of which he said had been to convert many of the incredulous with respect to Pichegru, *whom he had long ceased to esteem*. He wrote also in the same strain to Barthelemy, not recollecting that this director would be enveloped in the ruin of Pichegru. Nevertheless whether he had changed his opinion as to that general, or (which accords more with his character) that he imagined this inculpation would produce nothing, and would save himself from the hatred of the victorious party, it is no less certain, that this proceeding injured him in the eyes of the greater number, without which he would otherwise have had great merit, in the eyes of a discerning Directory, jealous of its authority, and much inclined to set themselves at defiance of the military, and to make them feel the weight of dependence. Little notice was taken, however, of this tardy denunciation, and he was obliged to retract. If the government had employed him in consequence, it was not because it believed in his sincerity, but because it had need of his talents, and always calculated on making him obey it, more on account of his own weakness, than his sense of duty. In September, 1798, he obtained the rank of inspector-general, and in April, 1799, the Directory called him to the Military Council, formed near the seat of government, to develope and prepare military plans and operations. At the commencement of the campaign in Italy, he repaired to the army commanded by Scherer, and was witness to the defeat at Verona, which his counsels could neither prevent nor repair. Scherer, covered with shame, and unwilling to command or fight, threw upon Moreau the care of providing for the safety of the army; he, in a council of war had previously advised, to retire towards Peidmont, avoiding all superior encounters with an enemy who had acquired a decided superiority, and whose victorious movements were

directed by the furious Suwarrow. He began in consequence to execute his plan, and assembled the army on the Adda. Forced in this position, and thence to Cossano, he conducted his retreat in good order to the Tesin; he was then reduced to 25,000 men, and pursued by a victorious army of 80,000. He manœuvred with great precision, to post his right on the Appenines, and to afford a rallying point to Macdonald, who was then hastening from the bosom of Italy, and endeavouring to secure a junction with the main army. Moreau then formed a sort of intrenched camp behind the Po, and the Tanarus, and between Alexandria and Valence. On the 11th of May he fought 12,000 Russians near Bassignano, and passed the Bormida, but being assailed by the whole force of Suwarrow, he evacuated Valence and Alexandria, retired to Corri, and took his position on the *Colde-seude*. After having caused a division to file off to the right, Moreau, in order to strengthen his force with the army of Macdonald, penetrated in the country of Geneva by the Appenines, the heights and passages of which, he possessed. These movements appeared at that time to have no other object, but to place himself within the reach of succours from France, by the river *Génes*; but their ulterior object was to take the offensive, after the junction with Macdonald, which had been certain had not the latter been beaten at Trebia.

It was in vain that Moreau, to make a diversion in favour of Macdonald, sallied from *Génes*, and vanquished Bellegarde, who opposed him; in vain, that he beseiged Tortona, and drove the enemy even to Voghero; the triple victory over Suwarrow induced that general to unite his forces, and to oblige the French general to get under cover of the Appenines. In the month of August, Moreau was appointed commander in chief of the army of the Rhine; at the same time Joubert to the command of that of Italy. This young general, on the point of commencing his first battle, wished to submit the direction of it to Moreau, who refused it, and asked only to fight under his orders; he assisted him, therefore, with his counsels at the famous battle of Novi, in which Joubert was killed, and he himself exposed to the greatest dangers; he had three horses killed under him, received a ball, which wounded him in the shoulder; and at last effected his retreat in so masterly a stile, that he arrested, as it were, the victory even in the hands of the allies. After this battle, he quitted the army of Italy, having terminated a campaign, in which he had discovered, by the confession of all military judges, a genius which rendered him worthy of being placed in the very first rank of military renown, and which obtained him the title of the *French Fabius*. We cannot withhold from him the just tribute of admiration, when we observe with what art he defended,

## MEMOIRS OF MOREAU.

at the head of the scanty remains of a debilitated army, without magazines, and no hope of reinforcements, leagues of ground, which all Europe supposed would cost more than the march of the army of the allies. His natural character, and perhaps also the pleasure of distressing a government which he despised, rendered him, in the November of this year, one of the instigators of the revolution of St. Cloud. It is also said that he expressed sentiments of disapprobation at the event of that affair. Nevertheless, he was named, almost at the same time, commander of the armies of the Danube, and of the Rhine, and went to complete by a new campaign, that fabric of military glory of which he had already laid so brilliant a foundation. The manner in which, in the year 1800, he led on general Kray, as if to engage him in the valleys which descend towards Brisgau, whilst he effected his real purpose in passing the Rhine at Stein; the art with which he obliged him, by manœuvring, to abandon Lech to him, even to the environs of Ulm, &c. and lastly his hardy passage of the Danube, reflected on him more honour than all his other splendid victories over that general. On the 27th of April he passed the Rhine at Bâle; met with the enemy at Maeskirch, and defeated them there and at Engen, where he took 10,000 prisoners. In the first affair he exposed himself as much as one of his own grenadiers, had four horses killed under him, and received a spent dead ball in his breast; he possessed himself of Memmingen; again beat the Austrians at Biberach on the 9th of May; passed the Danube on the 22d of June, by an evolution equally skilful and courageous, and afterwards gained the battles of Hochstadt, of Negersheim, Nortlingen, and Oberhausen. After many fruitless negotiations, he announced to his army the duplicity of the cabinet of Vienna, and conducted them to the fields of Hohenlinden, to gather fresh laurels. On the 3d of December, 1800, he gave battle to the Austrian army, commanded by general Laver; a bloody and decisive battle; in which there was not a single French corps which did not cover itself with glory. The enemy's loss was 20 field pieces, 200 covered waggons, 10,000 prisoners (of whom three were generals) and an incalculable number of slain; in his report, the French general estimates his loss at only 1000 men. After this victory, the Austrian army, in disorder, could no longer hinder Moreau from penetrating to Vienna. It was in vain, that the archduke Charles, who by court intrigue had been prevented from taking any part in the late military events, was placed at the head of the Austrian army, by the wishes even of those who had hitherto most sedulously kept him from it. This prince saw no means of safety for the Austrian monarchy, but a peace, and he entered into negotiations with general Moreau, who suspended the march

of his army, and returned shortly after to Paris, where he received flattering testimonies of the public admiration. The first consul himself, presented to him a magnificent pair of pistols, saying, "that he wished to have had all his victories engraven on them, but had not found room!" From this time Moreau retired to his place of *Grosbois*, which he had bought from Barras, and where he passed the greater part of his time, coming rarely to Paris, and seeing but few of the chief persons of the government. He even made a sort of affectation of retiring from it, and it was long since known to all the world, that he blamed every thing that was done since the 9th of November 1799. He circulated many satirical tracts against the first consul, which were winked at. In 1802, the police arrested at Calais a certain Abbé David, suspected of having been sent by him to Pichegru, then in England. This man being carried to prison, confessed that "he really thought it his duty to endeavour to reconcile these two old friends!" The police from this time, regarded Moreau with the most watchful scrutiny, and was not backward in getting information that he had many interviews with Pichegru, who came secretly to Paris, and even with Georges. Being arrested almost immediately, the government discovered all the threads, the outline of a vast conspiracy against the person of the first consul, in which Moreau had never consented to participate but with the restrictions and hesitations, which always characterized him. He was sincerely desirous, according to official reports, to assist in overthrowing the consular government, nor did he wish for the monarchy of the Bourbons, but a representative republic. Brought with the other conspirators before the criminal tribunal, Moreau was defended, as well by the eloquence of Bonnet, his advocate, as the public opinion, and the generous denials of the other accused. He was, nevertheless, condemned on the 10th of June, 1804, to two years imprisonment, which was immediately converted to banishment. He set out for Spain, escorted by four *gens d'armes*, and arrived at Cadiz at the time of an epidemic, with which that city was afflicted, at the commencement of 1805. He then proceeded to the United States with his lady, who would not quit him for a moment. The Parisian journals announced, at the commencement of 1806, that they were settled in the vicinity of Baltimore, where they had purchased a country seat. His effects in France were sold by Madame Hulot, his mother-in-law, who transferred him the proceeds, retaining a sufficiency to pay the expenses of the criminal procedure in which he was condemned. It may be seen by what we have said, that Moreau is a great warrior; but on examining his political conduct, we find neither energy nor grandeur. He has sometimes sacrificed his friends to his own pusillanimity; little skilled

in the knowledge of men, or of the revolution which he had entered into; without ambition, and not without jealousy, he has often committed great political faults; and he drew upon himself at least by his own imprudence, the exile to which he has been condemned.

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FROM THE ANNUAL REGISTER.

ACCOUNT OF THE MERINO SHEEP LATELY PRESENTED TO HIS  
MAJESTY.

[From a paper of Sir Joseph Banks, Bart., &c. &c. inserted in the Communications to the Board of Agriculture.]

A CONSIDERABLE part of Estremadura, Leon, and the neighbouring provinces of Spain is appropriated to the maintenance of the Merino flocks, called by the Spaniards *Trashumantes*, as are also broad green roads, leading from one province to the other, and extensive resting-places, where the sheep are baited on the road. So careful is the police of the country to preserve them during their journeys from all hazard of disturbance or interruption, that no person, not even a foot passenger, is suffered to travel upon these roads while the sheep are in motion, unless he belongs to the flocks.

The country on which the sheep are depastured, both in the southern and the northern parts, is set out into divisions, separated from each other by land-marks only, without any kind of fences; each of these is called a *Dehesa*, and is of a size capable of maintaining a flock of about a thousand sheep; a greater number, of course, in the south country, where the lambs are reared, and fewer in the north country, where the sheep arrive after the flock has been culled.

Every proprietor must possess as much of these in each province as will maintain his flock. In the temperate season of winter and spring, the flocks remain in Estremadura, and there the ewes bring forth their lambs in December. As soon as the increasing heats of April and May, have scorched up the grass, and rendered the pasturage scanty, they commence their march towards the mountains of Leon; and, after having been shorn on the road, at vast establishments, called *Esquileos*, erected for that purpose, pass their summer in the elevated country which supplies them with abundance of rich grass; and they do not leave the mountains till the frosts of September begin to damage the herbage.

A flock in the aggregate is called a *cavana*: this is divided in-

to as many subdivisions, as there are thousands of sheep belonging to it; each sheep, besides being scar-marked in the face with a hot iron when young, is branded after every shearing with a broad pitch brand, generally of the first letter of the name of the proprietor, and each subdivision is distinguished from the rest by the part of the sheep's body on which this mark is placed.

By the laws of the Mesta, each cavana must be governed by an officer called Mayoral; for each subdivision of a thousand sheep, five shepherds and four dogs are appointed. Some of these inferior shepherds obtain the office of Rabadan, the duty of which is to give a general superintendence under the control of the Mayoral, also to prescribe and administer medicines to the sick sheep. At the time of travelling, and when the ewes are yearning one or two extra shepherds are allowed for each thousand sheep.

The number of Merino sheep in Spain is estimated by Burgoyne, 6,000,000; these of course must be attended by 30,000 shepherds, and 24,000 dogs at ordinary times, and they find occasional employment for 5 or 10,000 additional persons in the seasons of lambing and travelling.

In their journey each subdivision is attended by its own shepherds and dogs, and kept separate as far as may be from all others. The duty of the dogs is to chase the wolves, who are always upon the watch, when the sheep are on the road, and are more wily than our foxes; they are taught also, when a sick sheep lags behind unobserved by the shepherds, to stay with and defend it, till some one returns back in search of it. There are besides in each subdivision about six tame wethers, called Mansos; these wear bells, and are obedient to the voice of the shepherds, who frequently give them small pieces of bread; some of the shepherds lead, the mansos are always near them, and this disposes the flock to follow.

Every sheep is well acquainted with the situation of the Dehesa to which its subdivision belongs, and will at the end of the journey go straight to it, without the guidance of the shepherds. Here the flock grazes all the day under the eyes of the attendants: when the evening comes on, the sheep are collected together, and they soon lie down to rest; the shepherds and their dogs then lie down on the ground round the flock, and sleep, as they term it, under the stars, or in huts that afford little shelter from inclement weather; and this is their custom all the year, except that each is allowed, in his turn, an absence of about a month, which he spends with his family: and it is remarkable, that the families of these shepherds, reside entirely in Leon.

The shepherds, who came with his Majesty's flock, were questioned on the subject of giving salt to their sheep; they declared

that this is only done in the hottest season of the year, when the sheep are on the mountains; that in September it is left off; and that they dare not give salt to ewes forward with lamb, being of opinion that it causes abortion.

It is scarcely credible, though it appears on the best authority to be true, that under the operation of the laws of the Mesta, which confide the care of the sheep to the management of their shepherds, without any interference on the part of the proprietor, no profit of the flock comes to the hands of the owner, except what is derived from the wool; the carcasses of the culled sheep are consumed by the shepherds, and it does not appear that any account is rendered by them to their employers, of the value of the skins, the tallow, &c.: the profit derived by a proprietor from a flock, is estimated on an average at about one shilling a head, and the produce of a capital vested in a flock is said to fluctuate between five and ten per cent.

The sheep are always low kept. It is the business of each Mayoral to increase his flock to as large a number as the land allotted to it can possibly maintain: when it has arrived at that pitch, all further increase is useless, as there is no sale for these sheep, unless some neighbouring flock has been reduced by mortality below its proper number: the most of the lambs are therefore every year killed as soon as they are yeaned, and each of those preserved is made to suck two or three ewes; the shepherds say, that the wool of an ewe that brings up her lamb without assistance, is reduced in its value.

At shearing time the shepherds, shearers, washers, and a multitude of unnecessary attendants, are fed upon the flesh of the culled sheep; and it seems that the consumption occasioned by this season of feasting, is sufficient to devour the whole of the sheep that are draughted from the flock. Mutton in Spain is not a favourite food; in truth it is not in that country prepared for the palate as it is in this. We have our lamb-fairs, our hog-fairs, our shearing-fairs, our fairs for culls, and our markets for fat sheep; where the mutton, having passed through three different stages of preparation, each under the care of men whose soil and whose skill are best suited to the part they have been taught by their interest to assign to themselves, is offered for sale; and if fat and good, it seldom fails to command a price by the pound, from five to ten per cent. dearer than that of beef. In Spain they have no such sheep-fairs calculated to subdivide the education of each animal, by making it pass through many hands, as works of art do in a manufacturing concern, and they have not any fat sheep-markets that at all resemble ours. The low state of grazing in Spain, ought not, therefore to be wondered at, nor the poverty of the Spanish farmers; they till a soil sufficiently produc-

live by nature, but are robbed of the reward due to the occupier, by the want of an advantageous market for their produce, and the benefit of an extensive consumption; till the manufacturing and mercantile parts of a community become opulent enough to pay liberal prices, the agricultural part of it cannot grow rich by selling.

That the sole purpose of the journeys taken annually by these sheep, is to seek food where it can be found; and that these migrations would not be undertaken, if either in the northern or the southern provinces a sufficiency of good pasture could be obtained during the whole year, appears a matter of certainty. That change of pasture has no effect upon their wool, is clear, from all the experiments tried in other countries, and in Spain also; for Burgoyne tells us, that there are stationary flocks, both in Leon and Estremadura, which produce wool quite as fine as that of the Trashumantes.

The sheep lately presented to his majesty are of the Cavana of Paular, one of the very finest in point of pile, and esteemed above all others for the beauty of carcase. In both these opinions, M. Lasteyrie, a French writer on sheep, who lived many years in Spain, and paid diligent attention to the Merino sheep, entirely agrees: he also tells us, that the Cavana of Negrete, from whence the sheep imported by his Majesty in the year 1791 were selected, is not only one of the finest piles, but produces also the largest-carcased sheep of all the Merinoes. Mr. Burgoyne agrees with him in asserting, that the piles of Paular, Negrete, and Escorial, have been withheld from exportation, and retained for the royal manufactory of Gaudalaxara, ever since it was first established.

The Cavana of Paular consists of 36,000 sheep. It originally belonged to the rich Carthusian monastery of that name, near Segovia; soon after the Prince of the Peace rose into power, he purchased the flock from the monks, with the land belonging to it, both in Estremadura and in Leon, at a price equal to twenty French francs a head, 16s. 8d. English. All the sheep lately arrived are marked with a large M. the mark of Don Manuel.

The number sent from Spain to the king was 2000, equal to two subdivisions of the original Cavana. To make the present the more valuable, these were selected by the shepherds from eight subdivisions, in order to choose young, well-shaped, and fine woolled animals. This fact is evident, from the marks which are placed on eight different parts of the bodies of the sheep now at Kew.

The whole number embarked was 2,214; of these, 214 were presented by the Spaniards to some of his Majesty's ministers, and 427 died on the journey, either at sea or on their way from

Portsmouth to Kew. His Majesty was graciously pleased to take upon himself the whole of the loss, which reduced the royal flock to 1573; several more have since died. As the time of giving the ram in Spain is July, the ewes were full of lamb when they embarked, several of them cast their lambs when the weather was bad at sea, and are rendered so weak and infirm by abortion, that it is to be feared more will die, notwithstanding the great care taken of them by his Majesty's shepherds. A few of them have died of the rot. This disease must have been contracted by halting on some swampy district, in their journey from the mountains to the sea at Gijon, where they were embarked, as one sheep died rotten at Portsmouth; there is every reason, however, to hope, that the disease will not spread, as the land on which they are now kept has never been subject to its ravages, being of a very light and sandy texture.

It is well worthy of observation, that although the Swedes, the Saxons, the Danes, the Prussians, the Austrians, and of late the French, have, either by the foresight of their governments, or the patriotic exertions of individuals, imported Merino sheep, no nation has hitherto ventured to assert, that they possess the complete and unmixed race of any one Cavana; this circumstance does not appear to have been attended to any where but in England; though in fact each Cavana is a separate and distinct breed of sheep, not suffered by the Spaniards to mingle with others. The difference in value of the wool of different Spanish flocks is very great; at this time when Spanish wool is unusually dear, the prima piles are worth more than 7*s.* a pound, and yet the inferior ones scarce reach 5*s.* Even the French, attentive as that nation is to all things that concern the interest of individuals, appear to have overlooked this circumstance, and to have contented themselves with making up the numbers of their importations, without paying any regard to it; they have not at least stated in any of their publications, that attention was paid to the securing sheep of a prima pile, and keeping the breed of that pile pure and unmixed after they had obtained it.

Our merchants, dealers in Spanish wool, range the prima piles in the following order of value, as appears by a statement in the year 1792:

Paular,  
Negrete,  
Muro,

Patrimonio; and 15 more, not necessary to be enumerated. M. Lasteyrie, the French writer on sheep, ranges them not very differently; he states them as follows: but both English and French agree that all the prima piles are nearly equal in fineness of fibre, and consequently in value to the manufacturer.

Esturial, called by us Patrimonio,  
 Guadalupe,  
 Paular,  
 Infantado,  
 Montareo,  
 Negrete, &c.

The Danes, he tells us, procured their sheep from the best piles; but there is no appearance of their having, since they obtained them, kept the flocks separate, nor are they at present so remarkable for fine wool as the Saxons, whose wool is now at least as fine as that of Spain is, upon an average of prima and second rate piles.

The Swedes were the first people who imported the Spanish breed. This good work was undertaken and completed by the patriotic exertions of a merchant of the name of Alstroemer, in the year 1727. The next who obtained an importation of Merino sheep were the Saxons, who are indebted for the benefits they enjoy from the improvement of their wools to the prince Xavier, administrator to the electorate during the minority of the elector, and brother-in-law to the King of Spain. The prince obtained a flock of these valuable animals in 1766, and in 1778 an addition to it of 100 rams and 200 ewes. The Danes followed his useful example, as also did both Prussia and Austria. Every one of these countries continue at this moment to profit largely by the improvements these sheep have occasioned in their agricultural concerns. So far from truth is the too common assertion, that their wool will not continue fine in any country but Spain, that in the year 1806, when the ports of Spain were closed against us, a very large quantity of fine wool, the produce of German Merino sheep, was imported into this country from Hamburg, and used by our manufacturers as a substitute for Spanish wool. In truth, some of this wool was so fine, that it carried in the British market as high a price as the best Spanish piles were sold for, in times of peace and amity.

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FROM THE ANNUAL REGISTER.

### ELGY OF JOHN OPIE, ESQ.

[From an Address to Prince Hoare, Esq. introductory to Mr. Opie's Lectures on Painting, by Mrs. Opie.

IT has been observed that distinguished men generally resemble their works, and this observation appears to me strikingly true if applied to Mr. Opie. He greatly resembled his paint-

ings; and, while the trivial defects both of him and them were obvious to the many, the unusual excellencies of both could be completely known and valued only by the few.

Any observer, however contemptible, might in some of his pictures discover a neglect of proper costume in his draperies, a too strict adherence to the *models* from which he painted, and an inattention to the minuter parts of art; but it required the eye of a connoisseur, and the kindred feeling of an artist to distinguish and appreciate properly the simplicity of his designs, the justness of his representations, and the force of his light and shadow. In like manner any one might observe in the artist himself a negligence in dress, a disregard of the common rules of common manners, and a carelessness to please those whom he considered as trifling and uninteresting, but it required a mind of powers nearly equal to his own, or gifted with a nice perception of uncommon endowments in others, to value, and to call forth his acuteness of observation and his depth of thinking; to follow him through the wide range of his perceptions, and to profit by that just and philosophical mode of seeing and describing, on which his claims to mental superiority were so strongly built.

Those only whom he sufficiently respected to enter into argument with, or who were themselves fond of argument, are aware of the full extent of the powers of his mind:—with others, even when he loved them as friends, and valued them as companions, he indulged, for the most part, in conversation, which, though never trifling, was often unimportant, and which at least served the useful purpose of unbending a mind, only too frequently for the good of the frame which contained it, stretched to the very utmost limit. You have said of him that in argument he had the power of eliciting light from his opponent, and Mr. Northcote has exhibited his talent for conversing in another point of view, by observing that ‘it is difficult to say whether his conversation gave more amusement or instruction.’ Certain indeed it is, that his power to amuse was equal to his power to instruct;—but, as flame shines brightest in certain airs, he shone the most in certain societies. The fire of his mind required certain applications to elicit its brilliancy, and those were love, esteem, and respect for the companions with whom he was conversing, and a perfect confidence that they desired and valued his society.

I was induced to mention this circumstance from being fully aware that many persons, with whom Mr. Opie lived in apparent intimacy, had no suspicion of his possessing conversational talents of the highest order. But in general the *few only* possess a key to open in another the stores of mental excellence, especially

when the entrance is also guarded by the proud consciousness of superiority, suspicious of being undervalued.

You, my dear Sir, were one of those who possessed a key to unlock the mind of Mr. Opie, and to you were all its treasures known. You, therefore, are well aware that he excelled in aptness of quotation, that there was a peculiar playfulness of fancy in his descriptions; that he possessed the art of representing strongly the ridiculous in men and things, which he instantly and sensibly felt, and therefore the pictures drawn by his tongue lived as powerfully to the view as those from his pencil;—while his talent for repartee, for strong humour, and formidable though not malignant sarcasm, gave an ever varying attraction to his conversation; an attraction which no one I believe was ever more sensible of than yourself, as you were one of the friends whom he never failed to welcome with an artless warmth of manner which always found its way to the heart, because it bore indisputable marks of having come from it.

But as I am fully sensible that my testimony in favour of Mr. Opie's conversational superiority can add no weight to that given by you and Mr. Northcote, and that both you and he may be supposed biassed by the partiality of friendship, I beg leave to offer, in corroboration of its truth, authority of a very high description, and which has hitherto not met the public eye,—that of Mr. Horne Tooke, whom even those who dislike his politics must admire as a man not only of sagacity the most acute, but of attainments the most extraordinary, and that of Sir James Mackintosh, on whose talents it is needless for me to expatiate.

Mr. Tooke, while Mr. Opie was painting him, had not only the opportunity, but the power of 'sounding him, from his lowest note to the top of his compass.' And he said, a short time afterwards, to one of his most distinguished friends, 'Mr. Opie crowds more wisdom into a few words than almost any man I ever knew;—he speaks as it were in *axioms*, and what he observes is worthy to be remembered.'

Sir James Mackintosh, in a letter recently received from him, laments the loss of an acquaintance to whose society he looked forward as one of the pleasures which awaited him at his return to England, and adds the following observation: 'had Mr. Opie turned his powers of mind to the study of philosophy, he would have been one of the first philosophers of the age. I was never more struck than with his original manner of thinking and expressing himself in conversation, and had he written on the subject, he would, perhaps, have thrown more light on the philosophy of his art than any man living.'

Nor was Mr. Opie's intellectual superiority unappreciated by the eminent amongst my own sex.

Mrs. Inchbald has given to the world her opinion of my husband in her own interesting and energetic manner; and Mrs. Siddons must pardon me, if I relate the following circumstance: 'where is Mr. Opie?' said Mrs. Siddons, one evening at a party in B——k-street. 'He is gone,' was the answer. 'I am sorry for it,' she replied, 'for I meant to have sought him out, as when I am with him, I am always sure to hear him say something which I cannot forget, or at least which ought never to be forgotten.'

I have been led to dwell on Mr. Opie's great talents for conversation, and to bring forward respectable evidence to prove it, in order to draw this inference; that to him who could in society '*speak in axioms*,' and express original ideas in an impressive and forcible manner, it could not be a very difficult task to conquer the only obstacle to his success as an author, namely, want of the habit of writing, and to become on the subject most dear and familiar to him, a powerful and eloquent writer.

That he was such, the following work, I trust, will sufficiently testify: and I should not have thought it necessary to draw the inference mentioned above, had it not been often asserted, and by many believed, that, however the ideas contained in the lectures might be conceived by Mr. Opie, it was not by his pen that those ideas were clothed in adequate language. But the slight texture of muslin could as easily assume the consistency of velvet, as the person supposed to have assisted Mr. Opie in the composition of his lectures, have given language to the conceptions of his mind. He who alone conceived them, was alone capable of giving them adequate expression; nor could so weak and ill-founded a suspicion have ever entered into the head of any one, but for the false ideas which, as you well know, are entertained of painting and of painters in general.

There are many who set literature so much above the arts, that they would think Mr. Opie showed more ability in being able to write on painting, than in executing the finest of his pictures.

Such persons see a simple effect produced, and are wholly unconscious what compound powers are requisite to produce it. They would gaze on a portrait painted by the first masters, they would see the character, the expression, and the sort of historical effect which the picture exhibited; but they would turn away and still consider the artist as a mere painter, and not at all suspect that he could think, or argue, or write. Here let me declare in the most solemn and unequivocal manner, that to my certain knowledge, Mr. Opie never received from any human being the slightest assistance whatever in the composition of his lectures; I believe I read to myself some parts of them as they were given at the Royal Institution before they were delivered, and afterwards I had the honour of reading them to the bishop of Dur-

ham, who said when I had concluded, 'you were known before as a great painter, Mr. Opie, you will now be known as a great writer also;' but the four finished lectures, on which he employed all the powers of his mind, and which he delivered as professor of painting at the Royal Academy, I never even saw, but he read each of them to me when finished, and two of them I believe to Mr. Landseer, the engraver, and Mr. Philips, the Academician. Assistance from any one Mr. Opie would have despised, even if he had needed it; as none but the most contemptible of human beings can endure to strut forth in borrowed plumes, and claim a reputation which they have not conscientiously deserved. Such meanness was unworthy a man like Mr. Opie, and the lectures themselves are perhaps a fatal proof not only of his eagerness to obtain reputation as a lecturer, but also of the laborious industry by which he endeavoured to satisfy that eagerness.

To the toils of the artist during the day (and he never was idle for a moment), succeeded those of the writer every evening; and from the month of September 1806, to February 1807, he allowed his mind no rest, and scarcely indulged himself in the relaxation of a walk, or the society of his friends. To the completion therefore of the lectures in question his life perhaps fell an untimely sacrifice; and in the bitterness of regret, I wish they had never been even thought of. But they were written, were delivered, and highly were they admired. They serve to form another wreath for his brow. Let it then be suffered to bloom there, nor let the hand of ignorance, inadvertence, envy, or malignity, attempt to pluck it thence!

Mr. Northcote, in his character of Mr. Opie, has mentioned his filial piety, and I can confirm what he has asserted by the testimony of my own experience: indeed all who knew him, would readily admit, that the strength of his affections equalled that of his intellect. I have heard Mr. Opie say, that when he first came to London, he was considered as a sort of *painting Chatterton*. But it was not in talent only that he resembled the unfortunate Chatterton. He resembled him also in attachment to his family.

Chatterton, if we may judge by his letters, never looked forward to any worldly good without telling his mother and sister, that he hoped to share it with them; and no sooner was Mr. Opie settled in London, with a prospect of increasing employment, than some of his first earnings were transmitted by him to his mother; and his sister, whom he tenderly loved, and who well deserved his affection, was invited to the metropolis, to enjoy the popularity, and partake of the prosperity of her brother. Here, unhappily for Chatterton, the resemblance between them

ceases, for he possessed not the industry, the patience, the prudence and the self-denial of Mr. Opie. The mother and sister whom Chatterton held so dear were left by his wretched and selfish suicide in the same state of poverty they had ever known; while those of my husband were enabled by his well deserved success to know the comforts of a respectable competence. Mr. Opie's father died, I believe, at a very early period of his son's life; but he lived to witness the dawns of his genius, and to feel his affections, as well as his pride gratified, by seeing that genius first exhibited in a likeness of *himself*. Perhaps the following anecdote may not be unacceptable to my readers; but I cannot expect them to experience from it the same interest which it produced in me, especially as I cannot narrate it in the simple yet impressive and dramatic manner in which my poor sister used to tell it, while, in order to beguile her grief for her brother's loss, she dwelt with never satisfied pride and delight on his talents and his worth.

One Sunday afternoon, while his mother was at church, Mr. Opie, then a boy of ten or eleven years old, fixed his materials for painting in a little kitchen, directly opposite the parlour, where his father sat reading the Bible. He went on drawing till he had finished every thing but the head, and when he came to that he frequently ran into the parlour to look up in his father's face. He repeated this extraordinary interruption so often, that the old man became quite angry, and threatened to correct him severely if he did the like again. This was exactly what the young artist wanted. He wished to paint his father's eyes when lighted up, and sparkling with indignation, and having obtained his end, he quietly resumed his task. He had completed his picture before his mother's return from church, and on entering the house, he set it before her. She knew it instantly, but, ever true to her principles, she was very angry with him for having painted on a Sunday, thereby profaning the Sabbath-day. The child, however, was so elated by his success, that he disregarded her remonstrance, and hanging fondly round her neck, he was alive only to the pleasure she had given him by owning the strength of the resemblance. At this moment his father entered the room, and recognizing his own portrait immediately, highly approved his son's amusement, during the afternoon, (parental pride conquering habitual piety awhile), and exhibited the picture, with ever new satisfaction, to all who came to the house, while the story of his anger, at interruptions so happily excused and accounted for, added interest to his narrative, and gratified still more the pride of the artist.

Mr. Opie used to speak of his mother with the most touching enthusiasm. He described her as the most perfect of human be-

ings ; as the most mild, most just, and most disinterested of women ; and I believe that scarcely any one who knew her would have thought this description an exaggerated one. He loved to relate little instances of the sacred love of justice which led her, regardless of the partialities of a parent, to decide even against her own children, when as criminals they appeared before her, and were in the slightest degree culpable ; and these stories always ended in recollections of her tender care of him during his feeble childhood, of the gloves and great coat warmed at the winter's fire against he went to school ; and while he related them with a glistening eye, and a feeling of grateful affection, I never found the story, though often told, a tedious one, and used to feel the tie that bound me to him strengthened by the narration. This parent so tenderly beloved, was spared the misery of surviving her son, and breathed her last in perfect possession of her faculties and in all the cheering hopes of the pious, in May 1805, at the advanced age of ninety-two.

Mr. Northcote has also mentioned Mr. Opie's READINESS TO FORGIVE INJURIES, and I could bring many instances to confirm this observation. Such indeed was his extreme placability, that it was sometimes with difficulty he could prevent himself from showing he had forgiven an offence, even before the offender could exhibit tokens of contrition ; and his anger had always subsided long ere that self-respect which every one ought to preserve, allowed him to prove by his conduct that it had done so. A kind word, and an affectionate shake by the hand, had always such power to banish from his mind the remembrance of a wrong committed against him, that I have seen him by such means so totally deprived even of salutary caution, as to be willing to confide again, where he knew his confidence had been unworthily betrayed. Such a power of forgiving and forgetting injuries as this, is, I fear, a rare virtue, though forcibly enjoined by our Saviour's precepts and example : but Mr. Opie's entire FREEDOM FROM VANITY of any kind is a still rarer quality. He was so slow to commend, and panegyric on the works of contemporary artists was so sparingly given by him, that it was natural for some persons to suppose him actuated by the feelings of professional jealousy : but it is more generous, and I am fully convinced more *just*, to think this sluggishness to praise was merely the result of such a *high* idea of excellence in his art, as made him not easily satisfied with efforts to obtain it ; and surely he who was never led by vanity or conceit, to be contented with his *own* works, could not be expected to show great indulgence to the works of others.

During the nine years that I was his wife, I never saw him satisfied with any one of his productions, and often, very often

have I seen him entering my sitting-room, and throwing himself in an agony of despondence on the sofa, exclaim, "I am the most stupid of created beings, and I never, never shall be a painter as long as I live."

But while he was thus painfully alive to his own deficiencies, and to those of others, he was equally sensible of the excellencies of his rivals; and it was from him, and his nice and candid discrimination of their respective merits, that I learnt to appreciate the value of an exhibition. He used to study at Somerset House when the pictures were hung up, with more persevering attention and thirst for improvement than was ever exhibited perhaps by the lowest student in the schools; and, on his return, I never heard him expatiate on his own excellencies, but sorrowfully dwell on his own defects, while he often expressed to me his envy of certain powers in art which other painters were masters of, and which he feared he should never be able to obtain. Sometimes he used to relate to me the flattering observations made to him on his own pictures; but as it was to ME ONLY, and in the most simple and careless manner possible, I felt convinced that he did so more to gratify me than himself.

To prove how completely he was above that littleness of mind which leads some men to be jealous even of being supposed under an obligation to those they hold most dear, I shall venture to relate the following circumstance, at the risk of exposing myself to the imputation of vanity, while endeavouring to prove how much that weakness was unknown to Mr. Opie. When Mr. Opie became again a husband, he found it necessary, in order to procure indulgences for a wife whom he loved, to make himself popular as a portrait painter, and in that productive and difficult branch of art, female portraiture. He therefore turned his attention to those points, which he had before been long in the habit of neglecting; and he laboured earnestly to correct certain faults in his portraits, which he had been sometimes too negligent to amend. Hence, his pictures in general soon acquired a degree of grace and softness, to which they had of late years been strangers. In consequence of this, an academician, highly respectable as a man and admirable as an artist, came up to him at the second exhibition after we married, and complimented him on one of his female portraits, saying: "We never saw any thing like this in you before, Opie—this must be owing to your wife." On his return he repeated this conversation to me; and added in the kindest manner, that if his brother artists would but allow that he *did* improve, he was very willing that they *should* attribute the improvement to his wife.

Once, and once only, did I see his firm and manly mind at all overset by public applause; and that was on the night when he

first lectured at the Academy. His countenance, when I met him on his return, told me of his success before I heard it from his companions, Sir F. Bourgeois and Sir W. Beechey, who accompanied him home, and who seemed to enjoy the triumph which they described. The next morning he told me that he had passed a very restless night : " for, indeed," said he, " I was so *elated*, that I could not sleep."

It was this freedom from vanity that led him to love and to seek the society of the literary and the learned. As he was no egotist, had no petty wish to be the first man in company, and sought society not in order to shine in it, but to be instructed and amused ; he feared not to encounter " the proud man's contumely," if that proud man were really capable of affording him amusement and instruction. He had not received a classical education himself, and he was therefore desirous of profiting by the remarks of those who possessed that advantage ; he knew he had not read much, he was therefore honourably ambitious to associate with men who had read more ; but such were the powers of his memory, that he remembered all he had read ; and Milton, Shakspeare, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Cowper, Hudibras, Burke, and Dr. Johnson, he might, to use a familiar expression, be said to know by heart. He knew that he had no pretensions to what is called learning,—though he perfectly understood the French language, and was not wholly ignorant either of Italian or of Latin ;—but his self-love never shrank from association with learned men. The epithet of pedant applied to a scholar, had no power to frighten him from the society of scholars ; for he always sought to see men and things as they *were*, not as they were *said* to be : besides, his observation had told him that, true as the shadow to the form, some lessening epithet always attaches itself to the highly gifted of both sexes, whether justly, or unjustly, and that the possessors of talents are always called eccentric, conceited, or satirical, while the possessors of learning are prejudged to be arrogant, pedantic, and overbearing.

But where such an imputation was well founded, it was of no importance to Mr. Opie ; he was conscious that he aimed at no competition with the learned ; while with a manly simplicity, which neither feared contempt, nor courted applause, he has often even in such company, made observations, originating in the native treasures of his own mind, which learning could not teach, and which learning alone could not enable its possessor to appreciate. But, while he sought and valued the society of a Dr. Parr, he shrunk with mingled taste and pride from that of the half-learned,—men whom he denominated *word-catchers*,—men more eager and more able to detect a fault in grammar, than to admire the original thoughts which such defective language ex-

pressed. He felt that amongst persons of that description, he could neither be understood nor valued, and therefore he was at once too proud and too humble to endeavour to please them : while he must also have been conscious that, where he was likely to be judged with candour, and genius was valued before learning, he made all prejudice against his want of birth, of a classical education, and of the graces of manner, vanish before the powers of his intellect and the impressive force of his observations. But there was also *another* class of men with whom he was unwilling to converse. It has been observed of some one, that he was such an enemy to prejudice, that he might be said to be prejudiced against prejudice ; and Mr. Opie was so certain that to some descriptions of clever men he could never be an object of interest, from his want of external polish and classical attainments, that I have often undergone the mortification of observing him remain silent, while flippancy was loquacious ; and of seeing the tinsel of well-fashioned, but superficial, fluency, obtain that notice which was more justly due to the sterling, though in the opinion of some perhaps, the rugged ore of his conversation.

But certain it is, that the republic of letters and of arts has an aristocratic bias ; and many of its members are of such sybarite habits, such fastidious delicacy, and have such a decided preference for the rich, the polished, and the high-born members of its body, that a man of plain, simple, and unobtrusive manners, depending only on his character and his genius for respect, is not likely to be much the object of their notice.

I do not know whether the following anecdote be a proof of the presence of pride in Mr. Opie, or the absence of vanity,—but I shall relate it without further comment : we were one evening in a company consisting chiefly of men who possessed rare mental endowments, and considerable reputation, but who were led by high animal spirits and a consciousness of power to animadvert on their absent acquaintance, whether intellectual or otherwise, with an unsparing and ingenious severity which I have rarely seen equalled, and even the learned, the witty, and the agreeable were set up like so many nine pins only to be bowled down again immediately. As we kept early hours, I knew that we should probably be the first to go away ; and I sat in dread of the arrival of twelve o'clock. At length it came, and I received the usual sign from Mr. Opie ; but to go, and leave ourselves at the mercy of those who remained, was a trial that I shrank from ; and in a whisper I communicated my fears to my husband, and my wish to remain longer in consequence of them. An angry look and a desire expressed aloud that I should get ready to go, was all the answer that I received ; and I obeyed him. When we were in the street, he said : “ I never in my

life acted from a motive so unworthy as that of fear ; and this was a fear so contemptible, that I should have scorned to have acted upon it ; and I am really ashamed of you." No wonder—I was ashamed of myself.

That a feeling so unworthy as a fear of this nature had no power to influence Mr. Opie, I can bring another instance to prove. Some years ago, a gentleman called on Mr. Opie, from motives of friendship, to inform him that a person, whose name I shall not mention, the editor of some magazine, now no more remembered, was going to publish in his next number a very severe abusive memoir of him, and hinted that it might be advisable for Mr. Opie to take measures to prevent the publication, showing him at the same time a number already published, which contained a similar memoir of an eminent and highly respected actor, and was an alarming proof, as the gentleman thought, of the writer's powers. Mr. Opie perused the memoir ; and, returning it to his friend, coolly observed, that if that was all the person could do, he was very welcome to say any thing of him that he chose ; but that he never had condescended, nor ever would condescend, under any circumstances whatever, to put a stop, by bribe or menace, to any thing of the kind. For the exact words which he used on this occasion, I will not answer ; but I am sure that such was the sentiment which he expressed ; and I shall here take the liberty of observing, that while he scorned by bribe or menace, to avert printed calumny against him, he also scorned to obtain, by bribe of any kind, a printed eulogium. For his fame, *latterly* at least, he was indebted to *himself* alone :—by no puffs, no paragraphs, did he endeavour to obtain public notice ; and I have heard him, with virtuous pride declare, that, whether his reputation were great or small, it was self-derived, and he was indebted for it to no exertions but those of his own industry and talents.

Mr. Opie was as free from prejudice on every point, as he was from vanity ; I mean that he never espoused an opinion without well weighing both sides of the question, and was not led by his personal preferences or hatreds to prejudice any man, any measures, or any works. For instance :—when Mr. Burke's splendid work on the French Revolution was published, he read it with delight, and imbibed most of the political opinions of its author : but as soon as he heard that a powerful writer had appeared on the other side of the question, he was eager to read what might be said in opposition to Mr. Burke, truth being his only object on all occasions. I think no stronger instance than this can be given of the love of fair inquiry which was a leading feature in Mr. Opie's mind ; because, when that celebrated book appeared, it became a sort of religion, and those who professed

his doctrines thought there was no political salvation for those who did not. And Mr. Opie had caught the enthusiasm, had imbibed the convictions which that eloquent work inspired; still he would not condemn the author of the Rights of Man unread, but felt the propriety and the justice of judging with his own eyes and understanding before he passed a definitive sentence. Strange is it, to the eye of reason, that conduct like this, apparently so natural and so easy, should make part of a man's panegyric, as if it were an act of uncommon virtue; yet those who have at all accustomed themselves to study the habits and motives of mankind in general, will own that the above-mentioned conduct was of the *rarest kind*; and that there are so many who are too indolent, or too prejudiced, to read, or to inquire on certain subjects and concerning certain people, that they attribute to writers and to sects, both in politics and religion, opinions and designs which it never entered into their heads to conceive of; and, taught by prejudice and aversion, believe that on some points ignorance is graceful, and inveteracy becoming. Different was the opinion, and different the practice, of Mr. Opie. He seemed to consider a prejudice and an enemy as the same thing, and to think it as desirable to get rid of the one as to subdue the other. But though all Mr. Opie's opinions might not be just opinions, whatever they were, they were the result of toil and investigation. He might, like others, occasionally mistake weeds for flowers; and bring them home, and carefully preserve them as such: but the weeds were gathered by his own hands, and he had at least by his labour deserved that they should be valuable acquisitions.

On no subject did Mr. Opie evince more generosity and liberality of mind, than in his opinions respecting women of talents, especially those who had dared to cultivate the powers which their Maker had bestowed on them, and to become candidates for the pleasures, the pangs, the rewards, and the penalties of authorship. This class of women never had a more zealous defender than my husband against the attacks of those less liberal than himself. He did not lay it down as a positive axiom, that a female writer must fail in every duty that is most graceful and becoming in woman, and be an offensive companion, a negligent wife, and an inattentive mother. Idleness, in both sexes, was the fault that he was most violent against; and there was no employment, consistent with delicacy and modesty, that he wished a woman to be debarred from, after she had fulfilled the regular and necessary duties of her sex and her situation: nor, if authorship did not lead a woman to disregard and undervalue the accomplishments and manners of her own sex, or to be forward and obtrusive in company, did he think it just and candid

to affix to such a woman, the degrading epithets of *unfeminine*, or masculine.

When our marriage took place, he knew that my most favourite amusement was writing; and he always encouraged, instead of checking, my ambition to become an acknowledged author. Our only quarrel on the subject was, not that I wrote so much, but that I did not write *more* and *better*: and to the last hour of my existence I shall deplore those habits of indolence which made me neglect to write while it was in my power to profit by his criticisms and advice; and when, by employing myself more regularly in that manner, I should have been sure to receive the proudest and dearest reward of woman,—the approbation of a husband at once the object of her respect and of her love.

But had Mr. Opie been inclined to that mean and jealous egotism which leads some men to dislike even good sense in our sex, an aversion originating probably in their being *self-judged*, and desirous of shrinking from a competition in which they knew that they could not be victorious, still, it was impossible for *him* to find a rival amongst women; for, if ever there was an understanding which deserved in all respects the proud and just distinction of a *MASCULINE* understanding, it was that of Mr. Opie. In many men, though of high talents and excellent genius, there are to be seen *womanish* weaknesses, as they are called, and littlenesses, the result of vanity and egotism, that debase and obscure the manliness of their intellect. But the intellect of Mr. Opie had such a masculine vigour about it, that it never yielded for a moment to the pressure of a weakness; but kept on with such a firm, untired, undeviating step toward the goal of excellence, that it was impossible for the delicate feet of woman to overtake it in its career.

Of Mr. Opie's industry and excessive application I shall now beg leave to speak.

In one respect he had perhaps, an advantage over most of his competitors. "Many artists," as Mr. Northcote judiciously observes "may be said to paint to live; but *he* lived to paint." To many, painting may be a pleasure, and *is* a profession; but in him it was a *passion*, and he was never happy but when he was employed in the gratification of it. Whenever he came to Norwich while I was on a visit to my father, I had no chance of detaining him there unless he found business awaiting him. But no society, and no situation, however honourable, and however pleasant, could long keep him from his painting-room. In the autumn of 1806, we were staying at Southill, the seat of Mr. Whitbread; and never did I see him so happy, when absent from London, as he was there; for he felt towards his host and hostess every sentiment of respect and admiration which it is

pleasant to feel, and honourable to inspire. But though he was the object of the most kind and flattering attention, he sighed to return to London and his pursuits :—and when he had been at Southill only eight days, he said to me, on my expressing my unwillingness to go away, “ Though I shall be even anxious to come hither again, recollect that I have been idle *eight days*.”

But his art was not only his passion, it was also his pride ; and whatever had a tendency to exalt painting and its professors in the eyes of the world, was a source of gratification to him. He used often to expatiate on the great classical attainments of Mr. Fuseli, whose wit he admired, and whose conversation he delighted in : but I have often thought that one cause of the pleasure which he derived from mentioning that gentleman’s attainments was, his conviction that the learning of Mr. Fuseli was an honour to his profession, and tended to exalt it in the opinion of society. I saw the same sort of exultation in him, when Mr. Hoppner and Mr. Shee became candidates for literary reputation :—he loved to see the tie between poetry and painting drawn closer and closer (a tie which he felt to exist, though it was not generally allowed) ; and I well remember that, while he read the well-told tales of the one, and the excellent poem of the other, he seemed to feel a pride, in them as the works of *painters*, and to rejoice that their authors united, in their own persons, the sister and corresponding arts.

But to return to Mr. Opie’s industry.

It was not only from inclination, but from principle, that he was industrious : he thought it vicious for any one to be satisfied in art with aught less than excellence, and knew that excellence is not to be obtained by convulsive starts of application, but by continued and daily perseverance ; not by the alternately rapid and faint step of the hare, but by the slow yet sure and incessant pace of the tortoise. He required not the incitement of a yearly and public competition for fame to make him studious and laborious. He would have toiled as much had there been no exhibition, and not only during the few months or weeks preceding it did he prepare for that interesting and anxious period, but the whole foregoing year was his term of preparation.

It was his opinion, that no one should either paint or write with a view merely to present bread or present reputation, nor be contented to shine, like a beauty or a fashion, the idol only of the passing hour ;—he felt it right for painters and authors to experience the honourable ambition and stimulating desire to live

“ In song of distant days ;”

his time, therefore, his labour, and his study, were the coin with which he proudly tried to purchase immortality : nor did he ever

waste the precious hours of day-light in any pursuits or engagements which had not some connexion with his art or his professional interests. No wonder, then, that every successive year saw him improved in some branch of his profession :—no wonder that one of our first painters should have said of him, “ Others get forward by steps, but that man by *strides*.”

He was always in his painting-room by half past eight in winter, and by eight o'clock in summer ; and there he generally remained, closely engaged in painting, till half past four in winter, and till five in summer. Nor did he ever allow himself to be idle even when he had no pictures bespoken : and as he never let his execution rust for want of practice, he, in that case, either sketched out designs for historical or fancy pictures, or endeavoured, by working on an unfinished picture of *me*, to improve himself by incessant practice in that difficult branch of his art, female portraiture. Neither did he suffer his exertions to be paralyzed by neglect the most unexpected, and disappointment the most undeserved. Though he had a picture in the exhibition of 1801, which was universally admired, and purchased as soon as it was beheld, he saw himself at the end of that year, and the beginning of the next, almost wholly without employment ; and even my sanguine temper yielded to the trial, I began to fear that, small as our expenditure was, it must become still smaller. Not that I allowed myself to own that I desponded ; on the contrary, I was forced to talk to him of hopes, and to bid him look forward to higher prospects, as his temper, naturally desponding, required all the support possible. But gloomy and painful indeed were those three alarming months ; and I consider them as the severest trial that I experienced during my married life. However, as I before observed, even despondence did not make him indolent ; he continued to paint regularly as usual, and no doubt by that means increased his ability to do justice to the torrent of business which soon after set in towards him, and never ceased to flow till the day of his death.

It is probable that many young artists, men whose habits and whose style are yet to form, will eagerly seek out opportunities to study the pictures of Mr. Opie, and endeavour to make his excellencies their own ; but let them not overlook the legacy, the more valuable legacy which he has bequeathed to students, and even proficients in art, in the powerful example of his life. Such it appears, was his application, that it would have insured ability and renown, even had his powers been of a less superior kind ; and such were his economy and self-denial, that they would have secured independence even where the means of obtaining it were slender and uncertain. For the gratifications of vanity, and for the pomps of life, Mr. Opie had no inclination ; therefore he

could not be said to have merit in not trying to indulge in them. But though his tastes were simple, and he loved what may be denominated the cheap pleasures of existence, reading, conversation, an evening walk, either for the sake of exercise or for the study of picturesque effect, still, there were pleasures of a more expensive sort, for which he earnestly longed, but in which his well-principled economy forbade him to indulge; I mean the purchase of pictures and of books. But till he had acquired a *certain sum*, always the object of his industry—a sum that would, he trusted, make him independent of the world, he was resolved to deny himself every indulgence that was not absolutely necessary; for he shrunk with horror from the idea of incurring debts or pecuniary obligation: and as he never squandered any thing on unnecessary wants, he was always able to discharge every debt as it was incurred, whether of the day or of the week, and to meet the exigencies of the moment, not only for himself, but sometimes for others less provident, less self-denying, and less fortunate than he was.

He was temperate in most of his habits. Dinner parties, if they consisted of persons whose society he valued, he was always willing to join. Still, his habits and his taste were so domestic in their nature, that he, on the whole, preferred passing his evenings at home, to joining any society abroad; and he employed his hours from tea to bed-time either in reading books of instruction or amusement, in studying prints from the best ancient and modern masters, or in sketching designs for pictures of various descriptions. Not unfrequently did he allow himself the relaxation of reading a novel, even if it were not of the first class; for he was above the petty yet common affectation of considering that sort of reading as beneath any persons but fools and women. And if his fondness for works of that kind was a weakness, it was one which he had in common with Mr. Fox and Mr. Porson. But it was with great difficulty I could on any occasion prevail on him to accompany me either to public places or into private parties of a mixed and numerous kind; yet when at the theatre he was interested and amused, and still more so at the opera, as he delighted in Italian music and Italian singing; and such was the quickness of his ear, and so excellent was his musical memory, that in common he accurately remembered a tune that pleased him, on only once hearing it. He played the flute pleasingly: and though he had not the smallest pretention to voice, he sung comic songs to me occasionally; and repeated comic verses with such humorous and apt expression, that I have often told him, I was convinced, had a troop of comedians visited his native place before he conceived his decided predilection for painting, that he would have been an actor instead of a

painter; and probably would in time have been, in some kind of comedy, at the head of his profession. He had also no inconsiderable power of mimicry: but as in the rainbow all the colours of the prism are assembled at once, though the brightest and deepest only are distinctly visible; so, where there is one distinguished and superior talent, the person thus gifted unites and possesses usually all the rest, though in an inferior degree.

But to go back to his economy and self-denial. They were often such as to make me rashly imagine them to be wholly unnecessary: still, I respected so highly his motives for the privations to which he subjected both me and himself, that for the most part I submitted to them cheerfully, looking forward with a hope (which was not disappointed) that the time would come when our circumstances would allow us to have more of the comforts and elegancies of life, and to receive our friends in a manner more suited to the esteem which we entertained for them. The time *did* come; but, unfortunately, it came *too late*. Mr. Opie was conscious that he had nearly realized the sum so long desired. I was allowed to make the long-projected alterations and improvements in my own apartments, and he had resolved to indulge himself, as he called it, in the luxury of keeping a horse. You may remember, my dear Sir, that when he had given over lecturing for the season, and you were requesting him to write a paper for *The Artist* against a given time, he replied that he was tired of writing, that he would be a gentleman during the spring months, keep a horse, and ride out every evening. The *next* time you saw him, he was on a sick couch, and the object of affectionate solicitude to all who surrounded him! He lived not to enjoy the independence which he had so virtuously toiled to obtain; but was cut off in the prime of every possession and expectation, and in that year both of his married life and mine, which I can with truth aver was the most prosperous and the most happy!

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FROM THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

Particulars of the Pearl Fishery in the Bay of Condatschy.

*Translated from the French Account of a Voyage to Ceylon, performed between the Years 1790 and 1800.*

THE Island of Ceylon affords no greater curiosity to an European, than a view of this bay, during the pearl fishery. This arid desert then presents a scene of such variety, that I cannot say I have ever seen any thing that can be compared to it. The

confluence of many thousands of individuals of all colours incessantly passing and repassing—the great number of tents and huts erected upon the shores, each of which has its shop—the multitude of barks that return in the afternoon from the fishery, many of them loaded with riches—the anxiety painted upon the faces of the owners at the time when the barks are nearing the shore—the haste with which they approach them in hopes of finding a valuable cargo—the prodigious number of jewellers, brokers, and merchants, of all nations and all colours, both natives and foreigners, all engaged about pearls, some separating and assorting, some weighing, some examining the number and value, and some perforating them,—all these details united, make a very lively impression upon the spectators.

The first object, before the fishery commences, is to examine the various oyster banks, and the state of the oysters, and to make a report to government accordingly. If the quantity is then supposed to be sufficient, and that they are come to a proper degree of maturity, the banks upon which the oysters are to be found are put up to auction, and some black is commonly the auctioneer; but sometimes the government think proper to cause the fishery to be carried on upon their own account, and afterwards, likewise, to sell the pearls to the merchants.

The pearl fishery begins in the month of February, and terminates early in April. Six weeks, or two months at most, is the time fixed by the merchants for this operation. All the barks being assembled in the bay of Condatschay, from hence they depart and return together every day.—As the signal for sailing, a gun is fired about six o'clock, and the fleet gets under sail with a sea breeze. It arrives at the banks before day-break, and at sunrise the divers begin diving. This continues without intermission till the breeze which springs up towards the south gives the signal for the barks to return to the bay.—The return is announced to the proprietors by the firing of another gun, who are in continual agitation till this takes place. The moment they arrive, the cargo is brought on shore, as it is necessary the whole of them should be unloaded before night.—But, however bad their success may have been, the proprietors very rarely betray any marks of dissatisfaction, as they always flatter themselves with being more successful another time.

Each bark carries twenty men, and a *tindal*, or master, who acts as pilot. Ten of the crew are attached to the oars, and assist the divers in coming up again. The divers descend five at a time, and when the first five are up the others replace them, diving alternately, merely taking time just sufficient to renew their breath.

To hasten the descent of the divers, the following means are

used: They bring five large pieces of reddish granite stones on board, common in this country, which, though rounded at both extremities, are still of a pyramidal form—a hole is made through the smallest part of them, sufficient to pass a cord. In order to have their feet at liberty, some divers make use of a stone, cut in the form of a half moon; and these stones they tie round their waist, or below the belly, when they enter into the water.

Accustomed to this exercise from their earliest infancy, the divers are not afraid to dive from four to ten fathom. When either of the divers is upon the point of going down, he siezes with the toes of his right foot the cord attached to one of the stones just described, while upon those of the left foot he takes a bag net. All the Indians have the faculty of using their toes with the same facility as their fingers; and, such is the force of habit, that with their toes only, they can bring up the smallest object whatever from the bottom with as much ease as an European would with the use of his fingers.

The diver, being thus prepared, takes another cord in his right hand, and, closing his nostrils with the left, descends into the ocean, to the bottom of which he is rapidly drawn by the stone. He then gets the bag net from his neck before him, and, with as much promptitude as address, he collects as large a number of oysters as possible during the space of time he remains under water; which is, generally speaking, about two minutes. Afterwards, regaining his first position, he gives the signal for assistance, by pulling the cord that he holds in his left hand.

By these means he is up again in a moment, and is received into the bark. As to the stone which is left at the bottom, that is drawn up by means of the cord to which it is attached.

The efforts made by the divers during this operation are so violent, that when they come up, they throw up water, and sometimes even blood, from their mouths, their ears, and their nostrils. This, however, does not prevent them from diving again when it comes to their turn. They frequently dive from forty to fifty times in a day, and bring up a hundred oysters each time. Some of them rub their bodies with oil, and stop up their ears and nostrils to keep out the water: others do not use any precaution whatever.

But, though in general they do not remain more than two minutes at the bottom of the sea, there are some who can stay four or five minutes, which, says the writer, I have seen by a young Caffre; the last time I assisted in the pearl fishery. No person was ever known to have remained longer under water, excepting a diver who came from Anjango in 1797, and he staid there six minutes.

Thanks to the suppleness of the limbs of the Indians, and the habit they have contracted from their infancy this exercise, which an European considers so painful and dangerous, is extremely familiar to them. What they fear the most, is to meet with a shark, whilst they are at the bottom. This terrible creature is common in the seas that lave the coasts of India, and is the object of continual alarm to those who venture into the water. Some divers, however, have the address to evade the shark, though they still continue their time underneath. But the terror which they generally labour under is so permanent, and the certainty of escape so weak, that, guided by superstition, they have recourse to supernatural means to secure themselves from an enemy so formidable.

Before they dive, they seldom fail to consult a conjuror, or an exorcist, and they implicitly believe whatever he tells them. According to the cast and the sect to which the diver belongs, various preparatory ceremonies are prescribed, in the exact performance of which they place a confidence, which nothing can weaken. Their credulity is always the same, though the event should turn out in direct opposition to the predictions of the impostor.

The appearance of a single shark is enough to spread terror among the divers. This they communicate to their comrades of the other barks, when their terror is generally so great, that they return to the bay, and refuse to fish any more for the rest of the day. Sometimes all this alarm is caused by nothing more than one of the divers cutting his foot by treading upon a sharp stone; but as the business of the fishery suffers considerably by these false alarms, the fact is rigidly inquired into; and if any fraud is discovered, the authors are severely punished.

During the time the barks are returning to the bay, the proprietors are exposed to the chance of losing a number of their finest pearls. When the oysters are left in a state of rest for any time, they frequently open of themselves; and then a fine pearl is easily discovered, by thrusting any small substance between the shells to keep them open. After this, the theft is not difficult to commit, and particularly among those who are employed to search the oyster for pearls. But when the proprietors suppose this to have been the fact, they put the offenders under close confinement, and give them strong emetics and cathartics, by which they frequently recover the objects of research.

Being landed, the oysters are carried away by those persons to whom they belong, and deposited in pits about two feet depth. They are sometimes placed in small squares, enclosed in with rails, each merchant having his particular division. A mat being spread upon the ground to prevent the oysters from touching it, they are then suffered to putrify. After this they are dried,

and then they may be opened without running any risque of damaging the pearls, which would infallibly be the case if they were to be taken from the oysters whilst they are fresh. When the shells are divided, the oysters are attentively examined, and they are sometimes boiled because the pearl commonly found in the shell is often enclosed in the body of the oyster.

The bad smell occasioned by the oysters when in a state of putrefaction, is often insupportable, and continues a long time after the fishery, extending several miles about Condatschy, rendering the whole country the most disagreeable and unwholesome, till the setting in of the monsoons purifies the air. This unwholesome air, however, does not repress those persons actuated by the love of gain; for, several months after the fishing season is over, a number of individuals may be seen walking about with their eyes fixed to the ground, and searching every spot where the oysters have been in a state of putrefaction. Very frequently some of these have the good fortune to find a pearl, which amply rewards them for their pains. In the year 1797, a man of the lowest class discovered one of very great value, which he disposed of for a considerable sum.

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FROM THE LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

ANECDOTES COLLECTED FROM THE PRIVATE LIFE OF PETER  
THE GREAT, EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

PETER died, as he had lived, a great man! Every circumstance of his malady, and the cause of his death could only appertain to an extraordinary personage. A too frequent use of strong liquors had occasioned a violent pain in the neck of the bladder; and he could not bring himself to disclose the nature of his disorder. This conqueror, this intrepid warrior, who had so often confronted death at the head of his armies, could not conquer a false delicacy: it cost him his life. It is certain that had he discovered his malady from the beginning, he might have lived thirty years longer; he was of a strong constitution, and this disorder, in its commencement, was a thing of no consequence.

This childish timidity, this species of innocence and modesty,\*

\* He was modest, in two senses; and modesty and simplicity were, at that time, the accompaniments of great minds. I knew only the Marechal Villars, who was an exception to this rule. After a long succession of military glory and brilliant actions, he might have aspired to the title of a great man, if he had not sounded his own praises; ever boasting, he spoke of only his own merits and services, and had all the vanity of a man risen from nothing.

is certainly one of the properties of genius ; and it is a principle attached to great men to wish to conceal their weakness from the world ; but which too often gives us cause of sorrow, as in the present instance, for the fatal consequences which may ensue.

Thirty years longer of life, from the energy given by Peter to the nation, would have rendered it much more strong and complete : he saw, under his reign, that revolution which he had prepared, almost entirely accomplished. What good did he not perform for Russia ? What long rooted abuses did he not destroy ? What wonderful establishments did he not make ? In a painful disorder, he took, like a timid child, in a private manner, and as if by stealth, the medicines of an empiric, brought him by one of his valets, and who, according to the state he was in, promised to cure him ! He continued these remedies, and the disorder increased : vanquished, at last, by extreme pain, he had recourse to physicians. Doctors Blumenstorf and Bredlow, made use of ordinary methods, which might have succeeded in the commencement : but an inflammation having taken place, their cares were insufficient ; the evil was irremediable.

After undergoing some operations, he was in a fair way of recovery, but his cure was not yet established—he became impatient ; this active being had not learnt to endure sickness, and he suffered from his confinement, as much as from his disorder : he went to visit the works of the canal at Ladoga ; a great undertaking, conducted and directed by the Count of Munich ; from thence he went to view the armories, the salt works, and forges ; all those establishments created by himself, the fruits of his genius, and the information he had gained by his travels. It was at the latter part of the year, in the month of October, already very severe in the climate of Russia, he went by water, his favourite way of travelling, the cold seized him, and he felt it. The physician advised him to return immediately to Petersburg ; he was not yet ill, but he expected to become so. An honourable cause, worthy of his great soul, the cause of humanity, caused his relapse.

He returned by the Achta ; he saw a boat upset, and the sailors in danger of perishing, were struggling against the waves : he sent some of his crew to their assistance ; they were unsuccessful, not being quick enough. Peter followed all their movements with his eye ; his generous heart beat for the wretched, helpless beings ; he could restrain himself no longer ; he ordered his yacht to advance, he plunged into the water, and hastened to succour the unfortunate ! his strength and his lofty stature rendered him fit for an enterprise of this kind ; he saved, and dragged all these sailors out of the water ! But he felt the cold and

damp had deeply penetrated his body, though he was free from pain. When he arrived at Petersburg he had a fatal relapse, a gangrene had taken place in the part affected, and he died at the age of fifty-three years.

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#### THE ORIGINAL BLUE BEARD.

AS this extraordinary personage has long been the theme, not only of children's early study and terror, and as no afterpiece had ever a greater run than that splendid and popular musical entertainment which bears the title of Blue Beard, our readers will, no doubt, be gratified in perusing the character of that being, who really existed, and who was distinguished, in horror and derision, by that appellation.

He was the famous Gilles, Marquis de Laval, a Marshal of France, and a general of uncommon intrepidity, and greatly distinguished himself in the reigns of Charles the VI. and VII. by his courage; particularly against the English, when they invaded France. He rendered those services to his country which were sufficient to immortalize his name had he not for ever tarnished his glory by the most horrible and cruel murders, blasphemies, and licentiousness of every kind. His revenues were princely, but his prodigality was sufficient to render an Emperor a bankrupt. Wherever he went he had in his suite a seraglio, a company of players, a band of musicians, a society of sorcerers, an almost incredible number of cooks, packs of dogs of various kinds, and above two hundred led horses: Mezeray, an author of the highest repute, says, that he encouraged and maintained men who called themselves sorcerers, to discover hidden treasures, and corrupted young persons of both sexes to attach themselves to him, and afterwards killed them for the sake of their blood, which was requisite to form his charms and incantations. These horrid excesses may be believed, when we reflect on the age of ignorance and barbarity in which they were, certainly, but too often practised. He was, at length, for a state crime against the Duke of Brittany, sentenced to be burnt alive in a field at Nantes 1440; but the Duke of Brittany, who was present at his execution, so far mitigated the sentence, that he was first strangled, then burnt, and his ashes buried. Though he was descended from one of the most illustrious families in France, he declared, previous to his death, that all his horrible excesses were owing to his wretched education.

FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

Particulars of the horrible imprisonment of the English in the Black Hole,  
after the capture of Calcutta by storm, in June 1756.

AT five the Nabob entered the fort, accompanied by his general Meer Jaffier, and most of the principal officers of his army. He immediately ordered Omichund and Kissendass to be brought before him, and received them with civility; and having bid some officers to go and take possession of the Company's treasury, he proceeded to the principal apartment of the factory, where he sat in state, and received the compliments of his court and attendants in magnificent expressions of his prowess and good fortune. Soon after he sent for Mr. Holwell, to whom he expressed much resentment at the presumption of the English in daring to defend the fort, and much dissatisfaction at the smallness of the sum found in the treasury, which did not exceed 50,000 rupees.

Mr. Holwell returning to his unfortunate companions, found them assembled, and surrounded by a strong guard. Several buildings on the north and south sides of the fort were already in flames, which approached with so thick a smoke on either hand, that the prisoners imagined their enemies had caused this conflagration, in order to suffocate them between the two fires. On each side of the eastern gate of the fort, extended a range of chambers adjoining to the curtain; and before the chambers a varanda, or open gallery: it was of arched masonry, and intended to shelter the soldiers from the sun and rain, but, being low, almost totally obstructed the chambers behind from the light and air; and whilst some of the guard were looking in other parts of the factory for proper places to confine the prisoners during the night, the rest ordered them to assemble in ranks under the varanda on the right hand of the gateway, where they remained for some time with so little suspicion of their impending fate, that they laughed among themselves at the seeming oddity of this disposition, and amused themselves with conjecturing what they should next be ordered to do. About 8 o'clock, those who had been sent to examine the rooms, reported that they had found none fit for the purpose. On which the principal officer commanded the prisoners to go into one of the rooms which stood behind them along the varanda. It was the common dungeon of the garrison, who used to call it, *The Black Hole*. Many of the prisoners knowing the place, began to expostulate; upon which the officer ordered his men to cut down those who hesitated; on which the prisoners obeyed. But, before all were within, the room was so

thronged, that the last entered with difficulty. The guard immediately closed and locked the door; confining 146 persons in a room not twenty feet square, with only two small windows, and these obstructed by the varanda.

It was the hottest season of the year; and the night uncommonly sultry, even at this season. The excessive pressure of their bodies against one another, and the intolerable heat which prevailed as soon as the door was shut, convinced the prisoners that it was impossible to live through the night in this horrible confinement; and violent attempts were immediately made to force the door, but without effect, for it opened inward; on which many began to give a loose to rage. Mr. Holwell, who had placed himself at one of the windows, exhorted them to remain composed both in body and mind, as the only means of surviving the night, and his remonstrances produced a short interval of quiet; during which he applied to an old Jemautdar, who bore some marks of humanity in his countenance, promising to give him a thousand rupees in the morning, if he would separate the prisoners into two chambers. The old man went to try, but returning in a few minutes, said it was impossible; when Mr. Holwell offered him a larger sum; on which he retired once more, and returned with the fatal sentence, that no relief could be expected, because the Nabob was asleep, and no one dared to wake him.

In the mean time, every minute had increased their sufferings. The first effect of their confinement was a profuse and continued sweat, which soon produced intolerable thirst, succeeded by excruciating pains in the breast, with difficulty of breathing little short of suffocation. Various means were tried to obtain more room and air. Every one stripped off his clothes; every hat was put in motion; and these methods affording no relief, it was proposed that they should all sit down on their hams at the same time, and, after remaining a little while in this posture, rise all together. This fatal expedient was thrice repeated before they had been confined an hour; and every time, several, unable to rear themselves again, fell, and were trampled to death by their companions. Attempts were again made to force the door, which, failing as before, redoubled their rage; but the thirst increasing, nothing but "Water! water!" became, soon after, the general cry. The good Jemautdar immediately ordered some skins of water to be brought to the windows; but, instead of relief, his benevolence became a more dreadful cause of destruction; for the sight of the water threw every one into such excessive agitations and ravings, that, unable to resist this violent impulse of nature, none could wait to be regularly served, but each, with the utmost ferocity, battled against those who were likely to get it before him; and, in these conflicts, many were

either pressed to death by the efforts of others, or suffocated by their own. This scene, instead of producing compassion in the guard without, only excited their mirth ; and they held up lights to the bars, in order to have the diabolical satisfaction of viewing the deplorable contentions of the sufferers within ; who, finding it impossible to get any water whilst it was thus furiously disputed, at length suffered those who were nearest to the windows to convey it in their hats to those behind them. It proved no relief either to their thirst, or other sufferings ; for the fever increased every moment with the increasing depravity of the air in the dungeon, which had been so often respired, and was saturated with the hot and deleterious effluvia of putrifying bodies ; of which the stench was little less than mortal. Before midnight, all who were alive, and had not partaken of the air at the windows, were either in a lethargic stupefaction, or raving with delirium. Every kind of invective and abuse was uttered, in hopes of provoking the guard to put an end to their miseries, by firing into the dungeon ; and whilst some were blaspheming their Creator with the frantic execrations of torment in despair, Heaven was implored by others with wild and incoherent prayers ; until the weaker, exhausted by these agitations, at length laid down quietly, and expired on the bodies of their dead or agonizing friends. Those who still survived in the inward part of the dungeon, finding that the water had afforded them no relief, made efforts to obtain air, by endeavouring to scramble over the heads of those who stood between them and the windows ; where the utmost strength of every one was employed for two hours, either in maintaining his own ground, or in endeavouring to get that of which others were in possession. All regards of compassion and affection were lost, and no one would recede or give way for the relief of another. Faintness, sometimes, gave short pauses of quiet, but the first motion of any one renewed the struggle through all, under which ever and anon, some one sunk to rise no more. At two o'clock, not one more than fifty remained alive. But even this number were too many to partake of the saving air, the contest for which, and life, continued until the morn, long implored, began to break ; and, with the hope of relief gave the few survivors a view of the dead. The survivors then at the window, finding that their entreaties could not prevail on the guard to open the door, it occurred to Mr. Cooke, the secretary of the council, that Mr. Holwell, if alive, might have more influence to obtain their relief ; and two of the company undertaking the search, discovered him, having still some signs of life ; but when they brought him towards the window, every one refused to quit his place, excepting captain Mills, who, with rare generosity, offered to resign his ; on which the rest likewise agreed to make room. He had scarcely begun to recd-

ver his senses, before an officer, sent by the Nabob, came and inquired if the English chief survived ; and, soon after, the same man returned with an order to open the prison. The dead were so thronged, and the survivors had so little strength remaining, that they were employed near half an hour in removing the bodies which lay against the door, before they could clear a passage to go out one at a time ; when, of one hundred and forty-six who went in, no more than twenty-three came out alive, the ghastliest forms that ever were seen alive. The Nabob's troops beheld them, and the havock of death from which they had escaped, with indifference ; but did not prevent them from removing to a distance, and were immediately obliged, by the intolerable stench, to clear the dungeon, whilst others dug a ditch, on the outside of the fort, into which all the dead bodies were promiscuously thrown.

Mr. Holwell, unable to stand, was, soon after, carried to the Nabob, who was so far from shewing any compassion for his condition, or remorse for the death of the other prisoners, that he only talked of the treasures which the English had buried ; and, threatening him with farther injuries, if he persisted in concealing them, ordered him to be kept a prisoner. The officers to whose charge he was delivered put him into fetters, together with Messrs. Court and Walcot, who were likewise supposed to know something of the treasures ; the rest of the survivors, amongst whom were Messrs. Cooke and Mills, were told they might go where they pleased ; but an English woman, the only one of her sex amongst the sufferers, was reserved for the seraglio of the general, Meer Jaffier. The dread of remaining any longer within the reach of such barbarians, determined most of them to remove immediately, as far as their strength enabled them, from the fort, and most tended towards the vessels, which were still in sight ; but when they reached Govindpore, in the southern part of the Company's bounds, they were informed that guards were stationed to prevent any persons from passing to the vessels ; on which most of them took shelter in deserted huts, where some of the natives, who had served the English in different employments, came and administered to their immediate wants. Two or three, however, ventured, and got to the vessels before sun-set. Their appearance, and the dreadful tale they had to tell, were the severest of reproaches to those on board, who, intent only on their own preservation, had made no efforts to facilitate the escape of the rest of the garrison ; never, perhaps, was such an opportunity of performing an heroic action so ignominiously neglected : for a single sloop, with 15 brave men on board, might, in spite of all the efforts of the enemy, have come up, and, anchoring under the fort, have carried away all who suffered in the dungeon.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

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*French Empire.*—The following extract from the *Journal de Paris*, may be regarded as an official expose of the military and naval strength of the empire :

“ If we take a view of the French empire, we see that it to day offers a development of forces, perhaps, unexampled. At the moment, when near 500,000 men are marching from Hamburgh, the Wesel, Mayence, Verona, Munich, Dresden, and Berlin, to take a position upon the Oder and the Vistula, whilst 50,000 men form camps of reserve for the protection of the coasts of France, Italy, the kingdom of Naples, and the Illyrian provinces, and that six armies, amounting to nearly 300,000 men, are in the peninsula, fifty battalions are in march from different points, to replace, in Spain, seven or eight regiments, which have been recalled, and some detachments of the Imperial Guard, 6000 cavalry, have set out from the depots to reinforce that same army, and all this is done without effort, without extraordinary means, without bustle. At the same time, considerable fleets are equipped and armed ; several vessels will, in the course of the summer, be completed in Toulon ; several are constructing at Venice, one has been launched at Genoa, many others are upon the stocks at Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Antwerp, Cherbourg, and Rochefort. The funds to be appropriated to ships, roads, canals, bridges, new basins, and dock-yards, are, as we are assured, more considerable than those of last year : the construction of a new basin at the mouth of the Loire is talked of : the road from Hamburgh to Wesel will, this year, be finished : thus a route of more than 80 leagues, costing more than ten millions, will have been finished in less than two years. The road from Amsterdam to Antwerp occupies three depots of workmen ; six of the same are employed upon that which coats the Mediterranean from Nice to Rome ; that from Parma to Spezzia. The causeway from Bourdeaux to Bayonne, across Les Landes, will be finished this season. Roads, which will cross the Berre in different directions, are, it is said, in contemplation, and the establishing of a direct communication with Saragossa, by travelling the Pyrenees at a great number of points. The basin of Flushing will be completely finished before the month of June ; thirty vessels, completely armed, will be able to enter it, an advantage which the old basin did not possess, in which ships could not enter without having their guns taken out. This year the Elbe has been sounded, and understood ; that

river possesses similar advantages to those possessed by the Scheldt ; it has fine harbours, basins, and an arsenal for building will be established there. The works of the strong fortresses are pursued with equal activity. Three forts have been constructed at the Helder ; forts Morlando, Dugemmu, and Lasalle, are entirely completed, and covered by inundations. Batteries defend the passage of the Helder, and protect the squadron. A basin and a maritime establishment have been decreed, and will be commenced this year. Already would three months' open trenches be required to take the Helder, that key of the Zuiderzee and Holland."

*Massacre at Valencia.*—It may be recollected, that Suchet, in one of his despatches relative to the fall of Valencia, accused Mr. Tupper, the British consul in that city, of having encouraged the assassination of the French residents in the place, 325 in number ! Mr. T. has published a vindication of himself from this horrible charge, and gives the following as a true narrative of his proceedings during the massacre.

"A canon of the church of St. Isidro, of Madrid, headed a faction which was composed of men of the vilest characters. They had all been guilty either of murder, or of other great crimes, for which some of them had been condemned to hard labour for life, and others to perpetual imprisonment. They were, however, unlawfully set at liberty ; and placing themselves under the guidance of their chief, they took possession of the citadel of Valencia in the month of June, 1808. They then declared void the authority of the Supreme Junta, of which I was a member ; but its sittings were nevertheless continued.—Before this faction got into power, the French residents had taken refuge in the citadel, and were then protected by the Junta ; but as soon as the canon and his party had possessed themselves of the place, these unfortunate refugees fell victims to their sanguinary views. During the night of the 4th of June, about 150 of these miserable men were most savagely butchered ; and the next morning 175 others were ordered, by the infamous canon, to be chained together, and marched out into the open fields, where they were all murdered by a dozen men belonging to this band of assassins, and who were sent there for the express purpose.

"As soon as I was informed of their barbarous intention, I hastened to the spot, to endeavour to prevent this bloody work, or at least to lessen the number of victims ; but all my exertions were in vain. In the mean time the city was one general scene of blood and anarchy ; the assassins every where committed the vilest depredations, and being guilty of the most inhuman murders. The French consul, Lacrusse, was now diligently sought for. I wrote to him, however, at the risk of my life, and offered him my house and my protection, of which he gratefully accepted, and thus he escaped from his blood-thirsty pursuers. His fate was in my hands ; but still, at the farther hazard of my own safety, I kept him concealed for many days, until I had an opportunity of conveying him down to the sea side, and embarking him for France, on board an English vessel, with about 60

others of his countrymen, whom Providence had also made me instrumental in saving from the murderous knife of the barbarians. Their audacity had at last become so great, that they even brought five unfortunate and respectable Frenchmen in the hall of the Junta, during one of its sittings, and there murdered them. On this occasion I was the only member who at first ventured to oppose these ruffians, but I was soon seconded by Padre Rico. I sprang from my seat, and placing myself between the devoted victims and their murderers, I endeavoured to appease their rage; but that endeavour was fruitless, and I was nearly assassinated myself. An arm was even lifted to murder me, but the blow that was aimed at me was providentially intercepted in its fall. About this time also, and while the French consul still remained secretly under my protection, my house was repeatedly attacked by the assassins; but with the assistance of a few friends, I successfully opposed their entrance, and ultimately succeeded in gaining over several of this sanguinary band. One day I had likewise the good fortune to get about 30 of them together in the market-place. These men, fully armed, accustomed to murder, and ripe for further crimes, formed a ring round me, and I addressed them for a considerable time. I forgot that the men whose cause I was pleading were Frenchmen; I forgot also my own danger: humanity alone was the motive that prompted me; and by means of promises and money, I succeeded in appeasing the fury of the most savage and brutal of men. Many of them were even brought over to my party; and from that day the streams of blood that had been witnessed for some time in the unfortunate city of Valencia, ceased to flow.

"Soon after this, the Junta recovered its full authority. The chief of this bloody plot was arrested, tried by the Junta, found guilty of assassination, and executed with about 90 of his accomplices, and I must also add, that I was one among the most active in bringing them to punishment.

"Such was my conduct during the whole of this unhappy business; and such too, as I would again observe, if unfortunately I should again be exposed to witness the massacre of any peaceful citizens.

"If Marshal Suchet was in possession of the above facts, when he accused me of having participated in the guilt of those assassins, who might have escaped the punishment due to their crimes, then his charge is most ungenerous and base; and if he was not acquainted with those facts, he ought at least to have shown some ground on which to bring forward so serious an accusation, although against an enemy.

"P. LAREY TUPPER."

*Syrup from Chesnuts.*—Naples, February 29. The syrup from chesnuts, which during a few days lately has been exposed to sale in this city, is so perfect as to make us no longer think of the best grape syrup. It is infinitely sweeter for sherbets, lemonade, and all culinary purposes. The manufacturers are now intent on extracting sugar from this syrup.

*Earthquakes.*—Rome, March 22. This morning about three o'clock, a shock of an earthquake, the strongest of any felt in Italy for a considerable length of time, was experienced in this city, it lasted about 25 seconds, and was accompanied with a noise resembling that of thunder: the movement was in the direction of nearly from north to south. The heavens were serene, the sea was calm, and the temperature moderate. The atmosphere was afterwards charged with black clouds. Almost all the buildings suffered more or less. A woman died of fright, and a country house fell, and buried in its ruins two children and their father.

Recent advices received from the Mediterranean state, that severe shocks of an earthquake had been felt at Smyrna, which did great mischief.

*Improvements.*—Letters from New South Wales of May 20, state, that great improvements have taken place in that colony since the accession of colonel Macquarrie to the government. The large town of Sydney is now planned and laid out in regular streets, and divided into districts, with head-boroughs, sub-constables, watchmen, &c.—D'Arcy Wentworth has been appointed to the head of the police. Five townships have been laid out on the Hawkesbury and George rivers. The roads from Sydney to Paramatta and Hawkesbury, which were scarcely passable, have been repaired, bridges thrown over the small streams, and turnpikes established. Butcher's meat was from 1s. to 1s. 3d. per lb. and the supply of the colony equal to its consumption. Wool was likely to be the first staple of commerce. Settlers of good character were furnished with live stock, from the government stores, on consideration of paying the value, in money or grain, in eighteen months. The population of Sydney is estimated at 10,000 souls, of which number 8000 have been sent from England as convicts.

*Mount Caucasus explored.*—Petersburgh, March 12. Two learned travellers, Messrs. Engelhardt and Parrot, are returned from a journey they made to Mount Caucasus, and are arrived at Dorpat. They have employed the course of a complete year in examining by barometrical observations the general levels of the countries between the Caspian and the Black Sea; in order to determine with precision which of those bodies of water is the higher. The solution of that problem will result from the combination of their observations, when they are properly put in order. This is not a question of pure curiosity interesting only to the learned: it will be applied to determine the courses of canals of communication between those two seas.—These travellers have accomplished a still more difficult enterprise: they have visited the very summit of the Kasbeck, a spire, the point of which is the highest of the whole chain of Caucasus, without excepting even Ell-Rouss. There was not before this exploit any estimate formed which approached the real height of this peak; and it results from their observations, that the perpendicular elevation of this mountain equals, if it does not exceed, that of the famous Mont Blanc.

Among the discoveries made by these travellers, in countries never before visited by the human foot, may be reckoned the sources of the river Terek; and the sacred places where the Ingouschs perform their religious ceremonies on the summit of the mountain Ossay. This journey is particularly distinguished by observations on geography and mineralogy, with which M. Engelhart proposes soon to enrich those branches of science.

*Avalanches.*—Berné, February 19. At St. Bernard, last week, an avalanche of snow carried with it a transport of *sixty* horses and their drivers into the vale beneath.

Basle, March 15. We have received from the country of the Grisons, very lately, fresh details of the lamentable and fatal events that have resulted from various avalanches in that country, and its neighbourhood. During the 15th, 16th, and 17th of February, there were no less than *nine* between Martinsbruck and Finsternunz. In the lower Engadine, the roads and communications were obstructed during ten days. Very extensive masses of snow which no longer adhered to the ancient covering of ice, have been detached from the crests or sides of the mountains. An enormous avalanche fell near to Zernex; another near to Guarda; a third at Plata-Mala. On the 16th and 17th there were two, which damaged various buildings at Fetta; a village of which part had already been swept away by a previous avalanche, and the other part soon afterwards consumed by fire.

We learn from Hanz, in the Upper line, still more disastrous particulars. An avalanche *half a league in length*, overwhelmed in its course *eighty* buildings for cattle, cow-houses, &c. with great stores of hay, and *two hundred and fifty* beasts of various kinds; also in the neighbourhood a mill for grinding corn, a saw mill, and three dwelling houses. Prompt assistance saved the inhabitants, who were extracted alive from this devouring tomb. Many cattle-houses were also destroyed at Lombrein and at Vrins. In the latter place two men were happily saved.

At Sassien, in the moment when a herdsman was carrying from one part of a cattle-house to another, the milk that he had procured from his cows a few moments before, an avalanche carried away the building, with seven cows; the man remained unhurt, by a kind of miracle, neither were his milk pails so much as upset. At Saint Antoine de Schorin, a herdsman perished with seven horned cattle. An avalanche swept down two stables from the habitation; and lower down on the mountain, it carried off a man and two cows; the man happily did not perish.

*Pilgrimage to Mecca.*—Constantinople, February 10. Preparations are making here for resuming the caravan of pilgrims to Mecca. During several years, that is to say, while the Wchabees have prevailed in Arabia, that holy duty has been intermitted, and no caravan has been conducted to the sacred city. The devout mussulmans await impatiently the moment when they may set out to behold the tomb of the prophet. Suleyman Pacha, formerly silar to sultan Setim, and

now appointed governor of Damascus, is named to conduct the first caravan. He is making preparations for his departure; his predecessor in that government is going to St. John of Acre; to which government he is recently appointed.

*Freezing Quicksilver.*—Professor Leslie has succeeded in freezing quicksilver by his frigorific process. This remarkable experiment was performed in the shop of Mr. Adie, optician, with an air pump of a new and improved construction, made by that skilful artist. A wide thermometer tube, with a large bulb, was filled with mercury, and attached to a rod passing through a collar of leathers, from the top of a cylindrical receiver. This receiver, which was seven inches wide, covered a deep flat bason of nearly the same width, and containing sulphuric acid, in the midst of which was placed an egg-cup half full of water. The inclosed air being reduced by the working of the pump to the 50th part, the bulb was repeatedly dipt in the water, and again exposed to evaporation, till it became incrustated with a coat of ice about the 20th of an inch thick. The cup, with its water still unfrozen, was then removed, and the apparatus replaced, the coated bulb being pushed down to less than an inch from the surface of the sulphuric acid. On exhausting the receiver again, and continuing the operation, the icy crust at length started into divided fissures, owing probably to its being more contracted by the intense cold than the glass which it invested; and the mercury, having gradually descended in the thermometer tube till it reached the point of congelation, suddenly sunk almost into the bulb, the gage standing at the 20th of an inch, and the included air being thus rarefied about 600 times. After a few minutes, the apparatus being removed, and the bulb broken, the quicksilver appeared a solid mass which bore the stroke of a hammer.

*Stramonium.*—The last Medical Journal contains the following case of the good effects of stramonium in asthma. Mr. J. C. a medical gentleman, 42 years of age, of middle stature and full habit, had been afflicted with a cough and difficulty of breathing for several years. About four years ago he was attacked with distinct paroxysms of asthma, which came on in the usual manner and progressively increased, so much so that he could not lie down without the greatest dread of suffocation. This fit continued three or four weeks and then left him. In a few months it again attacked him, and for three years afterwards he had regular paroxysms, with great difficulty of respiration in the intervals. During this time he took various medicines suggested both by himself and numerous physicians of eminence; and in short, during three years, made an adequate trial of every article in the Materia Medica recommended for this complaint, but without deriving the least benefit. About twelve months ago, during a violent paroxysm, he commenced smoking the stramonium, and after using one pipe-full, found the symptoms wonderfully relieved, and by repeating it once or twice a day, the paroxysm entirely subsided. He is now occasionally attacked in the night, but by rising and smoking

one pipe of the stramonium the difficulty of breathing generally ceases immediately, and when this is not the case, he is so much relieved that he can lie down and sleep with comparative comfort. Since he first had recourse to this remedy, he has had no regular fit of asthma; and his breathing gets so much better, that he is of opinion that by perseverance in the remedy he shall entirely recover. It does not affect his stomach, nor his head, but seems entirely to act on the organs of respiration.\*

*M. F. Kelenlin.*—M. F. Kelenlin, in his miscellaneous works, states that Marianne Fisher, aged 24 years, who was under the care of Dr. Heini, in the Hospital at Friburgh, from the month of January to December 1811, discharged one frog, three small cray-fish, fifty-two leeches, and eight worms, from the stomach. Dr. Heini, attributed the cause to the waters of a marah, which this young woman frequently drank in the previous month of August.

*Counsellor Graser.*—Counsellor Graser has, by order of his Bavarian majesty, made an experiment with the greatest success, on some young recruits, of his method of teaching children, or adults, to read and write in the course of a month. Before the end of a month, these young scholars, who before did not know a letter, learned to write correctly, and read every thing presented to them.

*Italy.*—In July last, the skeleton of a man, ten feet three inches high, was dug up in the valley of Mazara, in Sicily. Human skeletons, of gigantic size, have heretofore been found in the same spot.

*Medal bestowed : linseed oil improved.*—Russia. The medal destined to recompense useful labours has been granted to two dealers and a countryman, who have discovered a *preparation of linseed oil, by which it is fitted for burning, instead of olive oil*: it has neither smoke, nor any other inconvenient property.

\* The public should be guarded against the use of adulterations of stramonium, the efficacy of which in its simple state is clearly ascertained.

# POETRY.

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FROM THE BRITISH CRITIC.

*To \* \* \*, by Lord Byron.*

"OH Lady! when I left the shore,  
The distant shore, which gave me birth,  
I hardly thought to grieve once more,  
To quit another spot on earth:  
Yet here amidst this barren isle,  
Where panting Nature droops the head,  
Where only thou art seen to smile,  
I view my parting hour with dread.  
Though far from Albin's craggy shore,  
Divided by the dark-blue main;  
A few, brief, rolling seasons o'er,  
Perchance I view her cliffs again:  
But wheresoe'er I now may roam,  
Through scorching clime, and varied seas,  
Though Time restore me to my home,  
I ne'er shall bend mine eyes on thee.  
On thee, in whom at once conspire  
All charms which heedless hearts can move  
Whom but to see is to admire,  
And, oh! forgive the word—to love.  
Forgive the word, in one who ne'er  
With such a word can more offend;  
And since thy heart I cannot share,  
Believe me, what I am, thy Friend.  
And who so cold as look on thee,  
Thou lovely wand'rer, and be less!  
Nor be, what man should ever be,  
The friend of Beauty in distress!  
Ah! who would think that form had pass'd  
Through Danger's most destructive path,  
Had brav'd the death-wing'd tempest's blast  
And scap'd a tyrant's fiercer wrath?  
Lady! when I shall view the walls  
Where free Byzantium once arose;  
And Stamboul's Oriental halls  
The Turkish tyrants now enclose;  
Though mightiest in the lists of fame,  
That glorious city still shall be;  
On me 'twill hold a dearer claim,  
As spot of thy nativity:  
And though I bid thee now farewell,  
When I behold that wond'rous scene;  
Since where thou art, I may not dwell,  
Till sooth to be, where thou hast been.

FROM THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

ANACREONTIC.

MARK the busy, sportive bee,  
Humming, festive, thirsty thing;  
Every pregnant herb and tree,  
Gives a welcome to his wing.  
Ere long wild, on wanton pinion,  
Round the Summer's gay dominion,  
Draining with insatiate power,  
Mellow beverage from each flow'r.

Lo! those very flow'rs themselves,  
Tipping all the long night thro';  
Jolly little, social elves,  
Grasping each his can of dew,  
Pledging quick, and gaily quaffing,  
'Mid the fragrant frolic laughing;  
'Till the Pow'r that paints the dawns,  
Peeps upon the reeling lawn.

Nay, behold that very Sun,  
'Bibing thro' a thousand rills;  
Every toast consumes a tun;  
How the broad-fac'd toper swills!  
Look, thou staid, phlegmatic stripling,  
He's the prototype of tipping!  
Seize the grape, unlock the soul,  
Nature bids us drain the bowl!

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FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

ANACREON'S THIRD ODE ON LOVE.

*Translated and imitated, 1801.*

DECEMBER last, one stormy night,  
When ev'ry labour-weary'd wight  
Had long to rest retir'd;  
As in sweet slumbers hush'd I lay,  
Wearing the midnight hour away  
In dreams which health inspir'd—

When ceas'd had ev'ry earthly tone,  
Save the dull, melancholy moan,  
Wolves, owls, or crickets make;—  
When *Heav'n itself* was quite bereft  
Of light,—save when by lightning cleft  
To shapes that *concocks* shake:—

When heaviest rain did downward pour;  
Eo! on a sudden, at my door,  
*loud noises* destroy'd my rest!

Unknowning love, with anger fir'd,  
From bed I rush'd, and, unattir'd,  
Quick to the casement press'd—

"Who" (I exclaim'd *with voice austere*)  
"Thus dares attempt intrusion here,  
"At this late hour of night?  
"*What wretch*, more gloomy than the owl,  
"Abroad in tempests likes to prowl,  
"And maids from sleep to fright!"

"Ah, *fair one sweet*!" a voice reply'd,  
Both soft and meekly—"I'm a child,—  
"*A little, harmless boy*,—  
"Whom you need *neither fear nor hate*:—  
"I've wander'd from the pathway straight,  
"And with it lost all joy!"

"Sent on a message late, I've stray'd,  
"Returning thro' the moonless shade,  
"And wet is my attire—  
"Pray ope your door, *sweet fair*; and deign,  
"Till dawn, to let me shelter gain,  
"And warmth before thy fire!"

So forcibly the urchin pray'd,  
That pity came; and unafraid,  
I promised to comply:  
And, loosely girding on a gown,  
My lamp I lighted, and ran down  
The "latchet to untie."—

When, of a truth, I saw *a child*,—  
Of infant stature, aspect mild,  
In rustic *shirt-frock* clad;  
His head unshielded from the skies,—  
Heaven's tears seem'd trickling from his eyes,  
He look'd both cold and sad.

I led him in, and bade him strive  
The dying embers to revive,  
Whilst I set cheer before him;  
And, *glad to shew more eager care*,  
I rubb'd his hands and wrung his hair,  
With palms, *pleas'd to adore him*.

Soon he refresh'd and active seem'd;  
His eyes *with wily archness* gleam'd;  
His thanks in *kisses* flow;—  
*Which suffer'd*, off his frock he flings,  
And on his shoulders shews *Love's wings*,  
His quiver, and his bow!

Alarm'd,—I strove, *at first*, to fly  
The fraudulent, rambling, *beauteous* boy;  
Then summon'd *former pride*:  
But Cupid, conscious of the pow'r  
He'd gain'd, within one little hour,  
Each artifice defied.

"Come," said he, (bracing it) "let's try,  
 "If from the bow the dart will fly,  
 "Or if the wet prevents"—  
 And, instant bedding it, the dart  
 Struck, as a horsefly, to my heart,  
 Which straight to love relents!

Then, laughing loud, the sicken boy  
 Says, "Pretty maid, I wish you joy!  
 "Your scorn was all in vain!  
 "My bow is quite unhurt, I find;  
 "And, if I rightly guess your mind,  
 "You'll wish for Love again!"

Fleet as his arrow then he flew  
 To seek some damsel fair and new,  
 And left me to my fate—  
 Alas! his absence still to mourn,  
 To wish, for ever, he'd return,  
 But ne'er, alas, to hate!

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## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

### RECENT BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

Memoirs of the public Life of John Horne Tooke. By W. H. Reid. 1 vol. 12mo.

I says, says I. By Thinks-I-to-myself. 2 vols. 12mo.

Outlines of Natural Philosophy; being Heads of Lectures, delivered in the University of Edinburgh. By John Playfair, professor of Natural Philosophy. 1 vol. 8vo.

The works of Archbishop Secker, with his Life. By the late Bishop Porteus. 6 vols. 8vo.

The Loyalists, a Novel, by Mrs. West. 3 vols. 12mo.

### RECENT AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

By Bradford & Inskip, Philadelphia.

The diverting History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan. Price 75 cts.

By William Duane, Philadelphia.

A Hand-Book for Infantry.

A Hand-Book for Riflemen.

Duane's Military Dictionary.

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By Moses Thomas, Philadelphia.

Ordinances of the corporation of the City of Philadelphia. Published under the authority of the Council, with Notes and References by John C. Lowber.

By R. M. Dermut & Arden, New-York.

A Course of Mathematics, for the Use of Academies, as well as private Tuition. By Charles Hutton, L. L. D. F. R. S. Revised and corrected by Robert Adrian, A. M. Professor of Mathematics in Queen's College, N. J.

*By A. Finley, Philadelphia.*

Retrospection, a Poem in familiar verse, by Richard Cumberland. 50 cts.

*Also*—Regulations for Field Exercise, Manœuvres, and conduct of the Infantry of the United States, drawn up and adapted to the organization of the Militia and Regular Troops, by Colonel Alexander Smyth, by order of the Secretary of war, with 34 engravings. 2d edition. Price \$3 75.

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A handsome copy of Watts's Psalms and Hymns, in a 12mo. size, at 100 cts. bound.

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United we stand, divided we fall. A poem by Juba. Price 50 cts.

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A Map of Canada and seat of war. 1 sheet Medium. Price 50 cts.

*By James Eastburn, New-York, & M. Thomas, Philadelphia.*

Steel's Navy List for June. 75 cts.

#### PROPOSED BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

A Life of the late John Horne Tooke, by Mr. Stephens. The author has been furnished with several important documents for the work, by Mr. Tooke's executrix.

Professor Stewart, of the E. I. Company's College, is preparing a History of the Kingdom of Bengal, from the earliest period to the conquest of the country by the English in 1757.

Dr. C. Badham, Physician to the Duke of Sussex, is preparing a Translation of Juvenal into English verse.

The Rev. George Crabbe is preparing a volume of Tales, in verse.

In the Press, Clarke's Travels, Part II, containing Greece, Egypt, the Holy Land, &c.

Travels in the Interior of Brazil, by John Mawe. The principal part of this work relates to the interior of Brazil, where no Englishman was ever before permitted to travel, and particularly to the gold and diamond districts, which he investigated by order of the Prince Regent of Brazil.

Speeches of the late William Wyndham, with memoirs of his life, by Thomas Amcott.

Poetical Vagaries, by George Colman, the younger.

#### PROPOSED AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

*John F. Watson, Philadelphia,*

Has in the hands of the engravers, Heather's Chart of the Western Ocean, to be published in two months. He intends to offer them on such terms to chart-sellers as may prevent their future importation.

*Daniel Fenton, Trenton.*

The New-Jersey Preacher: being a volume of Sermons on plain and practical subjects, by some of the most popular Ministers of the Gospel residing in New-Jersey. 225 cents bound.

Also, Kimpton's History of the Bible, containing an account of every remarkable transaction recorded in the Sacred Scriptures during a period of upwards of 4000 years. 4 vols. 8vo. 10 dollars the set.

*A. Finley, Philadelphia,*

Has in Press, volumes 4, 5, and 6, of Tales of Fashionable Life, by Miss Edgeworth, being a sequel to those formerly published.

Also, the Theory of Agreeable Sensations.

**SELECT**  
**REVIEWS OF LITERATURE,**  
**FOR OCTOBER, 1812.**

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FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

*Select Letters of Tippoo Sultan:* arranged and translated by Colonel William Kirkpatrick. With Notes and Observations, and an Appendix, containing several original Documents never before published. 4to. London. 1811.

THE letters of a real sultan may fairly be reckoned among the curiosities of literature; and will be eagerly glanced at, in a review, by many who would have shrunk from the perusal of the original quarto. Witty letters from witty ladies, affected letters from affected ones, trifling letters from great authors, and dull letters from learned divines, the public have long possessed. The writer of the epistles before us, however, never heard of such persons as M. de Bussi Rabutin, or Madame de Sevigné. He was not in the habit of collecting the best company in Srirungapatan at his suppers, and retailing their bon-mots in his correspondence; and had quite as little taste for sentimental poetry, and fine descriptions.

Tipu Sultan, in short, from the time of his ascending the throne, had two great objects in view; the aggrandisement of his dominions, and the extension of the Mahomedan faith. As each of these materially promoted the success of the other, it is not easy to say which was nearest his heart. He was very ambitious, and very fanatical. The end, in his opinion, completely sanctified the means; and the shortest road was always the best. Off with such a one's head—the ears of another—and the nose of a third,—is the laconic and original style of this oriental letter-writer. The sultans of the French tales are good sort of credulous people, with a slight predilection for cutting off people's heads, and

for listening to tiresome stories. The sultan of Mysore was distinguished only by the first propensity.

'It is already generally known,' says the learned editor, 'that upon the reduction of Srirungapatan, in the year 1799, all the public records of the government of Mysore passed into the possession of the captors. It is also, however, but too certain, that many of these precious documents were accidentally burnt, or otherwise destroyed, in the confusion and disorder which unavoidably ensued upon the assault of the fort. It is owing to the active care and intelligent research of Lieutenant Colonel Ogg, of the East India Company's Madras Establishment, that several of the most important of the Moissur papers, now remaining, have been rescued from oblivion; and, among the rest, the very register of public letters, from which the correspondence contained in the present volume has been extracted.' This register we find, however, is only a fragment, comprehending the Sultan's correspondence from February 1785, to November 1793; and of this period the portion from which General Kirkpatrick has extracted the letters now before the public, only extends to February 1787.

The accomplished orientalist who has amused the intervals of a tedious illness, by selecting and translating these letters, was guided by the following views. 'In making the present selection from about a thousand letters, I have confined myself, almost entirely, to such as either appeared to exhibit the Sultan in some new light; to unfold some of his political, financial, or commercial views; or to elucidate some historical fact. My principal object, in this work, being to present as striking a likeness of Tipu, as the nature of my materials, and the extent of my ability to employ them advantageously, would admit, I thought it essential to this end, to render his sentiments, on all occasions, as closely as the different idioms of the two languages would allow, without involving the sense in difficulty or obscurity.'

The object being to exhibit the Sultan's character as it is delineated in his correspondence, more than usual importance attaches to the choice of corresponding expressions. In this point of view, the translator's intimate knowledge of the Persic language, his long experience of Indian Courts, and his extensive reading in every branch of Asiatic literature, have proved highly serviceable. In the passages where General Kirkpatrick has accidentally quoted the original phrase, we have uniformly admired the singular felicity with which he has clothed the ideas of the Sultan in English expressions.

"Tipu Sultan, indeed," he observes, "rarely took up his pen, without its laying open some recess or other of his various and irregular

mind. He seldom issues an order that does not bespeak, either the general tone of his nature, or the particular impulse of the moment. He seems to have felt no hesitation in avowing, in the course of the letters which follow, the most flagitious sentiments; and this may be accounted for on one or other, or on both, of these principles. The letters being, in the first place, addressed, with few exceptions, to persons in absolute dependence on him, he consequently would be wholly free from that sort of reserve which arises from the fear of incurring the censure or reproach of the world. He knew his will to be a law, the propriety of which, as it might concern others, would never be canvassed or doubted by any of his slaves. In the next place, he probably measured the sentiments in question by a different estimate from that with which we estimate them. Thus, the various murders and acts of treachery which we see him directing to be carried into execution, were not criminal, but on the contrary, just, and even meritorious, in his eyes. They might, and most likely did, in a great degree proceed from a disposition naturally cruel and sanguinary; but, perhaps, an intolerant religious zeal and bigotry were not less active motives to them. The Koran taught him, that it was not necessary to keep faith with infidels, or the enemies of the true religion, in which class it was not difficult for him to persuade himself that it was right to include all who opposed, or refused to co-operate in his views, for the extension of that religion; or, in other words, for his own aggrandisement. Hence it was, that our mussulman allies and subjects were scarcely less obnoxious to his hatred and vengeance than ourselves. With regard to the secret murder of his English prisoners, his dreadful slaughter of the Curgas and Naira, and his forcible conversion of so many thousands of the two latter tribes to the Mohamedan faith, he probably thought such enormities no less warranted, both by the example and precepts of the founder of his religion, than the infraction of oaths and engagements in his transactions with unbelievers."

The aggregate of personal qualities, which passes under the name of 'character,' is the result of dispositions implanted by nature, modified by accidental impressions in childhood, by education in early youth, by profession, rank and fortune in manhood, as well as by the state of society and form of government. In all situations, these external or secondary causes produce so great an effect, that whatever may be the original disposition of individuals, our experience leads us to expect similar conduct in similar circumstances, and to rely more on the uniform effect of the latter, than on any peculiarity derived from nature. When we see Richard Cromwell spontaneously descend to the condition of a private citizen, our astonishment is naturally excited, because our experience did not lead us to expect such conduct, in such circumstances. But, had he wished to preserve the authority, it is quite evident that he must also have adopted the policy and the artifices of his father; and that the only apparent difference

in their public character, would have resulted from the inferior degree of ability he would probably have displayed in prosecuting the same plans.

It may readily be imagined that no circumstance operates more powerfully in the formation of character than despotic power, and that the minds of all those who possess it will in general be actuated by the same motives, and influenced by the same trains of thinking. It would be wonderful, if the flattery of courtiers failed to inspire them with a high sense of their own merit; if obsequiousness to their caprices did not produce an universal contempt for the rest of mankind, and an opinion that their wishes ought to be gratified at whatever expense; and if their solitary grandeur did not render them callous to the misery of beings, whom they hardly deign to consider as participating of one common nature. Such, certainly, appears to be the natural effect of the unhappy circumstances in which Eastern sovereigns are placed: and, in reviewing the history of Asiatic states, there is more reason to wonder at the frequent exceptions to the general rule, than at the number of instances in which it is exemplified. Tipu Sultan did not figure as an exception; but his character was modified by other circumstances of a peculiar nature.

Although Tipu had long been recognised as successor to his father, and ascended the throne without opposition, it was still the throne of an usurper. For the maintenance of his authority, it was necessary to support a greater military establishment than the revenues of the country could afford; and the expedient which naturally presented itself was an extension of territory. Of his actual possessions, too, much had been wrested from the dominion of neighbouring states, who were naturally eager to seize on the first opportunity of regaining what they had lost. Of these states, almost all professed a religion different from his own; and this was also the religion of the majority of his subjects. It was therefore almost entirely on the zeal and attachment of his Moslem adherents that he depended, not only for success but for security; and to secure their exertions, the most effectual method was to blend religion with politics. Hence, all his wars became crusades. The extension of the faith became, of course, the motive and the apology for unprincipled aggression. And really, if we consider this pretext of the Sultan, with a reference to others made use of by kings and emperors nearer home, we do not see that it loses much by the comparison. Would it have been better if he had pretended that the distracted state of a neighbouring country had imperiously prescribed it to him as a duty to humanity, to put a stop to intestine commotion, by taking military possession? Should we have thought more favourably of him, if he had announced that Nature had marked out the limits of

empires by distinct boundaries, the courses of deep rivers, and the ridges of lofty mountains ; and that in extending his authority over all the countries south of the Godaveri, which was unquestionably the particular river Nature intended, he was only the instrument of fulfilling the divine intentions ? Would it even have been much better, if he had given out that the legal authority of the Peshwa having been unduly weakened by the insubordination of his feudatory chiefs, it became necessary for him to place matters on their former footing, by establishing a vigorous government in the person of his own brother ?—though the case, to be sure, *would* have been different, if, taking it for granted that the Mahrattas were on the point of seizing on the defenceless country of the Nizam, and thereby increasing their power, already too formidable, he had only stepped in, notwithstanding his unalterable affection for his august and venerable ally, to avert the blow, by seizing on as much of it as he could for himself.

On the whole, however, it must be confessed, that Tipu was not altogether successful in imparting a tinge of plausibility to his ambitious projects. Yet, his objects were precisely the same with those of many mighty monarchs and illustrious statesmen, his contemporaries ; and though he was probably somewhat less scrupulous as to means, we rather think, that, in the hands of a judicious statesman of the modern school, the substance of his measures might have assumed a less revolting appearance. Let us try whether the Sultan's homely style may not be translated into very courtly fashionable language.

Camreddin Khan, one of Tipu's generals, was employed in the siege of a fortress, subject to the Mahrattas. The following are his master's instructions. ' Agreeably to our former directions, let a capitulation be granted to the besieged, allowing them to depart with their arms and accoutrements. Cali Pandit, with his family and kindred, and the principal bankers, must also be induced, by engagements, to descend from the fort ; *upon doing which, they are to be placed under a guard, and ten lacs of pagodas to be demanded of them, for the ravages committed in our territories. If they pay this sum it will be well. Otherwise they must be kept in confinement.* In short, you are, *by finesse*, to get the aforesaid Pandit, together with his kindred, and the bankers, out of the fort, *and then to secure their persons.*' The intentions of Tipu would have been equally well understood, if the minister for the war department had expressed himself thus to M. le General. ' I have his majesty's commands to inform you, that in order to put a speedy stop to the effusion of human blood, and for the sake of suffering humanity, you are hereby authorised to grant to the garrison of Nirguna whatever terms are most likely to induce them to an immediate surrender of that fortress. These

terms, M. le General, you will doubtless observe with that rigid punctuality which has always distinguished the sovereign whom we have the honour and happiness to serve. Besides the commandant, Cali Pandit, there are a number of opulent bankers in the fort, whose property and persons might be exposed to much risk in the present unsettled state of that country. His majesty expects, therefore, that you will pay particular attention to the safety of these interesting individuals; that you will appoint a guard of honour to attend their persons, and adopt every precaution for their entire security. As a mark of his gracious indulgence, his Majesty is willing to reduce to ten lacs of pagodas the damages sustained by his territories, which, at their perfect convenience, they will no doubt cheerfully reimburse before their departure.'

Again, in the year 1785, the city of Puna had been thrown into disorder by disputes between the Hindu and Mohamedan inhabitants, originating apparently in some female intrigue. Tipu's ambassadors appear successfully to have executed their influence for the restoration of order in the Mahratta capital; a conduct which procured for them the following very gracious letter from their master:

"To Nur Mohamed Khan and Mohamed Ghias, dated from Bangalore, 5th Wasai, or 14th September.

"We have, of late, repeatedly heard, that Row Rasta" (a Mahratta chief in Tipu's interest) "having sent for you, you declined waiting upon him, on account of a dispute that had arisen respecting a woman belonging to some muselman; returning for answer to his message, that if they would let the woman in question go, you would attend him. This account has occasioned us the utmost surprise and astonishment. This is a domestic disturbance among the inhabitants of their own country. Where was the necessity of your interfering in this matter, or of refusing to wait upon Row Rasta, when he sent for you? thereby throwing our affairs into confusion. It seems to us that great years and old heads must have produced this change in your conduct, and rendered you thus unmindful of your lives and honour. It would have been most consonant to the state of the times, and to the regard you owed to our interests, if, *considering their dissensions as beneficial to Islam*, you had *secretly encouraged the muslimans in their proceedings*, whilst, to all appearance, you were unconcerned spectators; instead of interposing with such an extraordinary recommendation as you did; and which was, indeed, altogether unworthy of your understandings. When the Nazarenes (the English) seized upon hundreds of muselman women, where was the zeal for the honour of Islamism, which you are now so desirous of manifesting there? For the future, it will be proper that you should never take any share in their domestic concerns, but attend exclusively to whatever may promote the success of our affairs. *Let the fire of discord, therefore, be*

*again kindled amongst them, to the end that they may, in this manner, waste their strength upon each other."*

This letter seems to demonstrate, that the Sultan's fanaticism was very much under the direction of his policy. A more skillful writer might have conveyed the same instructions, in the language of European diplomacy, in a more agreeable form.

"I have his Majesty's commands to signify to your Excellency the concern which he has experienced at the measure you have recently adopted. In doing justice to the motives by which it was actuated, he conceives it incompatible with the dignity of his crown, to suffer it to pass without animadversion. If any one principle is more incontestably demonstrated than another, by the uniform tenor of his Majesty's government, it is his unalterable resolution never to interfere in the domestic concerns of neighbouring and friendly states. Your Excellency will appreciate the strictness with which his Majesty has determined to adhere to this principle, when you shall learn, that even to preserve the unsullied purity of the daughters of Islam, will not, in his eyes, justify a deviation from it. Your Excellency will therefore adopt every practicable measure to restore affairs to the precise posture in which they were at the time of your unfortunate interference. In carrying into execution a measure so indispensable for the glory of our Sovereign, you will inform the muslimans of the interest his Majesty takes in their concerns, and the shock his sensibility has experienced at the insults they have thus wantonly been exposed to. Your Excellency may also think it expedient to hint to them, that the station of the tenth military division is within fifteen days march of Puna."

We have already stated, that of the acts and expressions supposed to arise from the personal character of the Sultan, many, we think, may be traced to the peculiar circumstances in which he found himself placed. To a man whose caprice is a law to thousands, it is a very natural, if not a logical conclusion, that he is as much their superior in wisdom as in authority. Tipu, consequently, was skilled in all sciences. His knowledge of medicine is proved by his condescending to prescribe for his officers when indisposed;—and it would be a very pretty question to determine, whether it required most courage to swallow or to neglect the royal recipe. The following contains important instructions to physicians in a very alarming case.

"It has been reported to us, that the Mutusuddy of the Jaish, Crishna Row has been bitten by a mad dog: We therefore write to desire that you will give the aforesaid Mutusuddy in particular charge to the physician Mohamed Beg, who *must* administer to him the proper medicines in such cases, *and restore him to health*. He must also be told not to let the discharge from the wound stop, but to keep it open for six months."

The following contains still more particular directions.

"Your letter of the 14th Behari was received this day; and has informed us of Dowlet Khan's being ill of the stone in the bladder: We have, in consequence sent by the post *an emetic* to be taken the first day, together with other proper medicines for the seven subsequent days. These are all separately made up in cloth, and sealed.

"The way of taking an emetic is this," &c. "The following morning a dose of the other medicine is to be taken in eight tolahs of syrup of abshakh and radish leaves. This course is to be pursued for seven days, during which the patient need not abstain from acids, but must avoid eating black and red pepper, and other heating and flatulent things. The diet should be curry of radishes with boiled rice; and his drink an infusion of musk melon seeds, cucumber seeds, and dog-thorn, of each half a tolah weight."

To enable our readers to appreciate more fully the justice of the Sultan's pretensions to universal science, we subjoin his observations on that most important instrument, the barometer.

"The barometer which you sent us in charge of your Harcara, is in all respects very complete, *excepting* in the article of the quicksilver, which, *owing to its oldness*, does not move up and down. It is therefore returned to you; and you must send another good one in its stead, *that has been made in the present year.*"

To the effects of despotic authority on the mind, we are also inclined to attribute his extreme severity, on the slightest deviation from any of his regulations, however trivial, or however justifiable; and his aversion, on all occasions, to adopt the suggestions of others.

"You suggest," says Tipu to one of his commercial agents, who had at the same time disclosed the failure of a favourite plan of the Sultan, "the establishment of banking-houses on the part of government, and the appointment of a banker with a salary to superintend them. You also propose, with our permission, to open warehouses for the sale of cloths at Bangalor, Ousestra, and other places. It is comprehended. *There is no regulation issued by us, that does not cost us, in the framing of it, the deliberation of five hundred years.* This being the case, do you perform exactly what we order; neither exceeding our directions, nor suggesting any thing further from yourself."

The letter we have just cited illustrates a trait which undoubtedly is solely referable to personal character,—the Sultan's avarice. He had already established a monopoly of wholesome commerce in the most important articles; and the plan, of which the failure had just been communicated, was no less than an attempt to introduce a similar monopoly in the retail trade, by the esta-

blishment of shops in various places, on his private account. Proofs of the most sordid parsimony, indeed, occur throughout his correspondence. We find his brother-in-law actually commanding an army on service, obliged to make a formal application to him for money to purchase clothes, and a very scanty sum reluctantly issued for that purpose. The Sultan appointed ambassadors, in 1785, to proceed to Constantinople, and eventually to prosecute their journey to Paris and London. On their arrival at the place of embarkation, they found the supplies of necessaries for the voyage altogether inadequate; and in Tipu's reply to their representation, they are informed that 'they must *compel*' some unhappy man on the spot 'to provide what is absolutely necessary;—but that, even though there should be some small deficiency, that should not be an excuse for their delay in setting off.'

The coolness and activity of his mind are strongly evinced by the following letter. 'He was,' says General Kirkpatrick, 'at the date of it, not only deliberating on the measures to be pursued with respect to Shanur; in planning the future operations of the war in which he was engaged; and in providing for the safety of Burhaneddin's army; but he was, in fact, on the eve of a general engagement with the Mahrattas. Yet, all these important and urgent considerations united, were not capable of diverting his attention from any of the minor objects of his interest. Thus, in the bustle of a camp, and in the face of an enemy, he could find leisure, and was sufficiently composed, to meditate on the rearing of silk worms!' The singularity of the circumstances induces us to insert the letter itself, as highly illustrative of the mind of the writer. It is addressed from his camp to the commandant of his capitól.

"Behaeddin and Casturi Ranga, who were sent some time since to Bengal for the purpose of procuring silk worms, are now on their return. On their arrival, you must ascertain from them the proper situation in which to keep the aforesaid worms, and provide accordingly. You must, moreover, supply for their food leaves of the wild mulberry trees, which were formerly ordered to be planted for this purpose. The number of silk worms brought from Bengal must likewise be distinctly reported to us. We desire, also, to know, in what kind of place it is recommended to keep them, and what means are to be pursued for multiplying them.

"There is a vacant spot of ground behind the old palace, lately used as a storehouse, which was purchased some time ago with a view of building upon it. Prepare a place somewhere near that situation for the temporary reception of the worms."

Tipu Sultan was, undoubtedly, a prince of a vigorous under-

standing, unceasing activity, and undaunted courage. Ambition was the leading passion of his mind, to which every thing else was subordinate. Fanaticism might possibly be another; yet we find it, on most occasions, subservient to his ambition. An enlightened policy would have dictated the encouragement of agriculture, and the enforcement of a strict system of equal laws, as the surest means of becoming a great and powerful sovereign; but the gigantic schemes which agitated his breast, could not wait for the slow returns derived from a course of gradual improvement. His peasantry were harassed with ever-changing modes of extortion, which his neglect of the works erected by former sovereigns, to supply the means of artificial irrigation, rendered them annually less able to satisfy. The favourite measure of his reign, of which he never lost sight, was a general confederacy of the Mohamedan nations, to expel, extirpate, or convert the unbelievers. Fortunately for the world, none of them were in circumstances to co-operate efficaciously in his designs. The monarchs of Turkey, of Persia, of Cabul, and of Dehli, with difficulty supported their own tottering sway; whilst the Nizam, the Vizier, and the Nuab of the Carnatic were numbered amongst his opponents; and, in his estimation, little better than infidels. The talents, activity, and courage of Tipu, all sunk before the disciplined valour, and enlightened combination of an European army; yet it appears probable, that if the English had possessed no dominion in India, this restless and enterprising prince might have founded an empire, vast as his ambition. Cruelty and avarice were the worst features of his mind.

Had the reign of this tyrant been of long duration, or had he established a dynasty, it must have added much to the labour of future geographers and chronologers. In his reign, the old Mohamedan era was set aside, and another substituted, which although from its name it should date from the birth of the prophet, yet as, on that supposition, only thirteen years must have elapsed between the birth of Mohamed and his flight, appears rather to refer to his mission, or the period when he first announced himself as the messenger of God. A new calendar was introduced, and afterwards changed; and, in the course of his reign, the months twice received new Arabic names. The Indian appellations of most of the considerable places in his dominions were also set aside, and new ones substituted, chiefly derived from Moslem tradition. These acts may possibly have flowed from unmeaning caprice, or childish vanity; and to these they have usually been attributed. We confess, however, that they appear to us to have formed a part of his general plan for rekindling the latent flame of Moslem valour, and again leading forth the soldiers of Islam, fired with the same enthusiasm which carried the follow-

ers of the first Khalifs to conquest and victory. His dreams, his omens, and latterly his pretensions to inspiration, all seem to us to flow from the same source.

The turbulent spirit of the Sultan, and the mystery in which he enveloped his proceedings by cutting off all communication with the territories subject to the East India Company, rendered him during a long period, an object of constant solicitude to their governors. Although no way distrustful of the event, should war become necessary, they found themselves obliged, by his imposing attitude, to delay the execution of reforms, which required for their success a certainty of peace with all the considerable states. Hence every thing that had relation to him acquired an unusual importance in the minds of our Indian statesmen. His present measures, and his future views, both wrapped in equal obscurity from the want of all authentic intelligence from Moissur, sometimes baffled, and always exercised their sagacity. On the other hand, the tremendous events which, during his reign, convulsed Europe, have probably prevented him from engaging that portion of attention in this country, which his character, designs and resources, really ought to have secured him.

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FROM THE ECLECTIC REVIEW.

*Political Essay on the Kingdom of New Spain.* By Alexander de Humboldt.

With physical Sections and Maps. Translated from the original French, by John Black. 8vo. Vols. III. and IV. Price 1*l*. 18*s*. Longman & Co. 1812.

SO long an interval had been suffered to elapse after the appearance of the first portion of this translation, that we began to fear lest a penury of encouragement on the part of English readers, might occasion the delay in completing it. By the publication of the volumes before us, however, the undertaking is at length brought to a close; and we resume our report of it with great satisfaction.

Such of our readers as have honoured our former article with their attention, may recollect that M. Humboldt has distributed his Essay into an introduction and six sections. The introduction is principally geographical, indicating what the author conceives to be the most eligible means of completing an accurate and comprehensive survey of New Spain, and presenting a detailed account of the materials employed in constructing the maps and drawings which accompany the Essay. Of the books or sections, the first consists of general considerations on the extent of the country, and its geological constitution as influenc-

ing the climate, agriculture, commerce, and defensive parts of the coast. It is in this part of his work, too, that M. Humboldt examines, at considerable length, the various points by which a communication between the two seas might possibly be effected. The second book treats of the population of New Spain, pointing out its rapid increase of late years, tracing the causes which have hitherto proved most destructive to the inhabitants, and affording a variety of interesting observations on their division into castes. In the third book the author presents a minute statistical view of New Spain, as distributed into provinces and intendancies, with the amount of their population in 1803, and the extent of surface in square leagues. The fourth book is devoted to the consideration of agriculture and the metallic mines; while the fifth relates to manufactures and commerce, and the sixth contains researches into the revenues of the state, and the military defence of the country.

The second volume of the translation took us about half way through the subject of agriculture, comprehending, together with introductory remarks on its improved state, a description of those vegetable productions of New Spain on which the inhabitants chiefly subsist—the banana or plantain tree, the cassava root, maize, and several kinds of European grain. The portion of the translation which we now proceed to consider, opens with an account of plants supplying raw materials for manufactures and commerce. The cultivation of these colonial commodities appears to be considerably on the increase; not fewer than half a million of arrobas of sugar (the arroba is equal to something more than 25 lbs.) being annually exported from Vera Cruz. Besides giving a short account of the importation of the sugar cane from the Canary Islands into St. Domingo, and thence into Cuba and New Spain, M. Humboldt adverts to those circumstances of elevation and temperature which, in this latter country, render its cultivation more or less flourishing; and expresses his conviction that the small West India islands, notwithstanding their favourable position for trade, will not be long able to sustain a competition with the continental colonies. This conviction is founded, partly, on the Mexican sugar being almost entirely manufactured by free Indians, instead of Negro slaves; and partly on the enormous capitals possessed by the Mexican proprietors. At present, however, by far the greatest part of the sugar produced in New Spain is consumed in the country: the quantity so consumed being estimated at more than 16 millions of kilogrammes (upwards of 35 millions lbs. avoirdupois,) while the quantity exported does not much exceed six millions of kilogrammes,—a sum which does not amount to a thirtieth part of what is exported from the whole of the American islands.

The produce of cotton in New Spain is inconsiderable ; and until machines are introduced for separating the cotton from the seed, the price of carriage is likely to continue a great obstacle to its further increase. Flax and hemp might be advantageously cultivated : but, unenlightened as to its true interests, says M. Humboldt, ' the government of Spain has always preferred seeing the people clothed with cotton purchased at Manilla and Canton, or imported at Cadiz by English vessels, to the protection of the manufactures of New Spain.' The use of coffee is still rare in Mexico ; and the cocoa-tree (the cultivation of which had made considerable progress in the time of Montezuma) is now almost abandoned. Cocoa seeds, however, are still used as a sort of inferior coin,—a sou being represented by six grains. Vanilla is another plant which passed from the Aztecs to the Spaniards. It was a favourite aromatic ingredient in the Mexican chocolate. By the Spaniards, however, its use in chocolate is discontinued, and they merely deal in it as an article of commerce. Considering the excessive price of this production, the neglect it meets with in New Spain is surprising ; for though it grows spontaneously between the tropics, wherever there is heat, shade, and much humidity, the only places where it is cultivated for the purpose of supplying Europe, are in the two intendancies of Oaxaca and Vera Cruz. As M. Humboldt appears to have paid very minute attention to the mode of its cultivation, we shall select an extract from his account of it :

"The natives of Misantla collect the vanilla in the mountains and forests of Quilate. The plant is in flower in the months of February and March. The harvest is bad, if at this period the north winds are frequent and accompanied with much rain. The flower drops without yielding fruit if the humidity is too great. An extreme drought is equally hurtful to the growth of the plant. However, no insect attacks the green fruit, on account of the milk it contains. They begin to cut it in the months of March and April, after the sub-delegate has proclaimed that the harvest is permitted to the Indians : it continues to the end of June. The natives, who remain eight successive days in the forests of Quilate, sell the vanilla fresh and yellow to the *gente de razon*, i. e. the whites, mestizoes and mulattos, who alone know the *beneficio de la baynilla*, namely, the manner of drying it with care, giving it a silvery lustre, and sorting it for transportation into Europe. The yellow fruits are spread out in cloths, and kept exposed to the sun for several hours. When sufficiently heated, they are wrapped up in woollen cloths for evaporation, when the vanilla blackens, and they conclude with exposing it to be dried from the morning to the evening in the heat of the sun.

"It is with the goodness of this commodity, as with that of the quina, which not only depends on the species of cinchona from which it proceeds, but also on the height of the country, the exposure of the

tree, the period of the harvest, and the care employed in drying the bark. The commerce of both the vanilla and quinquina is in the hands of a few persons called *habilitadores*, because they advance money to the *cosecheros*, i. e. to the Indians employed in the harvest, who are in this way under the direction of undertakers. The latter draw almost the whole profit of this branch of Mexican industry. The competition among the purchasers is so much less at Misantla and Colipa, as a long experience is necessary to guard against deception in the purchase of prepared vanilla. A single stained pod (*manchada*) may occasion the loss of a whole chest in the passage from America to Europe."

The cultivation of tobacco affords a striking example of those oppressive restrictions, which have so long been permitted to disgrace the Spanish commercial code. Since the establishment of the royal farm in 1764, not only is a special permission indispensable to obtain the privilege of planting it, and the cultivator obliged to dispose of it to the farm at a government price, but the plantation of it is limited to a few towns in the intendancy of Vera Cruz. Whatever tobacco is found beyond these districts, is rooted up by officers who travel the country under the title of *guardas de tabaco*. In consequence of this enlightened regulation, several provinces, which once enjoyed a remarkable degree of prosperity, have become desolate and depopulated; and New Spain, so far from exporting its own tobacco, draws annually nearly 50,000 lbs. from the Havannah.

Having disposed of his plants, M. Humboldt proceeds to throw a cursory glance over the animal kingdom. The most interesting section of this part of his work, we think, relates to the rearing of the cochineal. The quantity annually exported from Vera Cruz may be averaged at about 40,000 arrobas. It appears that the insect was more extensively to be met with in New Spain before the conquest than it is at present, and that its decrease is to be ascribed, partly to the vexations to which the natives were exposed in the cultivation of it, but principally to the spirit of monopoly. Our author has collected a variety of particulars respecting both the mealy or fine, and the cotton or wild cochineal. While the former is covered with a white powder, the latter is enveloped in a thick cotton; and though the metamorphoses of the two insects are the same, the plants on which they propagate are essentially different. To prevent the mixture of the two kinds (the wild cochineal depriving the fine one of all nourishment) *nopaleries* are established. As soon as the young plants are in a condition to maintain the cochineal,

"the proprietor of the nopalery purchases branches or joints of the *tuna* or *nopal de Castilla*, laden with small cochineals (*semilla*) recently

hatched. These branches, destitute of roots, and separated from the trunks, preserve their juice for several months. They are sold for about three franks the hundred in the market of Oaxaca. The Indians preserve the *semilla* of the cochineal for twenty days in caverns, or in the interior of their huts, and after this period they expose the young coccus to the open air. The branches to which the insect is attached, are suspended under a shed covered with a straw roof. The growth of the cochineal is so rapid, that even in the months of August and September, we find mothers already big before the young are hatched. These mother-cochineals are placed in *nests*, made of a species of *tillandsia*, called *paxtle*. They are carried in these nests two or three leagues from the village, and distributed in the nopaleries, where the young plants receive the *semilla*. The laying of the mother-cochineal lasts from thirteen to fifteen days. If the situation of the plantation is not very elevated, the first harvest may be expected in less than four months. It is observed, that in a climate more cold than temperate, the colour of the cochineal is equally beautiful, but that the harvest is much later. In the plain, the mother-cochineals grow to a greater size, but they meet with more enemies in the innumerable quantity of insects (*xicaritas*, *herritos*, *aradores*, *aguias*, *armadillos*, *culebritas*), lizards, rats, and birds, by which they are devoured. Much care is necessary in cleaning the branches of the nopals. The Indian women make use of a squirrel, or a stag's tail for that purpose; they squat down for hours together beside one plant; and notwithstanding the excessive price of the cochineal, it is to be doubted if this cultivation would be profitable, in countries where the time and labour of man might be turned to account; and the cotton, or wild cochineal, which gets into the nopaleries, and the male of which, according to the observation of Mr. Alzate, is not much smaller than the male of the mealy or fine cochineal, does much injury to the nopals; and accordingly the Indians kill it wherever they find it, though the colour which it yields is very solid and very beautiful. It appears that not only the fruits, but also the green branches of several species of coccus will dye cotton violet and red, and that the colour of the cochineal is not entirely owing to a process of *animalization* of the vegetable juices in the body of the insect.

"At the period of the harvests the Indians kill the mother-cochineals, which are collected on a wooden plate called *chilcalpetl*, by throwing them into boiling water, or heaping them up by beds in the sun, or placing them on mats in the same ovens of a circular form (*temazcalli*), which are used for vapour and hot air baths, of which we have already spoken.\* The last of these methods, which is least in use, preserves the whitish powder on the body of the insect, which raises its price at Vera Cruz and Cadiz. Purchasers prefer the white cochineal, because it is less subject to be fraudulently mixed with par-

\* See vol. ii. p. 349. M. Alzate, who has given a good plate of the *temazcalli*, (*Gazeta de Literatura de Mexico*, t. iii. p. 252) asserts, that the ordinary heat of the vapour in which the Indian bathes himself is 66 deg. centigrade (150 deg. of Fahrenheit.)

cels of gum, wood, maize, and red earth. There exist in Mexico very ancient laws (of the years 1592 and 1594) for the prohibition of the falsification of cochineal. Since 1760, they have even been under the necessity of establishing in the town of Oaxaca a jury of *veadores*, who examine the bags (*zurrones*) previous to their being sent out of the province. They appoint the cochineal exposed to sale to have the grain separated, that the Indians may not introduce extraneous matter in these agglutinated masses called *bodoques*. But all these means are insufficient for the prevention of fraud. However, that which is practised in Mexico by the *tiangueros* or *zanganos* (*falciſtadore*), is inconsiderable in comparison of that which is practised on this commodity in the ports of the Peninsula, and in the rest of Europe."

Towards the conclusion of this chapter, M. Humboldt gives a table of the comparative value of tithes in the dioceses of Mexico, Puebla de los Angeles, Valladolid de Mechoacan, Oaxaca, Guadalajara, and Durango,—taking two series of years, from 1771 to 1780, and from 1780 to 1789. In the former series the tithes in these six dioceses amounted to upwards of 2,800,000*l.* sterling, in the latter to upwards of 4,015,000*l.* Thus the augmentation in the last ten years is nearly two-fifths of the whole produce: a circumstance which plainly indicates the rapid increase of national wealth, and proves that the working of the mines is gradually giving place to the labours of agriculture. The obstructions which still impede its progress are nearly the same as those which have operated so perniciously in Spain. In both countries, the landed property is in the hands of a few powerful families; and in both, extensive tracts are 'condemned to the pasturage of cattle and to perpetual sterility.'

The subject of the next chapter, which concludes the fourth section of the work, and extends nearly to the termination of the third volume, relates to the mines of New Spain. Commencing his examination with a few historical remarks, our author proceeds to take a general view of the mines as grouped into districts, and to discuss the geological constitution of the country. He adverts to the salubrious elevation at which most of the metalliferous beds are found, when compared with those of South America. A copious description is given of the minerals from which the silver is extracted; and much information is afforded, relative to the most considerable of the mining operations, especially at the district of Guanaxuato, which, though but little celebrated, claims to be considered as the 'Potosi of the Northern hemisphere.' One of the greatest inconveniences in these works, and indeed in almost every other mining establishment in New Spain, is the want of lateral communications between the various galleries. Each pit is worked separately; and the extracted ore, instead of being accumulated in convenient 'places of assem-

blage,' is carried up the steps on the backs of native Indians (*tenateros*, as they are called); many thousands of whom are constantly employed in this laborious service.

"These *tenateros*," it is added, "carry the minerals in bags (*costalae*), made of the thread of the pité. To prevent their shoulders from being hurt (for the miners are generally naked to the middle), they place a woollen covering (*frisada*) under this bag. We meet in the mines with files of fifty or sixty of these porters, among whom there are men above sixty, and boys of ten or twelve years of age. In ascending the stairs, they throw their body forwards, and rest on a staff, which is generally not more than three decemetres in length (about a foot.) They walk in a zig-zag direction, because they have found from long experience, (as they affirm), that their respiration is less impeded when they traverse obliquely the current of air which enters the pits from without. We cannot sufficiently admire the muscular strength of the Indian and Mestizoe *tenateros* of Guanajuato, especially when we feel ourselves oppressed with fatigue in ascending from the bottom of the mine of Valenciana. The *tenateros* cost the proprietors of Valenciana more than 15,000 livres tournois (624*l.* sterling) weekly; and they reckon that three men destined to carry the minerals to the places of assemblage, are for one employed workman who blows up the gangue by means of powder. These enormous expenses could perhaps be diminished more than two-thirds, if the works communicated with one another by interior pits, or by galleries adapted for conveyance by wheelbarrows or dogs. Well contrived operations would facilitate the extraction of minerals and the circulation of air, and would render the great number of *tenateros* unnecessary, whose strength might be employed in a manner more advantageous to society, and less hurtful to the health of the individual."

Another practice which our author justly ridicules, is that of drawing up the water, not by a pump apparatus, but by means of bags attached to a rope, 'which rolls on the drum of a horse *baritel*.' In consequence of this bad economy, many of the works have been abandoned after reaching a certain depth, although still abounding with mineral produce. In the mine of Valenciana, already referred to, the annual expenditure more than doubled itself in the course of fifteen years. It is greatly owing to this circumstance, that the mines of New Spain, while so much richer than those of Europe, yield comparatively so small a profit; added to which, the intrinsic value of a given quantity of the ore is much less considerable.

It was mentioned, we believe, in our former article, that the labour of the Indians is not compulsory. Indeed, of all miners, our author affirms, the Mexican miner is the best paid. But no great encomium is passed upon his honesty. The tricks which he makes use of to appropriate some portion of the metal he is

employed to unearth, are endless ; some of them too revolting to be described. He works almost naked ; but a strict search is instituted before he is allowed to leave the pit,—and a careful register is kept of the value of the minerals which he is detected in concealing.

A very specific account is given of the process of amalgamation, as carried on in the mines of New Spain, and by which the far greater portion of the metallic produce is extracted from the ore. No fixed principle is adopted in the selection of minerals to undergo this operation ; the same substances being smelted in one district, which in another are managed with mercury. The first part of the process consists in reducing the minerals to an extremely fine powder. This, when duly moistened, is carried into a court paved with flags, where it is ranged in small heaps, and exposed to the open air. The ingredients added to the moistened mass are muriate of soda, lime, sulphates of iron and copper, and mercury, of which latter the consumption is enormous ; and to promote the chemical action, by bringing these substances into closer contact, horses and mules are driven round the metallic mud, or barefooted workmen turned in to perambulate in it for days together.

It would lead us too far to enter into the various details which take up the remainder of this chapter. We shall, therefore, merely remark, that the annual produce of the Mexican mines, in gold, is estimated at 4829 lb. troy, in silver, at 1,439,832 lb. ; making nearly a moiety of the precious metals extracted from North and South America ; that the mint of Mexico is supposed to have furnished, from the discovery of New Spain to the commencement of the nineteenth century, nearly 2082 millions of piastres, or nearly two-fifths of the whole gold and silver, which, during that period, have flowed from the new continent into the old ; that three districts of mines, Guanajuato, Catorce, and Zacatecas, yield nearly half the gold and silver extracted from the mines of New Spain ; that the vein of Guanajuato alone, furnishes at an average, one-sixth of all the silver which America throws into circulation ; that the produce of the Mexican mines has been tripled in fifty-two years, and sextupled in a hundred ; and that it admits of a still greater increase, as the country shall become more populous and better informed.

The progress in manufactures, as might be expected from the jealous and monopolizing policy of the mother country, has been but slow. ‘Such principles,’ says M. H. ‘as prescribe the rooting up of the vine and olive, are not calculated to favour manufactures. A colony has for ages been only considered as useful to the parent state in so far as it supplied a great quantity of raw materials, and consumed a number of the commodities carried

there.' In spite, however, of all obstacles, the spirit of manufacturing industry has here and there contrived to exert itself; and M. Humboldt mentions, in particular, that, of late years, increased attention has been paid to the manufacture of hides, hard soap, woollen cloth, and calicoes. There are also extensive manufactories of gun-powder and tobacco, both of which are royal rights.

In considering the commerce of New Spain, M. Humboldt first notices the condition of the principal roads, and then proceeds to dwell at considerable length on the foreign commerce of the country. This has, for centuries, been chiefly concentrated at Vera Cruz; the principal objects of exportation from which place are enumerated in the following table:

" Gold and silver to the value of	L. 3,590,000 sterling.
Cochineal, . . . . .	504,000
Sugar, . . . . .	273,000
Flour, . . . . .	63,000
Mexican Indigo, . . . . .	43,000
Salted provisions, &c. . . . .	20,000
Tanned hides, . . . . .	16,800
Sarsaparilla, . . . . .	18,900
Vanilla, . . . . .	12,600
Jalap, . . . . .	12,600
Soap, . . . . .	10,500
Campeachy wood, . . . . .	8,400
Pimento of tobacco, . . . . .	306,900

The importation of Vera Cruz includes, among other articles, the following:

" Linen, woollen, and cotton, cloth, and silks,	2,310,000
Paper, 300,000 reams, . . . . .	210,000
Brandy, 30,000 hogsheads, . . . . .	210,000
Cocoa, 80,000 fanegas, . . . . .	210,000
Mercury, 800,000 kilogrammes, . . . . .	136,000
Iron, 2,500,000 ditto, . . . . .	126,000
Steel, 600,000 kilogrammes, . . . . .	42,000
Wine, 40,000 hogsheads, . . . . .	147,000
Wax, 250,000 kilogrammes, . . . . .	63,000

From this comparison it appears, that the importation exceeds the exportation by 7,770,000*l*.

While the port of Vera Cruz, notwithstanding its bad anchorage, annually receives between four and five hundred vessels, that of Acapulco, which is one of the finest in the known world, scarcely receives ten. Its commercial activity is almost limited to a Manila galleon, to the coasting trade with Guatemala, Za-

catala, and San Blas, and to four or five vessels dispatched to Guayaquil and Lima. On the oldest and most important branch of its commerce—the exchange of merchandize of the East Indies and China for the precious metals of Mexico—conducted in a single ship, the following particulars are afforded.

“The galleon, which is generally from 12 to 1500 tons, and commanded by an officer of the royal navy, sails from Manilla in the middle of July or beginning of August, when the south-west monsoon is already completely established. Its cargo consists of muslins, printed calicoes, coarse cotton shirts, raw silks, China silk stockings, jewellery from Canton or Manilla by Chinese artists, spices, and aromatics. The voyage is carried on entirely by the straits of St. Bernardin or Bajadoz, which is the most northern point of the island of Luccoa. It formerly lasted from five to six months; but since the art of navigation has been improved, the passage from Manilla to Acapulco is only three or four months.—The value of the goods of the galleon ought not by law to exceed the sum of half a million of piastres,\* but it generally amounts to a million and a half, or two millions of piastres.† Next to the merchants of Lima, the ecclesiastical corporations have the greatest share in this lucrative commerce, in which the corporation employs nearly two-thirds of their capitals, which employment of their money is designated by the improper phrase of *dar a correspondier*. Whenever the news arrive at Mexico, that the galleon has been seen off the coast, the roads of Chilpansingo and Acapulco are covered with travellers; and every merchant hastens to be the first to treat with the supercargoes who arrive from Manilla. In general, a few powerful houses of Mexico, join together for the purpose of purchasing goods; and it has happened that the cargo of goods has been sold before the news of the arrival of the galleon were known at Vera Cruz. This purchase is often made without opening the bales; and although at Acapulco the merchants of Manilla are accused of what is called *trampas de la China*; or *Chinese fraud*, it must be allowed that the commerce between the two countries at the distance of three thousand leagues from one another, is carried on perhaps with more honesty, than the trade between some nations of civilized Europe, which have never had any connexion with Chinese merchants.”

This division of the work closes with a long account of the yellow fever, so prevalent during a great part of the year along the eastern coast, and of which the port of Vera Cruz may be considered the principal seat.

“Thousands of Europeans landing in Mexico at the period of the great heats, fall victims to this cruel epidemic. Some vessels prefer landing at Vera Cruz in the beginning of winter, when the tempests of *los nortes* begin to rage, to the exposing themselves in summer to

\* 105,000*l.* sterling.

† 315,000*l.* or 420,000*l.* sterling.

lose the greater part of their crew from the effects of the *vómito*, and to undergo a long quarantine on their return to Europe. These circumstances have frequently a very sensible influence on the supply of Mexico and the price of commodities. The epidemic which prevailed in 1801 and 1802, gave rise to a political question, which was not agitated with the same vivacity in 1762, or in former periods, when the yellow fever committed still more dreadful ravages. Memoirs were presented to the government for the discussion of the problem, whether it would be better to rase the town of Vera Cruz, and compel the inhabitants to settle at Xalapa, or some other point of the Cordillera, or to try some new means of rendering the port more healthy. Two parties have arisen in the country, of which the one desires the destruction, and the other the aggrandizement of Vera Cruz. Although the government appeared for some time to incline to the first of these parties, it is probable that this great process, in which the property of 16,000 individuals, and the fortune of a great number of powerful families, from their wealth, is at stake, will be by turns suspended and renewed without ever coming to a termination. At my passing through Vera Cruz, I saw the *cabildo* undertake to build a new theatre, while at Mexico the assessor of the viceroy was composing a long *informe*, to prove the necessity of destroying the town, as being the seat of a pestilential disease."

In the last book, our author discusses the revenue and military defence of New Spain. The total value of the revenue (the increase of which, since the commencement of the eighteenth century, has been prodigious) he estimates at 20 millions of piastres, or 4,200,000*l.* sterling. A third part of this is sent to Europe to the royal treasury. The sources from which it is chiefly drawn are, the mines—the tobacco manufacture—the *alcavalas*—the Indian capitation tax—the duty on pulque—the duties on imports and exports—produce arising from the sale of papal indulgences (upwards of 40,000*l.*)—from the stamp duties—and from the farms of "cock-fighting" and of "snow." Speaking of this last, M. Humboldt says, 'If there were not countries in Europe where a tax is paid on day-light, we might well be surprised to see in America, that the bed of snow which covers the high chain of the Andes, is considered as the property of the king of Spain. The poor Indian, who with danger reaches the summit of the Cordilleras, can neither collect snow, nor sell it to the neighbouring towns, without paying a duty to government.'

The average expense of collecting these taxes is supposed to be about 25 per cent. ; and the number of officers employed in this service is immense. The direct appointments of the viceroy do not amount to more than 13,000 ; but the indirect means he has of amassing wealth, as may be supposed, are limited only by his discretion. Estimating the revenue at 20 millions of piastres, M. Humboldt calculated that, in 1803, ten and a half were

consumed by expenses incurred in the interior of the country ; three millions and a half were remitted in specie to other Spanish colonies ; and six millions paid into the treasury at Madrid.

The military defence of the country costs annually 40,000,000 of piastres—nearly a fourth of the revenue ; although New Spain has scarcely any enemies to encounter but a few warlike tribes of Indians. The troops amount to about 30,000, of which two-thirds are militia.

Having occupied so large a space in detailing the principal results of this instructive publication, our concluding remarks must be brief. That a great and important melioration has taken place in the condition of the Spanish colonies, within the last half century, must be evident to the most superficial observer. From the data which this author has laid before us, it is quite clear, that the produce both of agriculture and of the mines, has experienced a very rapid increase, and that many of the grievous prohibitions and exactions, under which the colonists had so long suffered, had been in some instances abolished, and in others permitted to fall into disuse. But while this is undeniable, recent events have but too plainly testified, that the Spanish government was far from having kept pace with the intelligence and spirit of the people, who were still loudly complaining of the continual importation of adventurers—of a commerce suspiciously guarded—and of a taxation burdensome in amount, and odiously exacted. Independently, therefore, of the disorganized state of the mother country, it is highly probable, we conceive, that the colonists would not have been found much longer the submissive creatures they once were. As for the treatment they have experienced from the new government at Cadiz, nothing, to be sure, was ever more calculated to drive a people into confusion and revolt. Accordingly it is to be feared, that much of what M. Humboldt has represented in the work we have been examining, is by this time matter of history ; and that New Spain, in particular, instead of exhibiting a scene of progressive prosperity, is at this moment the theatre of a civil contention, to a dreadful degree cruel and destructive.

## FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

*The present Picture of New South Wales*; illustrated with Four large coloured Views, from Drawings taken on the Spot, of Sydney, the Seat of Government: with a Plan of the Colony, taken from actual Survey by public Authority. Including the present State of Agriculture and Trade, Prices of Provisions and Labour, internal Regulations, State of Society and Manners, &c., with Hints for the further Improvement of the Settlement. By D. D. Mann, many Years Resident in several Official Situations. 4to. pp. 99. Price, with the Plates, 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*; without the Plates, 1*6s.* Booth. 1811.

WE had occasion, many years ago, to express our doubts of the policy of forming a settlement for transported culprits in New South Wales. Subsequent experience has unhappily given confirmation to our apprehensions; and in the Report of the Committee of the House of Commons in the last Session, on the subject of penitentiary houses, as well as from the language of the speakers in the debates during the present Session, it appears to be taken for granted that transportation beyond the seas will not long continue a favourite mode of punishment. With respect to general interest, however, the settlement at New South Wales may be said to gain as much in one way as it will lose in another. Its agriculture and population are in a state of progressive increase; its resources in provisions have now become abundant; and after the lapse of twenty years a new and a better generation is taking the place of the lawless set which preceded it. Mr. Mann's publication, though much inferior in clearness and method to those of Lieutenant Colonel Collins and Governor Hunter, has the advantage of bringing down the history of the colony to so late a date as 1809, and is the fruit of ten years's residence on the spot. His official employment, though of a subordinate kind, led him into mixed intercourse with the inhabitants, and into a field of considerable observation; circumstances of no small import, in a quarter in which the progress of change is too rapid to make a reference to former authorities the ground-work of description. His book is of value, therefore as a table of materials; and higher praise will scarcely be expected, after we have pronounced that it is wholly deficient in arrangement, and replete with ridiculous extravagancies of style.

Though Mr. Mann saw the colony at a later period and under more favourable auspices than Colonel Collins, he finds it necessary to make similar acknowledgements of the prevalence of vice, and of the subsequent impediments to public prosperity. The corrupt character of the prisoners, the disputes with the natives, and for several years the occasional pressure of want, were se-

rious drawbacks on the progress of the settlement. The majority of the convicts were of a disposition neither to be meliorated by lenity nor terrified by severity ; and hardened in crimes, they made even the poor and miserable natives the dupes of their knavery : a conduct which led at first to distrust and reserve, but subsequently to severe retaliation, several of the convicts being found murdered in the woods. Labour, being the result only of compulsion, advanced slowly, and an alarm of want appeared rather to retard than accelerate the exertions of these disorderly characters. Among other instances of inattention, was the loss, for several years, of the stock of bulls and cows which was originally brought over from England. They were suffered by the carelessness of the keeper to stray into the woods ; and every subsequent search for them proved ineffectual until seven years after the settlement of the colony, when a fine and numerous herd of wild cattle was discovered in the interior of the country, evidently the progeny of the imported animals. The protection and increase of this wild herd then became a matter of public concern, because it would prove a valuable resource in the day of need.—Prisons were soon found necessary in the colony : but two buildings of this description, constructed of wood, were wilfully burned, and others of a more durable composition were rendered indispensable. After the year 1796, various marks of amelioration became apparent ; and the natives, gradually more reconciled to the new comers, consented to commence an intercourse which was productive, in a limited degree, of mutual advantage. The stock of cattle had by this time greatly increased, and the apprehension of famine had vanished in consequence of the extended cultivation. These fair prospects, however, were endangered in the year 1800, by the seditious conduct of a number of Irish convicts recently arrived, who were impatient to disseminate among the earlier prisoners the chimæras of their disaffected minds :—but the vigilance of Governor Hunter fortunately prevented an explosion ; and that valuable officer was enabled to leave the colony at the end of the year, in a very different state from that in which he had found it in 1795. At his departure, the number of settlers, convicts, and others, had increased to 6000 ; the land under corn-culture exceeded 7000 acres ; the stock of sheep was 6000 ; of goats 2000 ; and of cattle about 1200.

The succeeding year, 1801, was marked by a recurrence of a calamity which had visited the colony in its earlier years,—the overflowing of the river Hawkesbury. A long continuance of rain, in the mountainous ridges which overlook the channel of the river, sufficient to carry its waters to the extraordinary height of sixty or seventy feet above their accustomed level ; an inundation

which sweeps flocks, herds, and buildings, from its ill-fated borders :—but an evil of still more extensive mischief to the colonists arose from their rooted habits of intoxication. Spirits are bought up with extraordinary rapidity, even though the general price from the retailer is between ten and sixteen shillings a bottle ; and when they are scarce and prohibited, the price has been known to rise to thirty shillings a bottle. This destructive vice is as prevalent among the female as among the male convicts. Wine has hitherto been less in demand : but, if the rage for luxury continues to increase as it has lately done, it must soon obtain an enhanced price. Its substitution might give a milder character to this ruinous and obstinate habit, and undermine by slow degrees that which it has been found impracticable to exterminate. Hitherto, it has been in vain for the higher orders to set an example of temperance ; and the prohibitions of the sale of liquor have had but a limited effect. Threats, intreaties, and punishments, have all been employed ; yet, while spirits are to be procured, every comfort of life is sacrificed to obtain them. The profit attendant on the sale of this poison is such as to distract the inhabitants from the pursuit of other occupations ; and many farms have been abandoned in order that the owners might devote themselves to this alluring traffic. Its prosecution has also led to many pecuniary frauds, the most notorious of which is the custom of indorsing notes of hand without any valuable consideration ; a practice which had proved a source of endless lawsuits.—Next to drinking, the most prevalent vice among the lower class of prisoners is gaming. In some cases, after the loss of every thing else, the most abandoned of them have been known to stake the clothes which they wore, and to reduce themselves to a state of nudity. It is painful to add that (p. 11. 36.) examples of the crime of murder still occur, under circumstances as horrid as during the residence of Colonel Collins.

In the scanty number of reclaimed convicts, the noted George Barrington holds a conspicuous place. He conducted himself during his residence in the colony with great propriety, filling the station of chief constable at Paramatta, and acquiring money by industry. His death took place nearly seven years ago : but for a considerable time previously he was in a state of insanity, produced it is believed, by serious and sorrowful reflections on his early career of iniquity. He expressed, in his lucid intervals, great displeasure at his name being affixed to the fictitious narrative of his life ; and his death was that of a sincere Christian.

One of the most effectual punishments in the case of theft is to transport the delinquent to a remote branch of the settlement. The dread of a separation from old connexions, and a removal to a solitary scene, are found to make a more powerful impres-

sion on the minds of these misguided creatures, than the prospect of corporeal punishment. Those prisoners who have been brought up to a business at home generally resume it in the colony; and labourers are employed either in gangs at public work, or by settlers in the cultivation of land. Their irons are knocked off on their arrival, except in some extraordinary cases; and they are ordered to work in whatever part of the settlement the governor deems proper.—Though the morals of the colony are, on the whole, in an improving state, it has been found impracticable to permit the use of a theatre. Those who choose to partake of this amusement, leaving their property unwatched, generally found, on their return home, that it had undergone a sensible diminution; and the lower order of convicts, when they had no money, were in the habit of giving provisions to obtain entrance: so that, by the frequent privations of their regular food, they were unable to pursue their labour with proper exertion. The governor was accordingly obliged to recall the licence of performing, and the play-house itself was soon levelled to the ground.

Of the inveteracy of bad habits in some of these men, a remarkable example is afforded in the case (p. 12.) of one Samuels, who had been convicted of a burglary, and sentenced to be hanged. When he was suspended, the rope happened to break in the middle, and the criminal fell prostrate on the ground; on a second attempt, the cord unrove at the fastening; and on a third, a new accident occurred to delay his being launched into eternity. The provost-marshal, affected with the scene, represented the case to the governor, who was pleased to extend mercy to the prisoner: but neither terror nor clemency was sufficient to reclaim him; he persisted in his dishonest career, was removed to a distant part, and finally lost his life in an attempt to escape from the colony.

The climate of the settlement, although variable, is favourable both for health and vegetation. The weather in spring and autumn resembles that of our summer, and the atmosphere is, in general, remarkably bright and clear. Frost is little known, and snow is seen only on the lofty mountains which form the boundary of the colony towards the interior. The woods and fields present a boundless variety of the choice productions of nature, while the branches of the trees display a brilliant assemblage of the feathered race. The shrubs and plants, are all evergreens; and geraniums flourish in such abundance as to be made, in various quarters, into hedges, emitting a delightful smell. Coals are found in a district which has been aptly termed Newcastle. March and April are the months recommended for the sowing of wheat; November and December are the seasons of harvest.

In December, the stubble ground is frequently planted with maize, so as to afford two crops in one year : but the policy of thus forcing the soil is very questionable. As to fruit, strawberries are said to grow in perfection ; melons are very large and plentiful ; and the pines far exceed in size those of England. The colony possesses, likewise, some mineralogical treasures ; the topazes being accounted of much greater worth than those which are produced in Brazil. With respect to animals, two have been found, since the publication of the work which has so ably illustrated the natural history of the colony, that deserve to be mentioned, namely the Koolah, of the Opossum species, and a kind of Hyæna. The Koolah, after it has ascended a tree, never quits it until it is completely cleared of the leaves ; and the natives easily discover the animal by observing the gum-tree stripped, the leaves of which are its favourite food. The Hyæna is not less ferocious than its species in other countries, but has hitherto confined its ravages to sheep and poultry, without venturing to attack the settlers. Both animals have a false belly ; a characteristic which is common to them with a number of subjects that are found in New Holland.

Though no longer in a state of war with the settlers, the natives continue to carry on frequent hostilities among themselves. They are a cruel and disgusting race, and are ready to commit depredations on the corn of the settlers whenever they have a prospect of success. It becomes frequently necessary to send detachments of military to disperse them : but the utmost care is taken to prevent any fatal consequences from attending these acts of requisite vigour ; and the soldiers are directed by all means to avoid firing. No allurements can tempt them to exchange the irregularities of savage life for the comforts of civilized society. A native who was brought home by Governor Philip, and sent out again after a residence of some time in England, assumed, for a short period, the dress and manner of an European : but, in spite of every intreaty, he has again taken to the woods. Little aid has been derived, in the labours of the colony, from the co-operation of the natives ; their industry seldom leading them farther than to assist in hauling the fish-nets, in order that they may obtain an immediate recompense by sharing in the draught. They are amazingly expert at throwing the spear, and will launch it with unerring aim to a distance of between thirty and sixty yards.

The importance of living in peace with the neighbours of the colony may be appreciated by the sanguinary rencounters which are still found to occur in remote quarters. In April 1808, the *Fly*, a colonial vessel, being driven into Bateman's Bay, sent three of her crew on shore for water. It was agreed previously to their departure, that, in case of any assemblage of natives be-

ing discerned from the ship, a musket should be fired from on board as a signal for the immediate return of the party. Shortly after the boat had reached the shore, the natives were perceived from the vessel, the musket was fired, and the three men ran back to the boat. They succeeded in putting off from the shore, but were pursued by a flight of spears, thrown with such fatal dexterity as to transfix the victims at their oars. The savages immediately manned the boat, and, with a number of canoes, prepared to attack the vessel itself; which narrowly escaped by cutting the cable, and standing out to sea.

The population of the colony now exceeds ten thousand; of whom two-thirds support themselves, while the rest are victualled and clothed at the expense of the crown. The military force consists of the 102d regiment, and of two volunteer associations. The extent of land under corn-culture may be computed at 12,000 acres; the number of horses at 1000; oxen and cows, 10,000; sheep, 40,000; goats, 3000; pigs, 25,000;—a rapid increase, especially in domestic animals, since the year 1800. The current price of provisions in 1809 was, wheat, 12s. the bushel; maize, 5s.; barley, 5s.; oats, 4s. 6d.; potatoes, 10s. the hundred-weight; peaches and apples, 2d. the dozen; French beans, 4d. the quart; pease, 1s. the quart; beef and mutton, 1s. 3d. the pound; pork, 1s.; kangaroo, (not unlike beef,) 8d; turkeys, 10s. each; geese, 8s. each; ducks, 4s. each; fowls, 2s. 6d. each. Butter is so high as 6s. the pound, and milk 1s. the quart: but fish is abundant and cheap. The wages of men-servants are 1s. a day, or 6s. a week, with board; without board, 2s. 6d. a day; by the year, 10l. or 12l. with board. The hours of public labour are from sun-rise to eight o'clock, and afterwards from nine o'clock to three.—Of late years, some progress has been made towards the establishment of manufactures, particularly coarse woollens and linens. The leather formed from the skins of cattle, kangaroos, seals, &c., is extremely good, and is easily tanned by a bark which grows in the settlement. Several potteries are also established, and four extensive breweries. The shops are fitted up with more taste than might be expected; and articles of female apparel and ornament are bought with great avidity. With regard to their money-system, the inhabitants of the colony have been as unlucky as those of the mother-country; their copper coin, though issued in 1800 at one hundred per cent. above its real value, having in a great measure disappeared. Many of the free settlers from home have disappointed expectation, and have proved only a serious expense to government.—The number of convicts in the government-service is liable to progressive diminution from deaths, from emancipation for good behaviour, and from expiration of servitude; as well as by removal from public work

to the employment of settlers in the country. In the course of eight years, from 1792 to 1800, three-fourths of the convicts employed by government at the beginning of the period had been, from these various causes, discharged; a drain which was inadequately supplied by the new arrivals, which in the course of that interval amounted to 1259 male prisoners.

After these observations on the state of the settlement, we shall follow Mr. Mann in his inquiry (p. 62. and seq.) into the causes which still prevent New South Wales from being independent of the mother-country. We have heard it computed that each transported convict costs government nearly 300*l*; and this enormous charge continues, in a great measure, notwithstanding the growth of the colony. Mr. Mann ascribes the magnitude of this expenditure to various causes; to the mismanagement, under Governor Philip, from 1792 to 1795; to the practice of victualling, out of the public stores, the convicts employed in labour for the settlers; to a custom, too long prevalent, of imprisoning convicts for debt, and of depriving government of their labour; to the expense of supporting deserted children; to the introduction (partial, indeed,) of monopolies; to abuses in the medical department; and to the duties of police, severe and expensive in so restless a community. Another cause of continual expense will be found in the formation of new settlements at Newcastle, River Derwent, and Port Dalrymple; as well as at the distant and now abandoned establishment on Norfolk island. This long enumeration of particulars might be reduced, were Mr. Mann philosopher enough to generalize his views, under two heads; viz. the bad morals of the colonists, and the waste which is common to all government-speculations. America, without greater advantages than New South Wales, has afforded an example of colonies advancing rapidly in population, without burdening the mother-country: but there no impediment from vicious habits stood in the way; nor was any public fund created to meet the demand of individuals. Each was aware that 'as he sowed he would reap;' that he had no resource but his own industry, and that his wants must be rigidly accommodated to his means. That necessity of labour, which, evidently for the wisest purposes, has been imposed on our species, had thus its full operation, and led to the systematic observance of the cardinal virtues of industry in acquiring, and economy in consuming. The progress of these infant-establishments was very gradual; their capital receiving little aid from the parent-state, and owing its chief increase to its own re-productive power.—In New South Wales, on the other hand, the object was to accomplish the speedy formation of a colony; a power was granted to draw capital from England; and such power, in the case of a government

or of a public company, can scarcely fail to become the subject of abuse. Moreover, the labourers in this new colony, instead of possessing those qualities which, by promoting individual affluence, constitute the basis of public prosperity, were of such unsettled habits as to require a constant and expensive superintendence. The wonder, therefore, is not that New South Wales should have cost such extraordinary sums, but that our government should have been so badly informed as not to foresee such a result. In pursuance of this reasoning, we agree with Mr. Mann that an end should be put to all farming for government-account; and that the ships of neutrals (indeed of all countries in the time of peace,) ought to have free admission to the colony.

Among the abuses inseparable from the improvidence of government-traffic, the unfitness of the clothing sent out is one of the most inconvenient. It has hitherto been made up at home, without regard to quality or comfort; and, when distributed in the colony, the delivery has been the same to all, without attending to the unfortunate propensity, on the part of many, to sell those articles which they do not immediately want. Another serious cause of waste is the damage of stores on the passage, or their loss by plunder on board. The remedy recommended by Mr. Mann for these abuses is to make the contractors in England responsible for the condition of the stores, till they are landed.—Another and a more crying grievance is the inhumanity shewn to convicts in their passage out. It is a melancholy fact that, in several ships which have carried convicts by contract, not more than two-thirds of the number put on board have reached their place of destination; a mortality which may be attributed in a great measure, to the embezzlement of the provisions intended for their use. Under the pretext of attempts to mutiny and escape, an undue degree of severity has also frequently been exercised towards these unfortunate captives; and the bad effects of such treatment are strikingly exemplified by the contrast afforded in the health and cleanliness of the prisoners who were carried out in a king's ship.

For a colony in which the interference of an arbiter and judge is so often necessary, it might be advisable, in the opinion of the author, to look out at home for several persons to act as justices of peace. He is aware that men who are comfortable at home will not willingly go to New South Wales; and he suggests that fit persons should be sought in the respectable but disappointed class of society. Let their salaries, he adds, if not large, be such at least as to render them independent of every other avocation, and to make them place a value on their appointment. Mr. Mann is zealous also for the nomination of a council, composed of several of the principal officers of government; and to the

want of such a body he ascribes, in a great measure, the present unsettled state of the colony. We acknowledge, that the edict of a collective body would carry greater weight with it than the mandate of an individual, and we have no objection to the Governor being thus assisted: but the power of decision should, in our opinion, remain exclusively in him. In so turbulent a community, the existence of controul is indispensable; and unity, be it remembered, is the perfection of command. The criminal court is composed at present of the judge-advocate, and six naval and military officers, with an appeal to the Governor: a form of procedure more calculated for the infancy than progress of the colony. Martial law was appropriate as long as the settlement consisted of convicts on the one hand, and of the servants of government on the other: but the case is very different since the increase of population and of commercial transactions. Mr. Mann is solicitous for the institution of the trial by jury, and for the appointment of a chief justice, with emoluments not below 1200*l.* a year. Whatever difference of opinion may subsist with regard to the difficulty of finding fit jurors among the inhabitants of New South Wales, none can prevail against the nomination of a respectable judge; and were his proceedings fashioned on the principles of the eminent jurist, one of whose works has lately passed through our hands,\* it may safely be assumed that his single court would execute, and execute well, the whole legal business of the colony. The labour of those justices of peace, for whom Mr. Mann calls so eagerly, might thus be in a great measure saved. We see no reason that the expense of a trial in a court of justice should materially exceed that of an appeal to a magistrate; and we can have little doubt of the superior weight and influence of the verdict. The administration of equity is a simple and expeditious business; and the range, in regard to number of causes, which may thus be embraced, is highly favourable to the maintenance of impartiality. By extending the jurisdiction of the judge over a wide sphere, we relieve him from the influence of local considerations and individual connexions; conferring, in a great degree, those advantages which we reap at home from the presence of travelling judges in our smaller towns, as well as from the magnitude of the community in the district (the metropolis) in which they are stationary.

Another point, for which the author contends, is the admission of the bankrupt-laws into the colony. Those of our readers, who have observed how large a portion of the calamity of the West India planters we are disposed to ascribe to that mistaken policy which prevents the affairs of an embarrassed debtor from being brought to a definite point, will readily conclude that we

\* Mr. Bentham.

concur with Mr. M. in the propriety of the introduction of the bankrupt-laws into New South Wales ; since, though the circumstances of the two countries are materially different, the application of the principle holds as to both. The author is of opinion that the Governor would be much benefited in his decisions by the assistance of a lawyer ; and he also recommends that several of our barristers should receive encouragement to go out, and plead in the courts. Whatever may be thought of the former recommendation, it cannot be doubted that government should decline all interference as to the latter.—A more interesting subject is brought forwards, when Mr. M. treats of the fate of those unhappy persons whose sentence of transportation lasts for life. They become, in general, careless of their conduct and indifferent to their future fate, seeing nothing in prospect but banishment and servitude. Mr. Mann recommends that their labour for government should terminate after the expiration of a certain period of good behaviour ; that they should then be made free of the colony, and eventually become settlers. Even the most unpromising characters should be allowed to look forwards to some ultimate amelioration of their lot, and perpetual imprisonment should be excluded from the list of colonial punishments.—The farther recommendations of the author relate to the appointment of clergymen and school-masters ; and to the sending out of superintending mechanics : in all of which, as well as with regard to the greater security of the leases of government ground, he will not fail to receive the concurrence of his readers.

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FROM THE SAME.

*The Scottish Adventurers, or The Way to Rise; an Historical Tale.* By Hector Macneil, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo. 8s. Murray. 1812.

THIS is erroneously called an Historical Tale, since the principal characters are imaginary, and are supposed to be the sons of tradesman in Edinburgh, who find 'The way to rise' through application and industry. The first part of their story displays much ingenuity ; and the author's ideas on the subject of education for the middle and lower classes of society are rational, and deserve attention : but we cannot perceive 'the absolute necessity for interlarding professional language with characteristic swearing ;' and we think that Mr. Macneil is mistaken in fancying that the eccentricity and humour of his sailors would be lost, unless

" They fixed attention, heedless of your pain,  
 " With oaths, like rivets, forced into the brain."

The conclusion of this work abounds with improbabilities and lucky chances; and the ultimate success of the *Scottish Adventurers* is not so deducible from their talents and industry as the author seems to have intended, or as the moral of the tale required.

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## ORIGINAL REVIEW.—VOLTAIRE'S BRUTUS.

THE republican sentiments animating the characters of this celebrated play, are conveyed in a language forcible yet not gorgeous, simple yet imposing. Notwithstanding this, the ear is more affected than the heart; and passion is less excited than admiration. It is easy to perceive, that the success and great reputation of this tragedy, were, in a great measure, owing to the revolutionary spirit which at the time pervaded all the ranks of Europe. The censure of royalty and the outcry against majesty were then too grateful not to be well received. Now, however, that the fever has subsided, and we are arrived at the age of manhood and dearly-bought experience, we can no longer be pleased with the glittering toy; unless we find, upon examination, that it shines with genuine gold and not with tinsel.

The plot of *Brutus* is regular and well constructed, yet somewhat scanty, and but negligently relieved from its monotony. The character of the Roman Father is sustained with the greatest strength and dramatic consistency; yet it seems ferocious, dull, and by no means congenial to human nature. He feels no apparent sorrow, expresses no audible regret; but, wrapt up in his own gloomy pride, seems more pleased with the opportunity of proving his sanguinary zeal for Rome, than grieved at the loss of his favourite son. He receives the news of *Tiberinus's* defection with a few dry exclamations, and in the next soliloquy mentions him only as a foil to *Titus*, who was also found implicated in treason, and whom he seems to lament not because he was his son, but because his bravery and other energetic qualities were most likely to gratify the truly Roman ambition of his Father.

In the opinion of *La Harpe*, the author has shown here a great talent, by leaving the grief of *Brutus* to the imagination of the audience, and by forbidding the language to touch, except very slightly, upon his sufferings; if this observation be correct, the whole credit must be due to the actor and not the author; and if silence be the most skilful method of describing nature, writers of less capacity would find it very easy to attain *Voltaire's* reputation. The painter may as well withdraw his pencil from the picture, and leave it a blank to be filled up by the spectator's

imagination. Brutus is made to express his supposed sorrows by a dumb show, and therefore very gracefully faints in the arms of his friends; but a pantomime in such a moment is but a poor substitute for language. I would rather hear him speak, than see the sternest of the Roman Neroes, in the affected attitude of a tragic heroine.

The character of Tullia belongs rather to an artful jilt than a dignified princess; though it is to be presumed, the author never intended to represent her in the former light. She talks with such studied eloquence, urges with so great a zeal, that a design to deceive and seduce, or, at least, to obtain her purpose, and to promote her own interest at the expense of her lover's, is more discernible in her than any real affection or nobleness of soul. Her coalition or co-operation with an intriguing minister makes her still less entitled to the character of tenderness which the author designed for her.

Titus is the most interesting of all the characters, yet perhaps the least consistent. His hatred of royalty is too strongly, too uniformly expressed, and too long protracted, to be subdued in one moment. Besides, a Roman hero falling a victim to love, at the time when the enervating effect of this passion was scarcely known to those stubborn and barbarous republicans, is of itself a subject not very happily or judiciously chosen. But it is managed with still less skill. Titus ought to have had other motives besides love to make his fall probable. The disappointment of consular dignity was not sufficient; for he himself lays no great stress on it, and his age kept him at too great a distance from the office to make it an object of ambition or desire strong enough to overcome every principle of honour. If love alone were to prevail, he ought to have been softened by degrees, and insensibly charmed into forgetfulness; until, like wax, gradually heated, he should melt away at the wished-for moment, and still remain unconscious of his own transformation. Instead of this, however, he appears a rock of adamant, which having successfully resisted the fiercest power of fire, dissolves in a moment when it was the least probable, that is, when the trial was nearly over, and when no additional heat was applied. He, moreover, sees his danger, yet runs headlong into it; his conscience warns him, yet in spite of self conviction he plunges into the gulf of destruction.

What leads to the catastrophe is too long deferred, too abruptly introduced, and as abruptly dismissed. Four acts of the play are devoted to politics, and only one to the main event; much to the national pride; but very little to paternal struggles and filial contrition, which should have been the chief subject pervading the whole.

# SPIRIT OF MAGAZINES.

FROM THE WEEKLY REGISTER.

## ACCOUNT OF THE WAHABITES.

THE foundations of this sect were laid about fifty years ago by Mohammed, son of Abdel Wahab, and grandson of Solyman, a poor Arab of the tribe of Negedi. It is said, that Solyman dreamed a flame issued from his body, that consumed both the tents of the desert, and the houses of the city: and that the Sheiks, to whom he related it, predicted, that his son, Abdel Wahab, would be the founder of a new religion, to which all the Arabs would submit. From this son the sect derived its name, though the prediction was not accomplished by him, but by the grandson of Solyman. Sheik Mohammed adopted the Koran as the basis of his doctrine, rejecting, however, the tradition and glosses of its commentators, and reducing the Mohammedan religion to pure deism. He declared all those who paid any devotion to Mohammed, and dared to give God a companion, blasphemers and idolators; forbade the addressing of prayers to saints or prophets; and enjoined all Mussulmen to be put to death, who persisted in their idolatry. These new and intolerant principles were not very favourably received in the towns. Expelled from Mecca, Damascus, Bagdad, and Bussorah, he addressed himself to Ebn Seoud, prince of Dreyeh, in Yemen, and found in him a partizan capable of rendering his doctrine triumphant. This chief, ambitious, brave, able, and wary, saw in them the means of accomplishing his desire of aggrandizement. He assumed the title of general of the Wahabites, and Mohammed that of pontiff; and the sovereignty thus participated, they incessantly laboured to make proselytes, and extend their conquests. From Dreyeh, their capital, surrounded by sands, Ebn Seoud sent out parties to subjugate the neighbouring tribes; and the rapidity of their marches and the impracticability of attacking them in the great desert, ensured their success.

But it was reserved for his son Abdelazis to render the standard of the Wahabites triumphant, throughout the peninsula. His practice was to send the Koran to any tribe he wished to subjugate and convert, with a letter to the following purport: "Abdelazis to the Arabs of the tribe of ———, health. It is your duty to believe the book I send you. Be not like the idolatrous Turks, who give God a companion. If you be believers, you are safe; if not, I declare against you a war of extermination." All the tribes of the Bedowens were subdued in succession by the arms of Abdelazis. They who resisted, were plundered and massacred: they who submitted, were to pay him a tenth of their cattle, of their money, and of all their goods; and to send one man in ten to serve in his army. Thus in a short time this army numbered a hundred thousand men. These were mounted every two of them on a dromedary; and armed with sabres, lances, darts, and bucklers. Some of them had match-lock muskets. A skin filled with water, and another with barley meal, sufficed for the subsistence of two Arabs, and their dromedaries, twenty days. Officers and soldiers were equally abstemious. Abdelazis went so far as to prohibit coffee, and the use of the pipe; and the Wahabites obeyed. Following the traces of their enemies to take them by surprise, and retire without fighting when they were pursued, they harassed and destroyed them without any loss. When they captured a town, they destroyed the minarets and domes of the mosques, overturned the tombs, that were objects of the greatest veneration to the Mussulmen, and seized all the treasure, and all the spoil, they could find in the temples or private houses.

As Abdelazis succeeded his father Ebn Secoud in the post of generalissimo, Sheik Hussein, the eldest son of the reformer Mohammed, succeeded him as head of the law; and these two dignities have continued hereditary in their families. The intolerance of these sectaries towards the Mussulmen is greater than towards Christians or Jews: a circumstance for which the author accounts on the principle, that the animosity between sects is greater, in proportion as their creeds approach each other. When these reformers captured the town of Emaun Hussein, fifteen miles from Bagdad, they put to death every person they found, man, woman, and child, to the number of three thousand. Vast treasures were taken from the tomb of the Emaun, and two hundred camels were loaded with the spoil.

It was not till 1798, that the Porte paid any serious attention to the increase of the Wahabites. The bashaw of Bagdad was then directed to send an army against them: but the expedition did not take place, as Abdelazis bribed his enemies by presents. Enriched by the capture of Emaun Hussein, Abdelazis was next

tempted by the wealth of Mecca, the holy city, that contains the tomb of Abraham. Availing himself of a dispute between the sherif and his brother, he ordered the former to resign his office, which was by birth the right of his brother; and on his refusal he sent against him his eldest son Seoud, at the head of a hundred thousand men. Seoud, having defeated the troops of the sherif, was preparing to enter Mecca, when the caravan appeared. It was with difficulty the Ameer Hadgy, or chief of the pilgrims, obtained permission to enter, and remain there three days; after which the army of Seoud seized on the city. The Cady and twenty Sheiks were put to death, for refusing to embrace the new doctrines; the rest became converts. The Caaba was not destroyed, but the rich tapestry of the tomb of Abraham was taken away, and a mat of palm leaves substituted in its place. All the other tombs were destroyed. Seoud then went against Jidda and Medina, but not with equal success. The resistance of the inhabitants, and the breaking out of the plague among his troops, obliged him to return to Dreyeh.

At the very moment that the Wahabites were triumphing in the possession of Mecca, their generalissimo was assassinated by a dervise, who had escaped from the massacre at Emaun Hussein. Abdelaziz, was the first who established the power of the Wahabites on a solid basis, by important victories. He had introduced a certain degree of discipline among tribes jealous of their liberty, and compelled them to an implicit obedience. Brave, strict, patient, indefatigable, bold in his projects, and plain and frugal in his habits as his Arabs, notwithstanding the treasures he had amassed, he left at his death a post difficult to fill; and accordingly his death removed for a time the apprehensions of the Porte. But Seoud proved no unworthy successor of his father. So early as 1803, he sent some troops against Bagdad; but on this attack he set little stress, as its object was solely to ravage the country. A more important design he entertained, was that of rendering himself master of the coasts of the Persian gulf, with which view he built several ships, and gradually found himself possessed of a force sufficient to prohibit its navigation. The allies of the Wahabites seized on all the vessels that traded from India to Bussorah and the ports of Persia, so that a stop was put to all intercourse. The English themselves had several of their vessels taken by the Arabs; and their endeavours to recover them, and punish the pirates, were fruitless. Before the time of Seoud, the English messengers, in their journey through the Great Desert from Bussorah to Aleppo, had been respected by the Wahabites, agreeably to the promise Abdelaziz had given to the British resident. Once indeed, it happened, that a messenger was robbed: but the culprit was disco-

vered, and he came to lay the despatches at the feet of Abdelazis. This, however, did not save his life : Abdelazis ordered his head to be cut off, and the despatches stained with his blood, to be sent to the British consul.

Seoud undertook various expeditions against Bussorah and Zeber, but without success. The bashaw of Bagdad then employed considerable forces against the Wahabites ; the king of Persia, and the grand seignior, at that time friends, furnishing him with considerable supplies. The Emaun of Mascat was to attack them from the south, while the bashaw did from the north ; but fortune fought for the Wahabites. The two chiefs did not act in concert. The Emaun fell into the hands of the pirates, and was slain in battle about the end of 1804. Ali Bashaw set out from Bagdad with seventy thousand men, and a numerous train of artillery ; but in traversing the desert the very number was more conducive to defeat than to victory. The want of water was fatal to him : and his army was attacked and beaten by piecemeal. Two other bashaws succeeded him without better success, and the vanquished army returned to Bagdad. The sole advantage derived from this expedition was, that sixteen thousand Wahabite families, who had suffered themselves to be surprised, and whom Seoud threatened with exemplary punishment for their negligence, quitted his party, and repaired to Bagdad.

At the close of 1804, the city of Medina, which had long been in want of provisions, submitted to the arms of Seoud, who conducted himself with moderation. The caravan of pilgrims came the following year, and was allowed to enter the city, on paying a heavy contribution. At Mecca it was pillaged still more. A hundred purses were paid for the entrance of the caravan, beside ten piastres for each pilgrim, and as many for his beast : a hundred purses were then paid for leave to ascend mount Arafath, and as much for coming down : and lastly, six hundred purses for crossing a brook, the passage of which the Wahabites purposely obstructed. Seoud afterwards declared, that for the future he would not allow any escort from the grand seignior, the use of musical instruments, or the conveyance of the sacred tapestry and ornaments.

At the end of 1805, Seoud became master of Mascat, through the influence of the new Emaun, who had embraced Wahabism. Thus growing daily more powerful and wealthy, he renounced the plain and frugal life of his father, and exhibited in his palace at Dreyeh, all the luxury of Asia. He appointed his eldest son Abdallah his successor, and sent him on several expeditions ; but the new general met with a check at Zeber, which the Wahabites then attacked for the third time. These defeats did not

discourage Seoud, who immediately planned and prepared other enterprizes. Such is the character of these Arabs : if defeated, they do not give way to that panic, which commonly completes the overthrow of an army, particularly among their enemies, the Ottomans : they only change their scheme, relinquishing the old, to carry a new one into execution and unexpectedly. Thus Seoud turned his eyes towards Jidda, the only city in Arabia that had uniformly resisted him ; a place important for its maritime situation, and for the barter there carried on, of the coffee of Arabia, against the corn of Egypt.

The Porte now resolved to make a fresh effort against the Wahabites. A bashaw was sent to Damascus to assemble an army ; another was ordered to march to Jidda ; and the bashaw of Bagdad was to assault Seoud on that quarter. The Wahabites seemed to be threatened with approaching ruin : but fortune, still favourable to Seoud, excited the flames of war between the bashaws of Bagdad and Persia ; and Ameer Hadgy, the bashaw of Damascus, found nothing but dissention and civil war in Syria, instead of the resources he expected. The taking of Jidda by Seoud, completed the consternation of Damascus. At this time, in 1806, Seoud issued a proclamation ; which, while it gave permission to the pilgrims to visit Mecca, prohibited all kind of escort from the grand seignior. The bashaw, however, urged by orders from Constantinople, set out at the head of the caravan, with the usual escort and ornaments. Seoud, indignant at this want of respect to his orders, sent word to him to return, when he had reached the midst of the Great Desert. He ventured, notwithstanding, to continue his journey toward Medina ; but when he arrived there, he found the gates shut, and the Wahabites threatening to cut him and his caravan to pieces. The inhabitants, even the very women, animated with incredible fanaticism, issued out of the city, and pursued the Mussulmen with stones, calling them idolators. They retreated in the utmost confusion, and the greater part of the pilgrims perished miserably in the desert. It is incomprehensible why Seoud did not at this juncture follow the bashaw to Damascus, and make himself master of the city, panic struck with this disaster. But the Wahabites, content with their dominion over the whole peninsula, and the subjection of all the Arabian tribes, apparently disdained to extend their sway into the neighbouring provinces out of the desert, whether on the banks of the Euphrates, or toward Syria. In the latter province every city, a prey to intestine warfare, or assailed by enemies of all kinds from without, expected every instant to see them within its wall. What defence indeed, could they have made against such a powerful army ? for at the end of 1807, Seoud had under his command a hundred and eighty thou-

sand fighting men, belonging to the wandering tribes alone. As to his wealth, it increased daily, particularly by the prizes his allies made in the Persian gulf, half of the value of which came into his coffers. These Arabs had assembled a considerable number of dows, carrying each four or five hundred men, and from twelve to sixteen guns.

With all these forces the Wababites did nothing of importance in 1808, except pillaging the last caravan, and putting a total end to the pilgrimage to Mecca. They likewise made some attempts against Syria and Egypt. Scoud had sent letters to Damascus, Aleppo, and other cities of Syria, threatening them with destruction, if they did not embrace his doctrines. Despair gave to the Ottomans some energy; serious preparations were made on all sides; and the threats of Scoud ended in the occupation of a few fortresses to the south of Damascus. The most striking event of the year, was the march of Scoud himself, at the head of forty-five thousand men, against Bagdad; but he was defeated in several skirmishes, and compelled to retire.

In 1809, Scoud attempted nothing of consequence; but the war between the Wahabites on the coast of the Persian gulf, and the inhabitants of Mascat, assisted by the English, exhibits an event of no small importance. Lieutenant-colonel Smith, in a small squadron of frigates under the command of captain Mainwright, landed at Ras al Kraim, or al Khyma, the principal rendezvous of the pirates, and burned and destroyed the town, with all the vessels in the harbour, amounting to upwards of fifty, more than half of which were very large dows, and a large quantity of naval stores. They then proceeded to the port of Linga, where they burned nine large dows; and afterwards to Luft, which surrendered after some resistance. Here three very large dows were destroyed, beside other vessels. Thus a naval power was annihilated; which, had there been no maritime force but that of the natives of Asia to oppose it, would soon have rendered the Wahabites the sovereigns of all the seas in that part of the globe.

It is difficult, perhaps, to conjecture what effects may ultimately be wrought by a power, that has grown up in so rapid and extraordinary a manner. The loss of Arabia, and perhaps of Syria, and the country bordering on the Euphrates, may prove a mortal blow to the Ottoman empire, threatened by so many enemies from without, and divided by the quarrels of so many independent chiefs within. The abolition too, or at least the reform of Mohammedanism, in the spot that gave it birth, must have some influence on the condition of Christians in those countries; and the relations between the Oriental and Occidental nations can scarcely fail to experience some change. Neither

can the suppression of the pilgrimages to Mecca, a remarkable custom that has prevailed for twelve centuries, and formed a bond of commercial and religious union between the extremities of Asia and Africa, be an event of trifling import in modern history. A reform in the religion of Mohammed, however, was to be expected. All who have resided any time among the Arabs, must have remarked their proneness to dispense with religious ceremonies. This fact was particularly evident in Egypt: in an Arabian camp none of the religious practices observed by the inhabitants of cities, were to be seen, the people excusing themselves by the want of temples, and their wandering life.

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FROM THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

## A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CARACAS.

[From Semple's "Sketch of the present State of the Caracas."]

**AFTER** ten days residence at Puerto Cabello, I prepared to return to Caracas, leaving my companion, who waited for a vessel bound to Curacoa. On the 6th of February, 1811, I set off, attended by my trusty Mulatto, and soon lost sight of the unhealthy flat of Puerto Cabello. In two hours I was amongst woods, and water-falls, and mountains, and clouds; and looked down with undiminished pleasure on the dark romantic glen which had so much delighted me in my descent. From the summit of the mountains I once more enjoyed a view of the extensive plain of Valencia, and descended to that ill-fated town. I saw again the pass of El Morro and the village of Mariara, where civil bloodshed was first to take place. Once more, I traversed the banks of the lake, and enjoyed from the top of La Cabrera a view which, as the sun disappeared, acquired new charms beneath the mild light of the moon. I again admired the thriving appearance of Maracai, and on the eminence which divides La Victoria from the plains of Valencia took a distant and farewell view of the lake.

From La Victoria, through El Consejo, I descended into the valley and bed of the Tuy, which I again traversed upwards of five and twenty times before reaching Las Coucuizas, at the foot of the mountains which separate the vallies of Aragoa from that of Caracas. On the summits of these mountains I once more felt the grateful influence of cold, once more saw valleys dark and deep without rivers or lakes, and viewed Caracas at the distance of twenty miles, presenting an appearance the most beauti-

ful and interesting. I descended towards this charming valley with a mind full of all the wonders I had seen; and, finally, having left a brother in Caracas, I entered my residence there with feelings somewhat similar to those which a traveller experiences when after a long absence he visits his native home.

Thus have we traversed a small but interesting portion of the continent of America. Every where we have found a fertile soil, and, except in particular spots upon the coast, a pure and healthy air. Even the unwholsomeness of these situations is compensated by their exuberant fertility, and by the gradual adaptation of the inhabitants to the atmosphere in which they live. With little labour man here earns an easy subsistence, and the industrious European has never failed to acquire in time a certain portion of opulence and ease. Let us recapitulate some of the more obvious particulars, and add others as they may occur to our remembrance. We will then examine what has retarded, and long will retard, the progress of this country towards that perfection which some of its admirers so ardently contemplate.

We land at La Guayra. A heavy surf breaks along the shore, and we are obliged to watch the swelling of the waves to leap upon the wharf. Flocks of gray pelicans float upon the waves, from which they rise at intervals, and then plunge down upon their prey. We notice the fins of sharks above the water, whilst people are carelessly swimming near the wharf, and are told, that, by a sacred charm, these voracious fish have no power to do hurt between the two small capes that shelter the road of La Guayra. When we are farther credibly informed, that accidents never do occur; being heretics, we attribute it to the constant noise of the breakers, and agitation of the water. From La Guayra to Puerto Cabello, high mountains border all the coast: rising generally, immediately from the sea. At intervals, rich valleys open, and the sides of the mountains are covered with the finest trees, whilst their opposite slopes towards the interior are bare, or covered only with inferior timber. The average height of this chain of mountains is about four thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, although the peak, which rises to the eastward and behind La Guayra, is upwards of eight thousand feet high. In this town, closely confined by steep hills, we do not stop longer than is necessary to taste the tropical fruits; or perhaps to visit a wild glen which bounds it to the eastward, and to bathe in the cool stream, which there pours down from the hills. We pass the pleasant village of Macuta, a mile from La Guayra, and soon look down upon it, from the height of a thousand feet. We ascend, and, on the mountain tops, the European breathes with delight, the cool air of his native country between the tropics. We go on foot, and smile at the idea of a bad road form-

ing a defence to a great country. How charming is the view of the valley of Caracas at the dawn of day, when the mists slowly rising unveil the prospect, and linger in the form of white clouds on the tops of the surrounding hills! We descend to the town, and pause anew to make our observations.

Four leagues to the eastward of Caracas, on a gentle eminence, from which springs gush forth, stands a pleasant village, originally inhabited entirely by Indians. To the westward, on the other hand, on the opposite side of the Guayra, in a small recess of the mountains, a white church tower, surrounded by huts, points out an establishment, formed by the missionaries. All throughout the valley are plantations of sugar, coffee, and maize. Irrigation is well understood, and its general use is favoured by the nature of the ground, which constantly slopes towards the east. The water is led in channels, from the upper parts of the stream, along the sides of the hills, and afterwards distributed throughout the fields. The same system is practised at the plantations on the Tuy, near Las Coucuissas, at La Victoria, and in the valleys of Aragoa. The use of the plough is unknown. All work is done with the spade and the hoe, and chiefly by slaves. The lighter work is performed by Indians, and free labourers, which last class is increasing rapidly. Maize and plantains form the basis of their food; to which are added, beef and garlick. The maize is generally eaten in the form of cakes, being first soaked, deprived of the husk, and then ground, or rather rubbed into a moist paste, by means of a roller, and a smoothed curved slab of stone. This operation falls to the lot of the women. Beef seldom exceeds two pence sterling per pound, although sometimes, for several days together, there is none to be procured, owing to the want of regularity in the supplies from the interior, or the droughts in summer, when herbage cannot be procured along the road. The meat, when meant to be kept, is, in a manner, torn in long slips from the bone, soaked in strong brine, and then hung over poles in the open air, to dry. At every butchery, flocks of carrion-vultures, of a disgusting appearance, regularly attend, and being seldom molested, become nearly tame. To them is committed the task of picking the bones, and removing all the offal, which otherwise, with the indolence of the inhabitants, would, in this climate, soon become intolerable. Poultry is scarce and dear; a Spanish dollar being frequently the price of a common fowl. Mutton is unknown. Although this country has been colonized for nearly three centuries, the sheep has not yet been introduced upon these mountains, where it could not fail to multiply rapidly. The flesh of goats is used instead; which, although sufficiently palatable when young, can never be compared for flavour, delicacy, and nutriment, with that of the sheep. Fish are

seldom procured good at Caracas. It is a journey of six or eight hours for a slave from the coast; which, in this climate, when added to other necessary delays, seldom fails to deprive them of their flavour. The mode of cooking is entirely Spanish, oil and garlick being necessary ingredients in most dishes, and both being imported, in large quantities, for that purpose. There is a dispensation from the pope, for eating meat in Lent, and on fast days, on account of the difficulty of procuring fish, in many parts of the interior. At the close of all entertainments, great quantities of sweetmeats are used, of which the creoles are exceedingly fond. In lieu of sweetmeats, the common people use coarse sugar, in the form of loaves, called *papelón*. It is also customary at feasts, even at the best tables, for the guests to pocket fruits and other articles as I have witnessed to my great surprise. Although, generally, a sober race, on these occasions, they drink liberally of strong liquors, in bumpers, to each other, or to favourite political toasts; a custom which they appear to have borrowed from the English. This they do standing up or walking about, recurring to the table, at intervals. Meantime the ladies sit mingled with them, or in a contiguous apartment, the doors of which are open. The conversation is free; for an Englishman, frequently too much so. Every thing may be said, provided it be but slightly covered. A very little ingenuity is accepted as an apology for the grossest allusions.

In a word, the general manners and customs of the province are those of Spain, by no means improved by crossing the Atlantic, or by the mixture of Indian and negro blood with that of the first conquerors. It may be laid down, as an axiom, that wherever there is slavery, there is corruption of manners. There is a reaction of evil from the oppressed to the oppressor, from the slave to his master. Here it has been weakened, by the general mildness observed towards domestic slaves; but it has not been destroyed, and, even should slavery be finally abolished, its influence over private life will long be felt. After great debates, the importation of slaves has been forbidden by the new legislature; although many still remain of opinion, that they are necessary to the prosperity of the country. During my stay at La Guayra, a vessel arrived from the coast of Africa, with negroes: but as she had sailed previously to the passing of the prohibitory law, they were allowed to be landed, and were sold immediately, at more than three hundred dollars each, upon an average.

In general, the owners of slaves are little anxious how they are supported, provided they perform the usual offices, and make their appearance on certain occasions of ceremony. This is a great source of dishonesty. Whenever a slave can by any means make up the sum of three hundred dollars to his owner, he is

free. He is not even obliged to give this sum at once, but may pay it in single dollars, or half dollars, until the amount be complete. A slave has also the liberty of seeking a new master, and may go about to sell himself. These, and other regulations, tend, in some measure, to alleviate the evils of slavery, and still more to evince, by their beneficial effects, how much preferable would be its complete abolition.

Almost the whole commerce of the country is carried on by Europeans, Spaniards, and by Islenos, or Islanders, from the Canaries. They buy and sell, are the merchants and the shopkeepers, in all the towns. A spirit of union, and frequently, an impenetrable provincial dialect, binds them together, and gives them great advantages in all their transactions. The European, who expects to see a number of purchasers in competition, is frequently surprised to find only one or two, until the bargain being completed, the whole who were interested in it, appear. The natives of the country, so far from considering this transaction of their affairs by strangers as a reproach to their indolence, turn it into a source of national pride. 'The Americans,' say they, 'have no need to go to Europe; but it plainly appears, that Europeans have need of us. We are not, like them, obliged to hawk our commodities over half the globe. Our rich and abundant products draw them hither, and convert them into our servants.' In this manner reason the Chinese, vain of their supposed superiority over all mankind. And in this manner might argue the savages of the South Seas, who behold Europeans visiting them, but who never visit Europe.

The manners of the towns, and in the interior, differ greatly, or rather they belong to different periods in the progress of society. After passing the great chain of mountains which borders all this coast, from the gulf of Venezuela to that of Paria, we come to immense plains, devoid of trees, known by the general name of Las Llanos, or the Plains. Beyond them are other ridges of high mountains, which the traveller beholds rising gradually above the horizon, like land when first discovered at sea. These plains afford pasturage to innumerable cattle, the proprietors of which reside in the great towns, leaving them to the care of slaves, or people of colour. Hence a population is rapidly forming of a character wholly different from that of the immediate descendants of Europeans, or the natives of the coast. A bold and lawless race, accustomed to be always on horseback and living nearly in a state of nature, wanders over these plains. Among them are many professed robbers, who render travelling dangerous, and are already beginning to form into small bands. They live almost entirely on the flesh of cattle, without regarding to whom they belong; killing an animal at every meal, and

after satisfying their hunger, leaving the remainder of the carcase to the birds of prey and the wild animals of the desert. These men are well known, and frequently pointed out in the villages, but the inefficacy of the laws leaves them at liberty, until some act of uncommon atrocity excites the attention of the magistrates. Even after being seized, they frequently make their escape, either through the carelessness of their keepers, or the delays of justice; and return with increased avidity to their former mode of life. In the villages and small towns thinly scattered over these plains, great dissoluteness of morals prevails. The mixture of races is a source of endless corruption, to which are joined a climate inducing indolence and voluptuousness, and the total absence of all refined methods of passing time away. The highest delight both to women and men, is to swing about in their hammocks, and smoke segars. Gambling to excess, and tormenting of bulls, are their principal amusements. Religion has no beneficial effect upon their morals; if they commit sins, they confess them and are forgiven. To all this is joined an apathy which is astonishing. Liveliness forms no part of their character; on the contrary, they generally speak in a mild and drawling tone, which gives the highest idea of indifference, and almost of a disinclination to the trouble of opening their mouths. When a little animated, however, this softness in the voice of the women, it must be confessed, is not unpleasing, until its monotony becomes tiresome to the ear of an European.

I have not entered into a detail of the various races which people this country, as they are composed of the same materials which exist in all the Spanish colonies of South America; and have been frequently and accurately described. Over all, as is well known, until very lately the European was considered as pre-eminent, frequently without any just cause. Next in rank were the creoles, or descendants of European parents, and then a long succession of the various shades of mixture with Indian or African blood. The late revolutions in this country have abolished some of these distinctions, and seem likely in time to destroy still more; the probable consequences of which are worthy of serious attention.

FROM THE SAME.

An Examination of the Siege of Jerusalem, compared with the Passages relating to it, in Tasso, and the Places mentioned, examined on the spot.

[From Chateaubriand's *Travels*.]

VERY early in the morning of the 10th, I sallied forth from Jerusalem by the gate of Ephraim, accompanied as usual by the faithful Ali, with a view to examine the fields of battle immortalised by Tasso. Proceeding to the north of the city, when I was between the grotto of Jeremiah and the royal sepulchres, I opened the *Jerusalem Delivered*, and was immediately struck with the accuracy of the poet's description :

On two unequal hills the city stands,  
A vale between divides the higher lands.  
Three sides without impervious to the foes :  
The northern side an easy passage shows,  
With smooth ascent ; but well they guard the part,  
With lofty walls and labour'd works of art.  
The city lakes and living springs contains,  
And cisterns to receive the falling rains :  
But bare of herbage is the country round ;  
Nor springs nor streams refresh the barren ground.  
No tender flower exalts its cheerful head :  
No stately trees at noon their shelter spread ;  
Save where two leagues remote a wood appears,  
Embrown'd with noxious shade, the growth of years.  
Where morning gilds the city's eastern side,  
The sacred Jordan pours its gentle tide.  
Extended lie against the setting day  
The sandy borders of the midland sea :  
Samaria to the north and Bethel's wood  
Where to the golden calf the altar stood :  
And on the rainy south, the hallow'd earth  
Of Bethlem where the Lord receiv'd his birth.\*

Nothing can be more clear, more precise, more explicit, than this description ; had it been composed on the spot, it could not be more exact. The wood, placed at the distance of six miles from the camp, on the Arabian side, is no poetical invention : William of Tyre speaks of the wood where Tasso has laid the scene of so many enchantments. Here Godfrey procured timber for the construction of his military engines. It will be seen

\* This and all the succeeding quotations from Tasso, are taken from Hoole's translation of the *Jerusalem Delivered*.—T.

how closely Tasso had studied the originals, when I come to quote the historians of the Crusades :

E'l capitano  
Poi ch'intorno ha mirato, a i suoi discende.

From the hills descends  
The Christian chief and joins his warlike friends.  
The city view'd, he deems th' attempt were vain  
O'er craggy rocks the steepy pass to gain.  
Then on the ground that rose with smooth ascent,  
Against the northern gate he pitch'd his tent;  
And thence proceeding to the corner tow'r,  
Encamp'd at length the remnant of his pow'r;  
But could not half the city's walls enclose,  
So wide around the spacious bulwarks rose.  
But Godfrey well secures each several way,  
That might assistance to the town convey.

You are absolutely transported to the spot. The camp extends from the gate of Damascus to the corner of the tower at the source of the brook Cedron and the entrance of the valley of Jehoshaphat. The ground between the city and the camp is exactly as Tasso has represented it, very level and well adapted for a field of battle, at the foot of the walls of Sölima. Aladine is seated with Erminia in a tower situated between two gates, whence they survey the combat in the plain and the camp of the Christians. This tower is still standing, with several others, between the gate of Damascus and that of Ephraim.

In the episode of Olindo and Sophronia, in the second book, we meet with two extremely correct local descriptions :

Nel tempis de Christiani occulto giace, &c.

An altar by the Christian stands immur'd  
Deep under ground from vulgar eyes secur'd;  
The statue of their goddess there is show'd,  
The mother of their human, buried god.

This church, now denominated the Sepulchre of the Virgin, stands in the valley of Jehoshaphat, and has been described in a page. Tasso, by a licence granted to poets, places this church within the walls of Jerusalem.

The mosque, in which the image of the Virgin is set up, agreeably to the advice of the sorcerer, is evidently the mosque of the Temple.

Io là donde riceve  
L'alta vostra meschita e l'aura e'l die, &c.

Where the high dome receives the air and light,  
I found a passage favour'd by the night.

The first onset of the adventurers, the single combats of Argantes, Otho, Tancred, and Raymond of Toulouse, take place before the gate of Ephraim. When Armida arrives from Damascus, she enters, says the poet, at the extremity of the camp. It was in reality near the gate of Damascus, on the west side, that the last tents of the Christians must have stood.

I place the admirable scene of Erminia's flight towards the northern extremity of the valley of Jehoshaphat. When Tancred's lover has passed the gate of Jerusalem with her faithful squire, we are told that she

went

Obliquely winding down the hill's descent.

She could not therefore have left the city by the gate of Ephraim, for the road leading from that gate to the camp of the Crusaders passes over perfectly level ground; she chose rather to make her escape by the eastern gate, which was less liable to suspicion, and guarded with less vigilance.

Erminia arrives *in solitaria ed ima parte*, in a deep and solitary recess; she directs her attendant to go and speak to Tancred. This deep and solitary recess is distinctly marked at the upper end of the valley of Jehoshaphat, before you turn the northern angle of the city. There Erminia might await in safety the return of her messenger: but, unable to conquer her impatience, she ascends the eminence and descries the distant tents. In fact, on leaving the channel of the brook Cedron, and proceeding northward, a person must have perceived the camp of the Christians on the left. Then follow those admirable stanzas:

Now was the night in starry lustre seen,  
And not a cloud obscur'd the blue serene;  
The rising morn her silver beams display'd,  
And deck'd with pearly dew the dusky glade.  
With anxious soul th' enamour'd virgin strays  
From thought to thought in love's perplexing maze;  
And vents her tender plaints and breathes her sighs  
To all the silent fields and conscious skies.

Then, fondly gazing on the camp, she said:  
Ye Latian tents, by me with joy survey'd!  
From you methinks the gales more gently blow,  
And seem already to relieve my woe!  
So may kind Heaven afford a milder state  
To this unhappy life, the sport of fate!  
As 'tis from you I seek t' assuage my care,  
And hope alone for peace in scenes of war.  
Receive me then, and may my wishes find  
That bliss which love has promis'd to my mind;

Which e'en my worst of fortune could afford,  
 When made the captive of my dearest lord.  
 I seek not now, inspir'd with fancies vain,  
 By you my regal honours to regain :  
 Ah, no ! be this my happiness and pride,  
 Within your shelter humbly to reside !

So spoke the hapless fair, who little knew  
 How near her sudden change of fortune drew ;  
 For, pensive while she stood, the cloudless moon  
 Full on th' unheedful maid with splendour shone ;  
 Her show-white vesture caught the silver beam ;  
 Her polish'd arms return'd a trembling gleam ;  
 And on her lofty crest, the tigress, rais'd,  
 With all the terrors of Clorinda blaz'd.

When, lo ! (so will'd her fate) a numerous band  
 Of Christian scouts were ambush'd near at hand,  
 These Polyphernes and Alcander guide.

Alcander and Polyphernes must have been stationed some-  
 where near the royal sepulchres. It is to be regretted that Tasso  
 has given no description of these subterraneous monuments, for  
 the delineation of which his genius peculiarly qualified him.

It is not so easy to determine the spot where the fugitive Er-  
 minia meets with the shepherd on the bank of the river ; but as  
 there is but one river in this country, and as Erminia has left  
 Jerusalem by the eastern gate, it is probable that Tasso meant to  
 place this charming scene on the shore of the Jordan. In this  
 case, I acknowledge it to be an unaccountable circumstance that  
 he has not mentioned the name of the river ; but it is certain that  
 this great poet has not adhered so closely as he ought to have  
 done to scriptural records, from which Milton has elicited so  
 many beauties.

As to the lake and castle in which the enchantress Armida  
 confines the knights whom she has seduced, Tasso himself in-  
 forms us that the lake here meant is the Dead Sea :

At length we drew to where in dreadful ire  
 Heaven rain'd of old on earth a storm of fire,  
 T' avenge the wrongs which nature's laws endur'd  
 On that dire race to wicked deeds inur'd ;  
 Where once were fertile lands and meadows green,  
 Now a deep lake with sulph'rous waves was seen.

One of the finest passages in the poem is the attack of the  
 Christian camp by Solyman. The sultan marches in the night  
 amid the thickest darkness, for, according to the sublime expres-  
 sion of the poet,

A deeper gloom exulting Pluto made,  
 With added terrors from the infernal shade.

The camp is assailed on the west side. Godfrey, who commands the centre of the army towards the north, is not apprised till late that the right wing is engaged. Solyman has been prevented from attacking the left wing, though nearest to the desert, because there were deep ravines in that quarter. The Arabs, concealed during the day in the valley of Turpentine, sally from it at night to attempt the deliverance of Jerusalem.

Solyman, being discomfited, pursues alone the way to Gaza. He is met by Ismeno, the magician, who conveys him in an enchanted chariot, enveloped in a cloud, through the camp of the Christians to Mount Sion in Jerusalem. This episode, admirable on other accounts, is accurate in localities, as far as the exterior of the castle of David near the gate of Jaffa or Bethlehem; but there is an error in what follows. The poet has confounded, or perhaps chosen to confound, the tower of David with that of Antonia; the latter stands at a considerable distance from the former, in the lower part of the city, at the northern angle of the temple.

When on the spot, you may fancy that you behold Godfrey's troops setting out from the gate of Ephraim, turning to the east, descending into the valley of Jehoshaphat, and proceeding like pious and peaceable pilgrims to pray to the Almighty on the Mount of Olives. Be it here remarked, that this Christian procession strongly reminds us of the pomp of the Panathenæa, celebrated at Eleusis, in the midst of the troops of Alcibiades. Tasso, who had read every thing, who incessantly imitates Virgil, Homer, and the other poets of antiquity, has here given in beautiful verses one of the finest scenes of the story. It may likewise be added, that this procession is moreover an historical fact related by the anonymous writer, Robert the monk, and William of Tyre.

We now come to the first assault. The engines are planted before the north wall. Tasso is here most scrupulously accurate :

Non era il fosso di palustre limo  
(Che nol consento in loco) o d'acqua molle.

This is strictly true. The ditch on the north is a dry ditch, or rather a natural ravine, like the other ditches of the city.

In the circumstances of the first assault, the poet has followed his own genius without adhering to historical fact; and as his plan would not allow him to keep pace with the chronicler, he represents the principal engine of the besiegers as having been burned by the infidels, which rendered it necessary to begin the work again. It is certain that the besieged set fire to one of the

towers of the assailing army. Tasso has extended this accident as much as his plot required.

Next follows the terrible combat between Tancred and Clorinda, the most pathetic fiction that ever sprung from the imagination of a poet. The scene of action may easily be ascertained. Clorinda being unable to regain the Dorean gate with Argantes, is consequently below the temple in the valley of Siloe. Tancred pursues her; the battle begins; the expiring Clorinda solicits baptism. Tancred, more unfortunate than his victim, fetches water from a neighbouring stream, and by this the spot is determined;

Not distant far adown the mossy hill,  
In gentle murmurs roll'd a crystal rill.

This is the fountain of Siloe, or rather Mary's Fountain, which thus springs from the foot of Mount Sion.

I know not whether the picture of the drought, delineated in the thirteenth book, be not the most exquisite passage of the whole poem. Here Tasso equals Homer and Virgil. It is a highly finished piece of composition, and is distinguished by an energy and purity of style, in which the other parts of the work are sometimes deficient :

The sun ne'er rises cheerful to the sight,  
But sanguine spots distain his sacred light :  
Pale hovering mists around his forehead play,  
The sad forerunners of a fatal day ;  
His setting orb in crimson seems to mourn,  
Denouncing greater woes at his return ;  
And adds new horrors to the present doom,  
By certain fear of evils yet to come.

All nature pants beneath the burning sky :  
The earth is cleft, the lessening streams are dry ;  
The barren clouds like streaky flames divide,  
Dispers'd and broken through the sultry void,  
No cheerful object for the sight remains ;  
Each gentle gale its grateful breath retains ;  
Alone the wind from Lybia's sands respire,  
And burns each warrior's breast with secret fires.  
Nocturnal meteors blaze in dusky air,  
Thick lightnings flash, and livid comets glare .  
No pleasing moisture nature's face renews :  
The moon no longer sheds her pearly dew,  
To cheer the mourning earth ; the plants and flowers  
In vain require the soft and vital showers.

Sweet slumber flies from every restless night,  
In vain would men his balmy pow'r invite ;

Sleepless they lie : but far above the rest,  
The rage of thirst their fainting souls oppress'd :  
For vers'd in guile, Judæa's impious king  
With poisonous juice had tainted every spring ;  
Whose currents now with dire pollution flow,  
Like Styx and Acheron in realms below.

The slender stream where Siloa's gentle wave  
Once to the Christians draughts untainted gave,  
Now scarcely murmurs, in his channels dry,  
And yields their fainting host a small supply.  
But not the Po, when most his waters swell,  
Would seem too vast their raging thirst to quell :  
Nor mighty Ganges, nor the sev'n-mouth'd Nile  
That with his deluge glads th' Egyptian soil.

If e'er their eyes in happier times have view'd  
Begirt with grassy turf some crystal flood ;  
Or living waters foam from Alpine hills,  
Or through soft herbage purl the limpid rills ;  
Such flattering scenes again their fancies frame,  
And add new fuel to increase their flame,  
Still in the mind the wish'd idea reigns :  
But still the fever rages in their veins.

Then might you see on earth the warriors lie,  
Whose limbs robust could every toil defy ;  
Inur'd the weight of pond'rous arms to bear,  
Inur'd in fields the hostile steel to dare :  
Deep in their flesh the hidden furies prey,  
And eat by slow degrees their lives away.

The courser late with generous pride endued,  
Now loaths the grass, his once delighted food :  
With feeble steps he scarcely seems to tread,  
And prone to earth is hung his languid head.  
No memory now of ancient fame remains,  
No thirst of glory on the dusty plains :  
The conquer'd spoils and trappings once bestow'd,  
His joy so late, are now a painful load.

Now pines the faithful dog, nor heeds the board,  
Nor heeds the service of his dearer lord ;  
Outstretch'd he lies, and as he pants for breath,  
Receives at every gasp new draughts of death.

In vain has nature's law the air assign'd  
T' allay the inward heat of human kind :  
What, here, alas ! can air mankind avail,  
When fevers float on every burning gale !

Here is a specimen of the truly grand and sublime in poetry.  
This picture, so exquisitely imitated in Paul and Virginia, pos-  
sesses the double merit of being appropriate to the climate of  
Judea, and representing an historical fact : the Christians actu-

ally experienced such a drought during the siege of Jerusalem. Robert has left us a description of it, which I shall presently lay before the reader.

In the fourteenth book, we shall look for a river that runs near Ascalon, and at the bottom of which resided the magician who revealed to Ubald and the Danish knight the fortunes of Rinaldo. This stream is the river of Ascalon, or some other torrent more to the north, which was not known except in the times of the crusades, as D'Anville asserts.

In the voyage of the two knights, geographical order is wonderfully well preserved. Setting sail from a port between Jaffa and Ascalon, and steering towards Egypt, they must successively have seen Ascalon, Gaza, Raphia, and Damietta. The poet represents their course as westerly, though it was at first southward ; but he could not descend to such minute particulars. At any rate, I perceive that all epic poets have been men of extensive erudition, and had, above all, profoundly studied the works of their predecessors in the career of the epopee : Virgil translates Homer ; Tasso imitates, in every stanza, some passage of Homer, Virgil, Lucan, Statius ; Milton borrows from them all, and enlarges his own stores with the stores of those who had gone before him.

The sixteenth book, which comprehends a delineation of the gardens of Armida, furnishes nothing for our present subject. In the seventeenth, we find the description of Gaza, and the recapitulation of the Egyptian army : an epic subject, in which Tasso displays the genius of a master, and at the same time a perfect acquaintance with history and geography. In my voyage from Jaffa to Alexandria, our vessel steered southward till we came exactly opposite to Gaza, the sight of which reminded me of these verses of the *Jerusalem* :

Plac'd where Judæa's utmost bounds extend  
Tow'rds fair Pelusium, Gaza's tow'rs ascend :  
Fast by the breezy shore the city stands,  
Amid unbounded plains of barren sands,  
Which, high in air, the furious whirlwinds sweep,  
Like mountain billows of the stormy deep ;  
That scarce th' affrighted trav'ller, spent with toil,  
Escapes the tempest of th' unstable soil.

The last assault in the nineteenth book is perfectly consistent with history. Godfrey attacked the city in three places at once. The old Count de Toulouse assailed the walls between the west and south, facing the castle of the city, near the Jaffa gate. Godfrey forced the gate of Ephraim, while Tancred directed his efforts against the corner tower, which afterwards assumed the name of Tancred's tower.

Tasso likewise follows the chronicles in the circumstances and the result of the assault. Ismeno, accompanied by two magicians, is killed by a stone hurled from an engine: two sorceresses actually met that fate on the walls at the taking of Jerusalem. Godfrey looks up, and beholds celestial warriors fighting for him on every side. This is a fine imitation of Homer and Virgil, but it is also a tradition from the times of the crusades. 'The dead,' says Father Nau, 'entered with the living; for several crusaders, who died before their arrival, and among the rest Ademar, the virtuous and zealous bishop of Puy, in Auvergne, appeared upon the walls; as if the glory which they enjoyed in the heavenly Jerusalem required the accession of that to be derived from visiting the terrestrial one, and adoring the Son of God upon the scene of his ignominy and sufferings, as they worshipped him on the throne of his majesty and power.'

The city was taken, as the poet relates, by means of bridges, which were projected from engines and fell upon the ramparts. Godfrey and Gaston de Foix had furnished the plan of these machines, which were constructed by Pisan and Genoese sailors. The whole account of this assault, in which Tasso has displayed the ardour of his chivalrous genius, is true, except what relates to Rinaldo; that hero being a mere fiction of the poet, his actions must also be imaginary. There was no warrior of the name of Rinaldo d'Este at the siege of Jerusalem; the first Christian that scaled the walls was not a knight named Rinaldo, but Letolde, a Flemish gentleman, of Godfrey's retinue. He was followed by Guicher, and Godfrey himself. The stanza in which Tasso describes the standard of the cross overshadowing the towers of Jerusalem Delivered, is truly sublime:

The conquering banner to the breeze unroll'd  
 Redundant streams in many a waving fold:  
 The winds with awe confess the heavenly sign,  
 With purer beams the day appears to shine:  
 The swords seem bid to turn their points away,  
 And darts around it innocently play:  
 The sacred Mount the purple cross adores,  
 And Sion owns it from her topmost towers.

All the historians of the crusades record the piety of Godfrey, the generosity of Tancred, and the justice and prudence of the Count de St. Gilles. Anna Comnena herself speaks with commendation of the latter: the poet has therefore adhered to history, in the delineation of his heroes. When he invents characters, he at least makes them consistent with manners. Argantes is a genuine Mameluke:

The other chief from fair Circassia came  
 To Egypt's court, Argantes was his name;

Exalted midst the princes of the land,  
 And first in rank of all the martial band;  
 Impatient, fiery, and of rage unquell'd,  
 In arms unconquer'd, matchless in the field;  
 Whose impious soul contempt of heaven avow'd,  
 His sword his law, his own right hand his God.

In Solymán is faithfully pourtrayed a sultan of the early times of the Turkish empire. The poet, who fails not to avail himself of every historical recollection, makes the Sultan of Nice an ancestor of the great Saladin; and it is obvious that he meant to delineate Saladin himself in the character of his progenitor. Should the work of Dom Bertheleau ever be laid before the public, we shall be better acquainted with the Mahometan heroes of Jerusalem. Dom Bertheleau translated the Arabian authors who have written the history of the crusades. This valuable performance was intended to form part of the collection of French historians.

I am not able to fix the exact spot where the ferocious Argantes is slain by the generous Tancred; but it must be sought in the valleys between the west and north. It cannot be placed to the west of the corner tower which Tancred assaulted; for in this case, Erminia could not have met the wounded hero as she was returning from Gaza with Vafreno.

The last action of the poem, which in reality took place near Ascalon, Tasso has laid with exquisite judgment under the walls of Jerusalem. Historically considered, this action is of little importance; but in a poetical point of view, it is a battle superior to any in Virgil, and equal to the grandest of Homer's combats.

I shall now give the siege of Jerusalem, extracted from our old chronicles, so that the reader may have an opportunity of comparing the poem with history.

Of all the historians of the crusades, Robert the monk is most frequently quoted. The anonymous writer, in the collection entitled '*Gesta Dei per Francos*,' is more ancient; but his narrative is too dry. William of Tyre falls into the contrary defect. For these reasons Robert is consulted in preference: his style is affected; he copies the turns of the poets, but on this very account, notwithstanding his points and his puns,\* he is less barbarous than his contemporaries; he has, moreover, a certain degree of taste and a brilliant imagination.

'The army encamped in this order about Jerusalem. The Counts of Flanders and Normandy pitched their tents on the north side, not far from the church† erected on the spot where

\* *Papa Urbanus urbano sermone peroravit, &c. Vallis spaciola et speciosa, &c.* Our old hymns are full of these plays upon words: *Quo carne carnis conditor, &c.*

† The text has: *juxta ecclesiam*: which I have translated *not far from the church*, because this church is not to the north, but to the east of Jerusalem;

Stephen, the first martyr, was stoned. Godfrey and Tancred placed themselves on the west, and the Count de St. Gilles took a position to the south, on Mount Sion,\* round about the church of Mary, the mother of our Saviour, formerly the house in which the Lord held the last Supper with his disciples. The tents being thus disposed, while the troops, fatigued with their march, rested themselves, and constructed the machines necessary for the attack, Raimond Pilet,† and Raimond de Turenne, proceeded from the camp with several others to reconnoitre the neighbouring country, lest the enemy should fall upon the crusaders before they were prepared. They met by the way with three hundred Arabs, they killed many of them, and took thirty horses. The second day of the third week, June 13th, 1099, the French attacked Jerusalem, but they could not take it that day. Their efforts, however, were not wholly useless: they threw down the outer wall, and set up ladders against the principal one. Had they but possessed a sufficient number of them, this first attempt had been the last. Those who ascended the ladders maintained a long conflict against the enemy with swords and spears. Many of our people fell in this assault, but the loss of the Saracens was much more considerable. Night put an end to the action, and gave rest to both sides. The failure of this first attempt certainly occasioned our army much toil and trouble, for our troops were without bread for ten days, till our ships arrived in the port of Jaffa. They, moreover, suffered exceedingly from thirst; the fountain of Siloe, at the foot of Mount Sion, could scarcely supply the troops, and they were obliged to send the horses and other animals, attended by a numerous escort, six miles from the camp to water.

‘ Though the fleet which arrived at Jaffa furnished the besiegers with provisions, they still suffered as much as ever from thirst. So great was the drought during the siege, that the soldiers dug holes in the ground, and pressed the damp clods to their lips; they licked the stones wet with dew; they drank the putrid water which had stood in the fresh hides of buffaloes and other animals; and many abstained from eating, in the hope of mitigating by hunger the pangs of thirst.

‘ Meanwhile the generals caused large pieces of timber to be brought from a great distance for the construction of engines and

and all the other historians of the crusades relate that the Counts of Normandy and Flanders placed themselves between the east and the north.

\* The text says, *Scilicet in monte Sion*. This proves that the city, built by Adrian, did not include the whole of Mount Sion, and that the site of Jerusalem at that time was exactly the same as it is at present.

† *Piletus*, or, as he is elsewhere called, *Pilitus* and *Pelex*.

towers. When these towers were finished, Godfrey placed his on the east side of the town; and the Count de St. Gilles erected one exactly like it to the south. These arrangements being made, on the fifth day of the week, the crusaders fasted, and distributed alms among the poor. On the sixth day, which was the 12th of July, the sun rose with brilliancy; the towers were manned with chosen troops, who threw up ladders against the walls of Jerusalem. The bastard inhabitants of the Holy City were filled with consternation,\* when they found themselves besieged by so vast a multitude. But as they were on all sides threatened with their last hour, as death impended over their heads; certain of falling, they thought only how to sell the rest of their lives as dearly as possible. Meanwhile, Godfrey posted himself at the top of his tower, not as a foot-soldier, but as an archer. The Lord guided his hand in the combat, and all the arrows discharged by him pierced the enemy through and through. Near this warrior were two brothers, Baldwin and Eustace, like two lions beside another lion: they received terrible blows from stones and darts, which they returned to the foe with usury.

‘While they were thus engaged on the walls of the city, a procession was made round those same walls with the crosses, relics, and sacred altars.† The victory remained uncertain during part of the day; but at the hour when the Saviour of the world gave up the ghost, a warrior named Letolde, who fought in Godfrey’s tower, leaped the first upon the ramparts of the city. He was followed by Guicher—that Guicher who had vanquished a lion; Godfrey was the third, and all the other knights rushed on after their chief. Throwing aside their bows and arrows, they now drew their swords. At this sight the enemy abandoned the walls, and ran down into the city, whither the soldiers of Christ with loud shouts pursued them.

‘The Count de St. Gilles, who on his part was endeavouring to bring up his machines, to the walls, heard the clamour. ‘Why,’ said he to his men, ‘do we linger here? The French are masters of Jerusalem; they are making it resound with their voices and their blows.’ Quickly advancing to the gate near the castle of David, he called to those who were in the castle, and summoned them to surrender. As soon as the emir knew that it was the Count de St. Gilles, he opened the gate, and committed himself to the faith of that venerable warrior.

\* *Stupent et contremiecutant adulterini cives urbis eximie.* The expression is not less beautiful than true; for the Saracens were not only, as foreigners, the bastard citizens, the illegitimate children of Jerusalem, but they might likewise be termed *adulterini*, on account of their mother Hagar, and in reference to the legitimate posterity of Abraham by Sarah.

† *Sacra altaria.* This would seem to be applicable only to a pagan ceremony; but it is probable that the Christians had portable altars in their camp..

‘ But Godfrey, with the French, was resolved to avenge the Christian blood spilt by the infidels in Jerusalem, and to punish them for the raileries and outrages to which they had subjected the pilgrims. Never had he in any conflict appeared so terrible, not even when he encountered the giant on the bridge of Antioch. Guicher, and several thousands of chosen warriors, cut the Saracens in two from the head to the waist, or severed their bodies in the middle.—None of our soldiers shewed timidity, for they met with no opposition. The enemy sought only to escape; but to them flight was impossible; they rushed along in such crowds, that they embarrassed one another. The small number of those who contrived to escape, took refuge in Solomon’s Temple, and there defended themselves a considerable time. At dusk our soldiers gained possession of the temple, and in their rage put to death all whom they found there.—Such was the carnage, that the mutilated carcasses were hurried by the torrents of blood into the court; dissevered arms and hands floated in the current, that carried them to be united to bodies to which they had never belonged.’

In concluding the description of the places celebrated by Tasso, I feel happy in having had an opportunity of being the first to pay to an immortal poet the same honour which others before me had rendered to Homer and Virgil. Whoever has a relish for beauty, the art, the interest of a poetic composition; for richness of detail, for truth of character, for generosity of sentiment, should make the Jerusalem Delivered his favourite study. It is in a particular manner the poem of the soldier: it breathes valour and glory, and, as I have elsewhere observed, it seems to have been written upon a buckler in the midst of camps.

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FROM THE SAME.

### NEGLECTED BIOGRAPHY.

“ Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
 “ The dark, unfathom’d caves of ocean bear,  
 “ Full many a flow’r is born to blush unseen,  
 “ And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”... Gray.

KLOPSTOCK,

A CELEBRATED German poet, who, born without fortune, had the happiness to meet with princes who justly appreciated his talents; the favours of the king of Denmark, and the marriage of Baden, enabled him to live independently, and to devote himself to the impulse of his poetic genius. In 1792, Klop-

stock received from the legislative assembly the title of a French citizen ; but in consequence of the turn which the affairs of France shortly after took, he solemnly refused it, and the following is an extract from his letter to the convention. " Moderators of the French empire ! I send back to you with abhorrence those titles, of which I was so proud as long as I could believe that they made me one of a society of brothers and friends to humanity. Alas ! the illusion has vanished too soon, and the most afflicting reality has put an end to a deceitful dream. Why have you deceived me ? Were then your rights of man only a snare, into which you strove to lead the French, that you might assassinate them the more easily ? Learn, that the excess of your barbarity and of your crimes, has placed an eternal barrier between you and the inhabitants of happy Germany. The tragic adventures which stain your bloody annals, are related to them and they fly in terror. There is nothing in common between you and us, and you have broken for ever the last bonds which united us. Frenchmen ! I turn my eyes with horror from that impious troop, which is itself guilty of assassination, by quietly suffering such crimes to be committed in its sight. In horror I turn from that execrable tribunal, which slays not only the victim of the people, but him who is pardoned by them.' Since that time Klopstock has been made a member of the National Institute of France, and in 1792 had an interview with the celebrated Delille, from which they departed mutually pleased. He died at Hamburg on the 14th of March, 1803, at the age of 80, but age to him had been a season of happiness, for he had passed it in easy circumstances, in the midst of a family who adored, and friends who esteemed him for his endearing qualities, his sweet and easy temper, and his immoveable serenity of soul. Pompous funeral honours were decreed him in Hamburg.

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#### KOSCIUSKO (THADDEUS.)

A Polish general, of a noble but not affluent family, was brought up at the military academy of Warsaw, and rapidly improved in mathematics and drawing ; he was in consequence appointed one of the four pupils who were to travel into foreign countries for the purpose of perfecting their acquirements. The establishment defrayed the expense of his journey to France, where he resided some years, paying undeviating attention to those studies which are connected with the art of war, and immediately on his return to Poland obtained a company. In consequence of an unhappy passion, he resolved to quit his country, and go and serve in America, where he became adjutant to Washington, gained by

his valour and talents the esteem of the army ; the encomiums of those French officers who served among the insurgents ; the commendations of doctor Franklin, and the cross of Cincinnatus.— After this war he returned to his own country, where he lived in complete retirement till 1789, when he was promoted to the rank of major-general by the diet, which from 1788 to 1791, kept making some vain efforts to restrain the power of foreigners in Poland. At this period, 1791, he enjoyed only a moderate share of military reputation, for which he was indebted to his conduct in America, but he had no influence, and even in 1792 served only in a secondary rank. Under the younger Poniatowski, who was appointed to head the troops directed to oppose the forces sent by Russia into Poland, to overturn the constitution of May the 3d, 1791, he served as general of division, and displaying great talent and courage during the whole campaign, acquired the esteem of the officers, and the confidence of the soldiery, and finally excited a species of enthusiasm in the army by the manner in which he behaved at Dubienka. But the weakness of Stanislaus, who soon submitted to the terms proposed by Russia, rendered his zeal useless. He was one of the seventeen officers who resigned as soon as this pacification was signed, and soon after he found himself under the necessity of leaving his country, which yet more contributed to increase his consequence with the patriotic party, and the legislative assembly of France conferred on him the title of a French citizen. When, in 1793, the army and people of Poland, impatient of the Russian yoke, strove to break it, every eye turned towards Leipzig, whither he had retired, and after several nocturnal conferences had been held at Warsaw, under the very eyes of M. d'Igelström, the Russian governor, it was resolved to choose Kosciusko as leader, and in the beginning of September two emissaries were sent to him. He then communicated the proposals which were made him to the other Polish emigrants, particularly Ignatius Potocki and Kolontay ; and though the means offered appeared inadequate, he hastened to the frontier with Zajonczeck, whom he sent on to Warsaw to sound the public mind, to stir up the people, and above all, to restrain the leaders, who wanted to declare themselves too soon. However, his return to the frontier had been openly reported, and fearing to endanger the success of the conspiracy, he hastened towards Italy, leaving to Zajonczeck the charge of continuing the secret negotiations, and above all, of gaining the people, by every where announcing a popular revolution.

The insurgents of Warsaw, who dreaded a discovery, and still more the officers, whose regiments were gradually thinned by the Russians, and who every moment apprehended they might be disbanded, pressed him to return, and he approached Poland in

February, 1794. Madalinski, who was desired to disband his regiment, having first raised the standard of revolt, Kosciusko immediately made his way into the palatinate of Cracou, where he arrived just as the Polish garrison had driven away the Russian troops. On the 24th of March, the citizens drew up and signed the act of insurrection, in which Kosciusko was declared supreme head of the national force, and director of political and civil affairs, setting no other limit to his power than his virtues; Kosciusko, whose moderation was well known, did not betray the confidence of his countrymen, and no one reproached him with having made a bad use of his power. On being informed, ten days after, that 12,000 Russians were advancing rapidly against him, he marched out of Cracou at the head of 4000 men, the greater part of whom were armed only with scythes and pikes, and without artillery, and engaged them at Wracklavits: the battle lasted four hours, the Russians were beaten and lost 3000 men and twelve pieces of ordnance, while a body of peasants with scythes seized on a battery. After this victory he passed a month in prevailing on the rest of the province to rise, and, having increased his army to 9000 men, he again began his march on the 5th of May; on the 10th was informed of the insurrection of Warsaw, and different parts of the army events, which the Russians had prevented him from learning sooner, by cutting off the communications, and in a few days succeeded in driving the enemy completely out of the palatinate. Sandomir having sent him some recruits, he did not carry on his operations till joined by general Grochowski, who soon brought him a reinforcement. His army then consisting of 15,000 men, he pursued the Russians, sent troops into Wolhinie, and busied himself in organizing the government at Warsaw. The report of the Polish insurrection brought Frederick William, at the head of 40,000 men, to check it, yet Kosciusko, who had only 12,000, and even those not completely armed, had the daring to attack him at Szczekociny, on the 8th of June; but after an obstinate resistance, in which two horses were killed under him, he was beaten, and compelled to retire to an entrenched camp which covered Warsaw, while the Prussians, taking advantage of their success, seized Cracou. The news of this loss transported the people of Warsaw with rage, and some malecontents stirring up the populace, gibbets were, on the 28th of June, raised in the streets, the prisons were forced, and some of the prisoners who were accused of communication with the enemies of the state, were murdered, but Kosciusko, disdaining to imitate the guilty weakness of the French government with regard to the assassins of September, in an energetic proclamation expressed the indignation he felt at such atrocities, and made the authors of the plot expiate their crime

on the scaffold.—The king of Prussia, who had joined the Russians, soon came to invest Warsaw; and to reduce it he neglected no method either of force or stratagem: he threatened the inhabitants with total destruction if they resisted, and promised the Polish officers to retain their grades among his troops if they would join him, but all swore to share the fate of Kosciusko, and conquer or die with him. At last, after two months of bloody and continual engagements, and a general assault, in which the firmness of the insurgents triumphed over the valour of the Russians and Prussians, the king of Prussia was obliged to raise the siege and hasten to Poland Proper, where a formidable insurrection had just broken out. Kosciusko sent reinforcements thither, as well as to Lithuania, and intended even to have gone to the latter province, but having been informed that Sterakowski, who commanded there, had just been defeated by Suworow at Brzesc, he returned to Warsaw in order to send off new reinforcements: and being informed that general Fersen was going with a numerous body to join Suworow, on the 29th of September, he hastily left Warsaw, resolved, notwithstanding the entreaties of a great number of his friends, to try the chance of a battle for preventing this junction; but Poninski, who was ordered to hinder the Russians from passing a river, gave it up to them, and disobeyed the command he had received to rejoin the army with his division, and Kosciusko, who wanted this succour, was attacked at Macieiwice on the 4th of October, by general Fersen. Though the Russians were three times as numerous as the Poles, the victory was hardly contended for the whole day; Kosciusko twice repulsed the enemy, and in this action displayed the talents of a leader, with the bravery of a soldier; he, by prodigies of valour, long rendered the matter doubtful, but, pierced with wounds, he at last fell senseless into the power of the conqueror, and the Cossacs were going to put an end to his life, when the Russian officers informed them who he was, and on hearing his name, they testified great admiration of his courage, and regret for his misfortune. The Russians shewed him the respect due to his character, and sent him to Petersburg, where the empress, too much irritated to be generous, shut him up in a dungeon, where he remained till after her death; but being set free by Paul I, in May, 1797, he went to the United States, where he received every mark of respect from the government and the citizens.—In 1798 he returned to France, where he met with a reception no less flattering; at Bayoane, where he landed, military honours were paid him, and at Paris all parties courted the defender of Poland. About the end of 1799 his countrymen in the army of Italy offered him the sabre of John Sobieski, which was found at Our Lady of Loretto. Since that time he has resided in the French capital, and in 1806 was still there.

## LAHARPE (JEAN FRANCOIS DE),

OF the French Academy, was born at Paris, on the 20th of November, 1733. His father was a native of Switzerland, but he served in the French army as a captain of artillery. Not having any fortune to expect he was indebted to G. T. Asselin, head of the college of Harcourt, for the first attention paid to his education in that university, where he gained all the prizes; for by him he was appointed bursar. Shortly after he left college, some satirical verses against the professors made their appearance, and being attributed to him, caused him to be for some time confined. He commenced his literary career by some heroic epistles printed in 1759, with an essay on this species of writing. He afterwards published several others, as that from Cato to Cæsar, from Hannibal to Flaminius, from Montezuma to Cortez, and from Elizabeth of France to Don Carlos. Laharpe was but 25 years of age when he brought forward his tragedy of Warwick, which had great success, and from the circumstance of his being still so young, a hope was entertained that the French theatre would have another great tragic writer to boast; but his other works have not fulfilled this expectation. The drama of Melania, which appeared in 1770, is written in a polished and elegant style, but the religious persons who are brought on the stage, long caused the representation to be prevented, and the author himself, towards the end of his life, acknowledged the justice of this prohibition, by withdrawing Melania from the stage, and enjoining, in his will, that it should be acted no more. His tragedies of Gustavus Vasa, Timoleon, Menzikoff, the Barmécides, Joan of Naples, and Coriolanus, are reckoned amongst his most feeble works; Philoctetes, in which he has preserved some ancient beauties, and his ingenious comedy of the Rival Muses, had more success. Laharpe every year assembled, at his plays, a great number of academical crowns, which he gained either for poems or for discourses. There is a translation by him of Camoens's *Lusiad*, and of Suetonius's Emperors; the latter is but little esteemed; his 20 volumes of the abridgement of Prévost's *Voyages*, are rather a bookselling speculation, than a literary monument; and his amatory poem of Tangu and Phelima, the works of his youth, was but ill suited to the severity of his later principles. He was for a long time editor of the literary part of the *Mercur*, and enriched it with many well chosen extracts: after having appeared a good poet and a good orator, he shewed himself a man of deep reading, and an ingenious but severe and ill-natured critic; he developed his principles of taste still better in his lessons at the Lyceum and in his *Course of Literature*, upon which work prin-

cipally rests his real glory.—At the beginning of the revolution Laharpe adopted its principles, and went so far as to preach its maxims in his lessons at the Lyceum; where, at the close of 1792, at the time of the greatest revolutionary ferment, he declaimed a very vehement hymn to liberty, in which the following lines are particularly remarkable: ‘The sword, my friends, the sword! it presses on carnage—The sword! it drinks blood, blood nourishes rage, and rage inflicts death.’ Another day, Laharpe appearing in the same assembly with a red cap on his head, cried out, ‘This cap penetrates and inflames my brain!’ He also composed several other poems for the revolution; but when the reign of terror had opened his eyes, when he had been imprisoned as a suspected person, he came out of his confinement filled with indignation against tyranny, and with zeal for a religion, which persecution vainly endeavoured to destroy. He had been a disciple and admirer of Voltaire, who had paid him by eulogiums for his devotion to the party of philosophers; he from that time declared himself their enemy, and when he had recovered his liberty, pronounced on the 31st of December, 1794, from the tribune of the Lyceum, an energetic and very eloquent discourse on the crimes which had just stained the French name; and he from that time attacked the principles of the revolution in all the writings which came from his pen, especially that entitled *On the Fanaticism in the Revolutionary Tongue*, which he published in 1797, and in the *Memorial*, a journal which he edited with Fontanes and de Vauxhelles, and which occasioned him to be included in the law of transportation of the 18th of Fructidor, year 5, (4th September, 1797,) from which he had the happiness to escape. The consular government put an end to his proscription in 1800; and two years afterwards he underwent a new banishment of several months, the reasons for which were not made public; it is only known that he wrote several books of a poem on religion and the revolution, the most energetic passages of which he often took pleasure in reciting before his friends. In 1801 he published his correspondence with Paul the First, a work in which has been found a great part of his ancient ideas and former enmities. A severe and implacable critic, he had made himself numerous enemies, and his variations in politics and religion often furnished them with arms against him. In the last years of his life few days passed without his going to mass, and performing all the other duties of religion. He left behind him many unfinished manuscripts, especially the poem which we have just mentioned, and some books of a translation into verse of the *Jerusalem Delivered*; four volumes by him, entitled *Select Works*, have been lately announced. Laharpe died on the 10th of February, 1803, at the age of 64; he ended his will with these

words: 'I supplicate Divine Providence to grant the wishes that I make for the happiness of my native land. May my country long enjoy peace and quiet! May the holy maxims of the gospel be generally followed, for the happiness of society!' His coffin was accompanied to the burying-ground of Vaugirard, by the members of the Institute, and a great number of friends; M. de Fontanes, who was long his friend, and who appreciated him properly, then bestowed on him a short and brilliant panegyric: he had just entered into the Institute as a member of the ancient academy.

#### LALANDE (J. J. LE FRANCAIS),

Director of the observatory, inspector of the college of France, member of the Institute and of the principal learned societies of Europe, member of the legion of honour, &c. &c. born at Bourg in Bresse, July the 11th, 1732. He originally went to the bar, but his love of science soon made him leave it, and after having studied astronomy at Lyons under father Beraud, a Jesuit, he came to Paris to improve still more by the instructions of Delisle and Lemonnier. Having in 1751 been appointed by the king to observe the distance of the moon from the earth at Berlin, he was chosen a member of the academy in that city; and shortly after, on the 7th of February, 1753, he was elected one of the academy of sciences at Paris. In 1802 he presented the Institute with the sum of 10,000 livres to found a perpetual prize for the most important discovery in astronomy, or the most important work on this science that should appear in the course of each year. In 1805 Alexander I. renewed the grant of a pension which Catharine II. had conferred on him, and of which Paul I. had deprived him. In 1805 Lalande owned himself to be the author of the republican Calendar, but pleaded in his justification his not venturing to refuse Fabre d'Eglantine, who had required it of him in 1793. Before the revolution Lalande made a public profession of atheism; in 1793 he delivered a speech at the Pantheon, with the red cap on his head, against the existence of God: in 1805 he published a supplement to the Dictionary of Atheists, by Silvain Maréchal, in which he endeavours to prove there is no Deity, and in support of his opinion he cites not only the dead but even living persons, and such as are now holding the chief dignities of the French empire, and who, as for instance, Francois de Neufchâteau, president of the senate, strongly protested in the public prints against this injurious charge. The emperor, on being informed of Lalande's conduct, enjoined him

to publish nothing more with his name, in a letter dated from the palace at Schoenbrunn, January the 18th, 1806, which was read at a general meeting of the Institute, all the classes of which had been specially summoned. The substance of this letter is, that M. Lalande, whose name had hitherto been united with important labours in science, had lately fallen into a state of childhood, which appeared now in little articles unworthy his name, which he sent to the public prints: now in the public profession he made of 'atheism, a sad doctrine, which if it leave unimpaired the morals of a few individuals, operates fatally on those of society in general;' in consequence, his Majesty interdicts M. Lalande from printing any thing more with his name. M. Lalande, who was present, rose and said, 'I will conform to the orders of his Majesty.' Lalande's principal works are:—Hally's Astronomical Tables of Planets and Comets, augmented with several new tables, and the History of the Comet of 1759; Explanation of the Astronomical Calculations in 1762; Travels of a Frenchman in Italy in the years 1765 and 1766, reprinted in 1786; all the Astronomical articles in the Encyclopedia of Yverdun; in the supplements to that of Paris 1776 and 1777; and in the New Encyclopedia arranged according to the order of subjects, 1782; all the Mathematical articles, and several others in the Journals des Savans, from 1766 to 1792; sixteen volumes on the Knowledge of the Weather, and the Motions of the Celestial Bodies; the Arts of Manufacturers of Paper, Parchment, and Pasteboard, of Dressers of Chamois, Turkey, Kid, and Hungary Leathers; and of Tanners and Curriers, in the great collection of Arts and Trades by the Academy of Sciences; about 160 Astronomical Memoirs inserted in the volumes of the Academy from 1751 till 1790, and in the Memoirs of the Institute; a number of Memoirs in the Leipzig Transactions, in the Memoirs of the Academies of Berlin, of Dijon, and History of Astronomy, a complete work on that science; an Abridgment of Astronomy, translated into German and Italian, reprinted in 1795; Remarks on the Comets which may approach the earth, 1773. This work alarmed all Paris at the time; every one was apprehensive from the conjectures there stated, that the earth would be inundated or set on fire by the comet which then appeared in the heavens. Ephemeris of the Movements of the Celestial Bodies from 1775 to 1800; History of the Canals of Navigation, and particularly the Canal of Languedoc, 1778; Astronomy for Ladies, 1786; Abridgment of Navigation, printed at the cost of the republic, in 1793. He has now in the press a Celestial History, containing an immense body of observations; and an Astronomical Bibliography, containing historical notes on the history of astronomy, particularly since the year 1782, where that of Bailly ends. 2

multitude of Academical Panegyrics ; and an edition of Fontenelle's *Worlds*, with notes. Ever since the year 1761, Lalande has been professor of astronomy in the college of France ; and the construction of the fine observatory in the military school at Paris, is owing to his exertions. His nephew, M. F. Lalande, is also a member of the Institute, and has shared in a great number of his astronomical labours.

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MACK (THE BARON DE,)

AN Austrian general, was born of a poor and mean family in the margraviate of Anspach ; he, nevertheless, received a good education, began life as a soldier, became a quarter-master in a regiment of cavalry, and during the war, belonged to the staff of the army, a post in which he drew the attention of field-marshal Lascy, who made him a captain. The sentiments of esteem for his benefactor, which glowed in the heart of Mack, displeased his successor Laudon, who one day said something very warm about the creatures of Lascy, keeping his eyes fixed on Mack. Mack returned, ' I must inform you, sir, that I here serve neither M. de Lascy nor you, but his Imperial Majesty, to whom my life is consecrated.' Two days after, Mack distinguished himself by the following action : M. de Laudon hesitated whether he should attack Lissa, ten miles from which town his camp was posted, believing it to be defended by 30,000 men. Mack, who wished to make him determine on the assault, left him at nine o'clock in the evening, crossed the Danube with one hussar, made his way into a suburb of Lissa, took a Turkish officer prisoner, and the next morning, at seven o'clock, presented him to the general, who learnt from him that the garrison consisted of only 6000 men. The marshal then addressed him in flattering terms, made him his aid-de-camp, and requested that he would never leave him. Laudon, before his death, presented his young favourite to the emperor, saying to him, ' I leave you a Laudon, who will serve you better than I have done : I mean Major Mack.' Thus, having obtained some degree of celebrity, he served in 1793, under M. de Cobourg, as quarter-master-general, and in this capacity directed the early operations of the campaign, the passage of the Roër, the deliverance of Maestricht, and the battles of Nerwinde. He had also a great share in the negotiations then carried on with Dumouriez, from which the Austrian leaders derived so little benefit. He was afterwards wounded in the attack on the camp at Famars, and unable to follow up his plans, was recalled to Vienna, and superseded by Prince Hohenlohe ; whom he afterwards again joined in the Low Countries, when he was appointed major-general and quar-

ter-master-general of the Flemish army. In the preceding February, 1794, the emperor had despatched him to London, that he might adjust with the British cabinet the plans of the campaign which was just going to open. Mack had prepared a general attack to crush Pichegru, and was moving all his forces in a space of about twenty leagues ; but so vast an operation was not in every part well concerted : the English and Hanoverians were defeated on the 18th of May, at Hondscote, and the Austrian army, after a fruitless contest, withdrew to Tournay. On the 22d, Pichegru, in his turn, attacked the allied forces, to compel them to cross the Scheldt again ; but the battle, after continuing from six in the morning, till ten in the evening, at last remained doubtful. The emperor shortly after resolved on returning to Vienna, and leaving the command of the army to the Prince of Cobourg, who had little confidence in Mack, but who highly esteemed General Fischer, one of his enemies. Mack, finding that after the emperor's departure he should have no influence, asked and obtained permission to return to Vienna. He then passed several years in Bohemia ; but when the peace of Campo Formio was signed, he was appointed lieutenant-general, and commissioned to organize the army of Italy anew. A war having in 1798 broke out between Naples and the French republic, he went to take the command of the Neapolitan forces, and thus, in some sort, became master of the destiny of the state ; but his talents were very unequal to so important a part, and though he at first obtained some advantages over scattered and small parties, he was afterwards completely defeated, and his army totally routed by General Championnet. Mack was then guilty of capital errors ; for, quite beside himself, he wished to enter into a negotiation with the hostile generals, and suspicions being thus excited, a cry of treachery was spread ; part of his troops, and above all, the people of Naples rose against him, and he found there was no other way to escape their fury, than to throw himself, with his staff, into the arms of the French, who, in spite of his remonstrances, treated him as a prisoner of war. On this occasion it must be allowed, he behaved in a pusillanimous manner ; for, though it has long been said, that valour in the field (which cannot be denied him) does not always supply the fortitude and presence of mind which are requisite to incite, or repress a multitude, yet he to whom the safety of a nation is intrusted, should know how to succeed, or to die in the attempt. Innumerable epigrams and songs against him, were published at the time of his flight and captivity, and the conduct of M. de Damas, a foreigner also, served to shew what he might have done, had he, like that gallant Frenchman, known how to gain the confidence of his troops, and inspire them with a like military enthusiasm. The court of

Vienna having refused an exchange, he was sent to France, and kept there some time on his parole, but at last secretly escaped with a courtesan, in April, 1800; and the French government, as if wishing to set in a stronger light the shame of this infraction of laws, ever sacred to a military man, immediately restored all the officers of his staff to liberty, and desired them to convey back to their general his servants, his effects, and his horses. In 1804 he was nominated commander in chief of all the forces stationed in the Tyrol, in Dalmatia, and in Italy, when he presented a new plan of discipline for the Austrian troops, which the Archduke Charles adopted. In 1805, he became a member of the council of war, and had great influence in the direction of military affairs. In the month of September he obtained the command of the Bavarian army, but on the approach of the French troops he withdrew beyond the Danube, and shut himself up in the city of Ulm, with a numerous force. Then the emperor Napoleon crossed the river, and after making a shew of a design to penetrate into Bavaria, he on a sudden returned to Ulm, cut off the left wing of the Austrian army, seized Memmingen, which General Spangenberg surrendered without resistance, and came with a superior force to give battle to General Mack, who continued shut up in Ulm, while the Archduke Ferdinand, after having vainly endeavoured to bring him to act courageously, was retreating into Bohemia, through Franconia, with a considerable body of cavalry. Mack then, closely pressed by the French army, after two or three attacks on the advanced guard, accepted the most ignominious capitulation recorded in military annals. His troops, to the number of 40,000 men, were made prisoners, and he and his staff alone had permission to retire on their parole to Austria; but no sooner was he arrived, than he was seized and confined in the fortress of Therisenstadt, from which he was removed only to appear before a court-martial. At the end of February, 1806, judgment had not been passed on him.

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FRÉRON, (L. S.)

SON of the journalist Fréron, the antagonist of Voltaire, and of the philosophic sect, with whom he himself contended after the death of his father. Brought up at the college Louis-le-grand with Robespierre, he became in the revolution his friend, his emulator, and at last his denunciator. He was god-son to Stanislaus, King of Poland, and was protected by Madame Adelaide, aunt to Louis XVI. After the death of his father, he worked at the *Literary Year*, (the property of which had been continued to him) with several men of letters, and especially with Geoffroy. In

1789, he began to edit the *Orator of the People*, and became the coadjutor of Marat. Mercier says, in his *New Paris*, that 'Fréron, as well as Marat, by his periodical incendiary papers, excited contentions between the citizens and the king's new guard; a dexterous method, by which they occasioned the disbanding of these guards, and delivered up the king without defence, to the insults of the populace.'

In 1798, Fréron ventured to demand the death of Louis XVI. and he afterwards made a figure in the municipality which completed the overthrow of the monarchy on the 10th of August, 1792. The department of Paris appointed him in September deputy to the convention, where he voted for the death of Louis XVI. observing, 'that he had proposed his execution two years before and that he had gone to attack him, even in his palace.' It was during his missions to the departments, that Fréron signalized himself in the most revolutionary manner. Being sent with Barras into the South, he displayed all the activity of his coadjutor, and shewed besides an inexhaustible fund of cruelty, in his correspondence and in his private conduct. On their arrival at Marseilles, in the beginning of October, 1793, they organized there a committee, which occasioned all the calamities of the town, erected scaffolds, destroyed workshops, and ruined commerce; they published there a proclamation, announcing that *terror was the order of the day*, and that to save Marseilles, and to raze Toulon were the aims of their labours. The latter town soon became the theatre of new atrocities; and whilst Barras mingled courage at least with his fury, Fréron seemed to reserve to himself more particularly *butcheries and demolitions*. 'Things go well here;' he wrote in January to Moses Bayle; 'we have required 12,000 masons to raze the town; every day since our arrival we have caused 200 heads to fall, and there are already 800 Toulonese shot. All the great measures have been missed at Marseilles; if they had only shot 800 conspirators, as has been done here, and had appointed a committee to condemn the rest, we should not be in the condition that we now are in.' It was at first intended to put to death all who had accepted any office, or borne arms in the town during the siege. Fréron consequently signified to them that they must all go, *under pain of death*, to the Champ-de-Mars. The Toulonese, thinking to obtain pardon by their submission, obeyed; and 8000 persons were assembled at the appointed place. All the representatives (Barras, Salicetti, Ricord, Robespierre the younger, &c.) were embarrassed at the sight of this multitude; Fréron himself, surrounded by a formidable train of artillery, saw these numerous victims with terror; at last, by the advice of Barras, a jury was appointed, commissioned to select the most guilty immediately, and a great number were

instantly shot. The shooting with muskets being insufficient; they had afterwards recourse to the *mitraille*, and it was in another execution of this nature that Fréron, in order to despatch the victims who had not perished by the first discharge, cried out, 'Let those who are still living rise, *the republic pardons them.*' Some unhappy creatures trusting to this promise, he caused them to be instantly fired upon. In the midst of his massacre, Fréron wrote, on the 26th of December, 1793, 'Shooting is the order of the day here. There is a mortality among the friends of Louis XVII. and, but for the fear of destroying innocent victims, such as the confined patriots, all would have been put to the sword; as, but for the fear of burning the arsenal and magazines, *the town would have been given up to the flames*; but it will not the less disappear from the soil of liberty, to-morrow and the following days we proceed to razing—shooting, till there are no more traitors.' Fréron, on quitting this unhappy town, went with his coadjutors, to finish the depopulation of Marseilles, which they declared a commune *without a name*, and where they destroyed more than 400 individuals, by means of a criminal tribunal, and afterwards of a military committee. This is the homage which Fréron did in one of his letters, to the members of this committee: 'Our revolutionary tribunal goes on in a formidable manner; the merchants dance the *carmagnole*; it is on them principally that it fixes.' At the same time they caused the finest edifices of this city to be destroyed. Returning at last from his consulship, Fréron was at first proclaimed, at the Jacobin Club, the deliverer of the South; and after the fall of Hébert, he imputed to the Hébertists the misfortunes of these places. He soon, however, became an object of suspicion to Robespierre, who procured his expulsion from the society of Jacobins; being then marked out as a victim, he joined his efforts to those of the other terrorists, who saw themselves equally threatened, attacked Robespierre, and contributed greatly to his ruin. He was one of the coadjutors who were given to Barras on the 28th July, 1794; to have the vanquished executed, and to keep their partisans within bounds. Ever possessed with a rage for demolition, he proposed on that day to demolish the building of the commune of Paris. After this period he shewed himself the enemy of the terrorists, and pursued them with a fury worthy of a former companion. On the 1st of August he attacked Fouquier Tinville, who had been retained in the new organization of the tribunal. 'All Paris,' said he, 'calls for his punishment; I demand a decree of accusation against him, and let him go and expiate in hell the blood that he has shed.' The next day, in a speech frequently interrupted by applauses, he retraced the various crises of the revolution, and especially of the tyranny of Robespierre. He did

not dissemble that the legislators ought to blush and groan at having suffered so many crimes, which would not have been committed if the press had remained free, and he proposed to declare any person a conspirator who should seek to stop and restrain it. Being accused in the Jacobin club, of having attacked Robespierre only in order to succeed him, he endeavoured to justify himself; but his expulsion was pronounced. On the 23d, having denounced Moses Bayle and Granet, as promoters of the counter-revolution of the South, and accusers of Marat, he was attacked himself by Ruamps, as a dilapidator. Two papers were produced by Escudier and Granet; but Treilhard, on the 4th of October, procured the acquittal of Fréron and Barras of the charge of dilapidation. He was attacked on the 30th at the Jacobin club, for his conduct in the South, and a member asked why he had permitted the army of Carteaux to be paid in assignats, while that of his brother-in-law Lapoype was paid in coin. The next day, Dulaure reproached him in the convention, with wanting to destroy the Jacobins, after having been one of their chiefs, and of making himself a party among the young men whose exemption from service he procured. Being attacked again concerning his journal, the Orator of the People, he pronounced at the convention, on the 1st of March, a long speech, in which he recriminated on those of his colleagues who had denounced him, and expressed his wish to terminate the revolution, but desiring first the punishment of the traitors who were accused (the ancient members of the committee of public safety,) regarded aristocracy as a phantom, pleaded for peace, said that 'the convention, while it punished crime, ought to pardon error,' and ended with a scheme for a decree to revise the revolutionary laws, liberate the suspected persons, and appoint a committee to prepare the organic laws of the constitution of 1793. Warm applauses were lavished on this speech, for the printing of which the convention gave orders. On the 23d Moses Bayle reminded him that the members of the ancient committee of public safety, accused by him, had opposed his accusation. On the 27th Barère justified the eulogium that he had passed on Robespierre, on the 7th of Thermidor, by different fragments of the opinions of Fréron. On the 1st of April, Fréron designated Choudieu and Leonard Bourdon as the principal members of a committee of insurrection at Paris, and procured a decree for removing the deputies, arrested on that day, to the château of Ham, and for arresting Leonard Bourdon. On the 6th he proposed that death should no longer be inflicted for revolutionary crimes, except for crimes of emigration, promotion of the royal cause, and military treason; and that transportation should be substituted for it. On the 9th of May he declared against the plan of the committee of eleven, relative to the orga-

nization of the government, and, in consequence of his observation on the 1st of Prairial, the president of the convention gave orders for preventing the deputies named in the various accusations from leaving the hall.—Being commissioned to reduce the insurgents of the Faubourg St. Antoine, he gave an account of this expedition on the 23d of May. On the 29th he supported the proposals of Lesage, for not suffering any but military crimes to be judged by the military tribunal, for sending Romme, Goujon, and the persons accused with them, to the criminal tribunal of the Seine, and for having a report made on the deputies, who, in their missions, had shed innocent blood, and wasted the money of the state. On the 5th of September he brought forward the situation of the South of France, where he represented the emigrants as returned, the purchasers of national domains distressed, and royalism and fanaticism triumphing; and he proposed that the fugitives of Toulon should not be comprehended in the decree relative to the proscribed persons of the 31st of May. Being sent on the 13th of Vendémiaire, (5th of October, 1795), to the Faubourg St. Antoine, to arm the inhabitants in favour of the convention, he announced that they had sworn to exterminate the enemies of liberty. He was accused in the correspondence of Lemaitre, and Baudin was astonished that the letters which might compromise him, and the other deputies of the Thermidorian party, were not read at the convention. On the 23d of October he was accused by Thibaudeau, of having organized the royalist *re-action*, and of wanting, like Tallien, to bring back a new tyranny of another species, to revenge himself for not having had the first of the national confidence in the elections. Fréron was then on a mission to the Bouches du Rhône, where he displayed an absurd pomp in the midst of a terrifying armed force, by whom he was surrounded wherever he appeared, to secure himself from the public vengeance. On his return he was obliged to be attended to Lyon by 200 cavalry. On the 10th of November, Siméon attacked him in the Council of Five Hundred for his proceedings at Marseilles. The minister of justice made a report to the Directory concerning his conduct, which was approved: nevertheless, Jourdan of the Bouches du Rhône accused him again of having brought terrorism into office. Other denunciations determined the council to appoint a committee for their examination: on his return, he replied to these various charges with contempt and arrogance, and published an historical account of the *re-action* and the massacres of the South. He had been elected by Guyanne, deputy from that colony to the Council of Five Hundred; but this election was not admitted. In 1799 he was appointed commissioner from the Directory to St. Domingo; he did not go, but undertook the direction of the houses of reception, and,

at the time of the expedition to St. Domingo in 1802, was appointed prefect of the South, and went with General Leclerc; after the prefect Benezech's death, he at first succeeded him, but soon shared his fate; he sunk under the influence of the climate, after an illness of six days. Besides his journals and pamphlets published in the course of the revolution, Fréron dispersed some fugitive poems in different collections. His journal, the Orator of the People, was, at the time, ascribed in great part to Dussault, a young writer, of talents very superior to Fréron's.

#### NAVAL FORCE OF THE UNITED STATES.

AT a time, when the public feels so much interest in our little navy, we have thought fit to furnish our readers with a detail of its force.

##### *Frigates in Commission.*

Constitution, captain Bainbridge, 44 guns; United States, Decatur, 44; President, Rogers, 44; Chesapeake, Evans, 44; Constellation, Stewart, 36; Congress, Smith, 36; Essex, Porter, 36.

##### *Frigates in Ordinary.*

New York, 36 guns; Boston, 32; Adams, 32.

The Corvette John Adams, of 26 guns, formerly a frigate, is made into a prison ship, at New York.

##### *Ships of War.*

Wasp, of 16 guns; Hornet, of 16.

##### *Brigs.*

Siren, 16 guns; Oncida, 16; Argus, 16; Vixen, 12.

The brig Nautilus, capt. Crane, is captured.

##### *Schooners.*

Enterprize, 12 guns; Cutter Viper, 12.

170 Gun Boats.

##### *Bombs.*

Vengeance; Etna; Spitfire; Vesuvius.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

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*Captain Flinders.*—Captain Flinders, the circumnavigator, has discovered, that when the head of a ship is to the westward, there is an increased variation in the ship's compass.

*Caterpillars.*—A gardener at Glasgow, practices a method of destroying caterpillars, which he discovered by accident. A piece of woollen rag had been blown by the wind into a currant bush; and, when taken out, was found covered by the leaf-devouring insects. He immediately placed pieces of woollen cloth in every bush in his garden, and found, next day, that the caterpillars had universally taken to them for shelter. In this way he destroys many thousands every morning.

*Mr. Mungo Parke.*—The doubts which may have existed of the fate of this eminent man are now removed, by the certain accounts lately received from Goree, of his having perished, through the hostility of the natives, on one of the branches of the Niger. The particulars have been transmitted to Sir Joseph Banks, by Governor Maxwell, of Goree, who received them from *Isaco*, a Moor, sent inland by the Governor, for the purpose of inquiry. In a letter to Mr. Dickson, of Covent Garden, brother-in-law to Mr. Parke, Sir Joseph thus writes:—

“I have read *Isaco's* translated journal: by which it appears that the numerous European retinue of Mungo Parke, quickly and miserably died, leaving, at the last, only himself and a Mr. Martyn. Proceeding on their route, they stopped at a settlement, from which, according to custom, they sent a present to the chief whose territory they were next to pass. This present having been treacherously withheld, the chief considered it, in the travellers, as a designed injury and neglect. On their approaching, in a canoe, he assembled his people on a narrow channel of rocks, and assailed them so violently with arrows, that some of the rowers were killed. This caused Mr. Parke and Mr. Martyn to make an effort by swimming to reach the shore:—in which attempt they both were drowned. The canoe shortly afterwards sunk, and only one hired native escaped. Every appurtenance also of the travellers was lost or destroyed, except a sword-belt which had belonged to Mr. Martyn, and which *Isaco* redeemed, and brought with him to Goree.”

*Another instance of fatal failure, of an attempt to explore the interior of Africa.*—The young German gentleman of the name of Ront-

gen, who left England about a twelvemonth since for Africa, in order to prosecute discoveries in the interior of that country, has, it is said, been murdered by the Arabs, before he proceeded any great distance from Mogadore, where he spent some time perfecting himself in the Arabic language. He was a promising young man, and an enthusiast in the cause in which he was lost, and supposed to understand the Arabic language better than any European who ever before entered Africa. At an early age he formed the plan of going to that country, and gave up his connexions and a competency in Germany, to prosecute his intentions.—His father was a character well known in Europe, who raised himself from obscurity to the greatest celebrity by his talent for mechanics; he was at one time worth a million, but was ruined by the French revolution.

*M. Galatzin's Congregation.*—M. Galatzin, a Russian prince, became a Roman Catholic clergyman about ten years ago, and fixed his residence on the Allegany mountain, the highest in North America. Though his flock was then limited to six Roman Catholic families, it is now the largest congregation, next to that of Philadelphia.

*Antiquity.*—Paris, April 28. In digging deep into the earth, in order to come at the source of a spring of water, in the grounds of a mansion house in the district of Argovia, a cave was discovered, in which was a sepulchre containing the skeleton of a knight in full armour, from head to foot. He held in one hand a dagger, and in the other the handle of a drawn sword. At his feet were a Turkish sabre and a cross, which leads to the supposition that he was a knight who had distinguished himself in the holy wars.

*Superior dexterity of British sailors witnessed by Bonaparte.*—A short time since, Bonaparte being on a tour in France, arrived at Givet, where he had occasion to cross a river, over which there was a bridge composed of boats, but the violence of the weather having separated the boats, he was prevented from getting over. The French used every possible exertion to unite them again, but in vain, and it was supposed their Emperor would be under the necessity of relinquishing his intention of crossing the river, when it was suggested that some of the English sailors might probably accomplish the important business; a guard was instantly sent to the prison for forty of them, who, on their arrival, immediately set to work, and in a short time made the bridge passable. Bonaparte was so much pleased at their exertions, that he ordered them to be released and sent home in a cartel: *eighteen* of them are arrived at Spithead, having been put on board the cartel that took over some seamen that capitulated in La Nereide, at Madagascar. Some seamen taken in a packet by the French, who petitioned Bonaparte for their release, have also arrived in the same cartel.

*Books, number of, and descriptions.*—Leipsic, March 10. The catalogue of books which is usually published before our great fairs of

Easter and September, has lately appeared here. It announces 1609 new works, in German and Latin; 100 new novels; and 50 new theatrical pieces; the number of geographical maps is 82; and about 350 new musical compositions.

*Fair.*—Leipsic, April 20. Our fair has been opened about ten days. We have as yet seen no Russians; the Poles are few; the latter are usually our greatest purchasers, especially at the Easter fair. The Greeks, who were scarcely expected, seem disposed to visit us: some are arrived; others are expected. The Galicians, Transylvanians, and other inhabitants of the frontiers of Turkey, continue to drop in. If they buy largely, and pay well, they may greatly improve the state of the fair in some articles.

*Lapland Schoolmaster.*—Among the Laplanders of Kautokeino was one who lately bore the specious title of schoolmaster. The distinction was as great a subject of pride to this Laplander, as a red or blue ribbon may be to any one in the refined parts of Europe. This schoolmaster, both in his personal appearance and manners, was as complete a Laplander as his neighbours around him, except that from some defective conformation of nature, there was something very singular and ludicrous in his mode of walking, his feet being always turned out into what is called by dancing-masters the first position. Having passed the frontiers of Lapland, and continued some time in Norway, he had learned the Danish, or rather the Norwegian language; and his knowledge of this opened an employment altogether singular.

The priest, or minister, being wholly unacquainted with the Lapponian tongue, cannot convey his sentiments to his audience, who know not any other. To remedy this inconvenience, the schoolmaster takes his station beneath the pulpit, and when the minister has pronounced one sentence of his sermon he stops, and the schoolmaster repeats it to the congregation in the language of Lapland.

The minister, who understands not a word of what the schoolmaster says in his name to the people, presumes it is all right, and goes on without hesitation.

*Bible society.*—The following is a brief abstract of the Report of the Committee which was read on this occasion:

The success which has attended the exertions of the Society has been established in the former Reports. The Report of proceedings during the eighth year of its existence will prove not less gratifying.

#### I. EUROPE.

1. *Finland.*—It appears that the number of persons who speak the Finnish language is not less than 1,300,000, and that the various editions of the Scriptures printed in it have never been adequate to their supply. No edition either of the Old or New Testament has been published for the last thirty years; and scarcely a single perfect copy of the former is to be purchased. On the ground of this information, the printing of the Finnish Scriptures has been encouraged by a grant of 500*l*. The result has been, that the Governor General, and the

Bishop of Finland, have most cordially approved the measure ; and that the Emperor of Russia, in testimony of his approbation, added to the Society's grant the sum of 5000 rubles from his own privy purse. " Thus," to adopt the words of the Bishop of Finland, " in the Lord's name, a foundation is laid for a work, from which religion in general, and the Finnish Church in particular, will, by the help of God, derive a certain and lasting advantage." A society has been formed in Finland, on the suggestion of the Committee, for the continued circulation of the Holy Scriptures.

2. *Lapland*.—The Laponese Testament, stated in former Reports to have been printing under the superintendence of Bishop Nordin, is now completed ; and 2500 copies have been sent into Swedish Lapland. The Royal Chancery of Stockholm has addressed a letter to the Committee of the Stockholm Society, expressing the satisfaction of the King with the exertions made for improving the religious knowledge of the Swedish Laplanders. The Russian government has issued a proclamation authorising the importation of the Laponese New Testaments into Russian Lapland. Measures have been adopted for the distribution of 1000 copies in Danish Lapland.

The disposition manifested by the Russian government encourages a hope of the adoption of some extensive plan for the general distribution of the Word of Life throughout the Russian empire.

3. *Iceland*.—The obstacles to the printing of the Icelandic Bible have been surmounted ; and the work will probably be completed by next spring. There is reason to hope that the remainder of the Icelandic Testaments have been forwarded to Iceland.

4. *Poland*.—The completion of the Polish Bible was announced at the last meeting : it is sold for two shillings a copy. The Committee have directed 1000 copies to be gratuitously distributed. By the last accounts from Berlin, the Polish Scriptures were in great demand. Many copies had been sent to Warsaw, to Upper Silesia, and to Austrian Galicia. It was the intention of the Koningsberg committee, to furnish every Polish school in these parts with a few Bibles and Testaments gratuitously.

5. *Lithuania*.—The printing of the Lithuanian Bible would probably be completed in the month of March of the present year. Committee have directed 500 Polish Bibles and 1000 New Testaments to be sent to Koningsberg for sale or gratuitous distribution ; the proceeds of the sale to be applied towards a second edition of the Lithuanian Scriptures. Some copies of the Polish New Testament have been ordered for the use of Poles residing in Great Britain, or visiting it.

6. *Bohemia*.—The edition of the Bohemian Scriptures promoted by the Society has been exhausted, and the demand for them is still extensive and urgent. The Committee, with a view to supply it, have voted 300*l.* for aiding a new edition.

7. *Livonia and Esthonia*.—The offer to promote the publication of the Scriptures in the dialect of Livonia and Esthonia has produced the most beneficial effects. A Society has been formed in Dorpatian Esthonia, for printing and distributing the New Testament. A Society

in Revalian Esthonia has directed its attention to the supply of the Holy Scriptures, in the design of furnishing every cottager with a New Testament: and several respectable characters are engaged in establishing a Livonian Bible Society. The result is, an increased ardour for publishing editions of the Livonian and Esthonian Scriptures. Arrangements were making for this purpose; and the committee, with a view to forward it, have enlarged their grant of 600*l.* to 1000.

8. *Sweden*.—The active zeal of the Stockholm Society has suffered no abatement. The Swedish Bible is now completed, on standing types; and the number of Swedish Testament, separately printed, amounts to 16,600. Another edition of the Bible, and of the New Testament, will be immediately undertaken; for which an additional donation of 300*l.* has been voted.

9. *Hungary*.—The distribution of some German Bibles in Austria and Hungary at the expense of the Society, has made known its existence in Presburg, and has produced most interesting communications from two Professors in that city, by which it appears that there are upwards of a million of Protestants in Hungary, and but few Bibles among those who speak the Sclavonian and Hungarian dialects; many of whom are much depressed by poverty. The Committee have promised a donation of five hundred pounds, to aid the printing and circulation of the Hungarian and Sclavonian Scriptures, if a society shall be established in Hungary for that purpose.

10. *France*.—The Committee, having sent to France some Bibles for the British prisoners of war in that country, received a letter written by direction of the Minister of Marine, stating that they should be properly distributed.

A German minister, having distributed many copies of the Scriptures in France, which were gratefully received, the committee directed one thousand copies of the French Bible to be distributed at the Society's expense, among some Protestant congregations in France.

A member of the Imperial Institute having signified a wish that copies of the versions of the Scriptures printed by the Society might be deposited in that institution, the Committee did not hesitate to comply with it.

11. *Germany*.—They have acceded to a similar request from the keeper of the Imperial Library at Vienna; as well as for copies of the Society's Reports. This last request was accompanied by an observation, that "a multitude of strangers, who daily resort to the Imperial Library, would obtain a knowledge of the institution; and perhaps not a few would be inspired with a desire to attempt something similar in their sphere, and according to their power."

The Ratisbon Bible Society have printed and circulated four editions of the New Testament, and a fifth was in the press. This society is supported by Roman Catholics; and, though produced by the example, is independent, of this society.

12. *Italy and Greece*.—The Society's Italian Testaments are in great demand, both at Messina and Malta; and the Archimandrita, at the latter place, has warmly recommended the perusal of the modern Greek Testament, and publicly applauded, "the zeal and ardour of the

English to circulate the Word of the Lord." This intelligence is from a Roman Catholic correspondence at Malta, of great respectability, who is of opinion "that there is likely to result from the one thousand Testaments which the Society has sent, no ordinary good."

The Committee have granted fifty pounds for distributing the Scriptures to the poor in Denmark.

## II. ASIA.

1. *Syria*.—The Committee have forwarded a supply of Arabic Bibles, for the use of the Episcopal churches in Aleppo and its vicinity.

2. *Hindustan*.—The Christians dispersed over this vast country, including Ceylon, are calculated at nearly a million, using various dialects; few of whom possess the Scriptures. Many of the descendants of Christians have consequently relapsed into idolatry; and many are Christians merely in name. The Hindoos and Mahometans subject to the British authority may be estimated at seventy millions. These observations suggest the most forcible motives for supplying the wants of the Christians, and for displaying the records of Divine Truth to the natives who are ignorant of it.

With this general object, and especially with the view of supplying the demands of the native Christians in India, an Auxiliary Bible Society was, in February 1811, established in Calcutta, with the concurrence of the government; and with a very general approbation in all parts of India. At Fort William, it has met with the most liberal support. It has directed eight hundred copies of the Tamul New Testament to be purchased for distribution, as well as two thousand copies of the Portuguese Bible, and five thousand Portuguese New Testaments. It has contracted for printing at Serampore five thousand New Testaments in the Tamul, the Cingalese, and the Malayalim dialects respectively. The Committee, anxious to encourage these laudable exertions, have determined to aid them by a grant of Bibles, Testaments, and printing paper, to the value of one thousand pounds.

The translation of the Scriptures into the dialects of India and the printing of them, proceed as rapidly as could be expected. The Missionaries at Serampore have translated and printed the New Testament in five languages, and the Old, in Bengalee, and have translated the Gospels of St. Matthew and Mark into Chinese; the New Testament into four more dialects, and portions of the Old Testament into as many; and have begun a translation of the New Testament into two more. The Rev. L. Sebastiani, many years resident at the Court of Persia, is advanced to nearly the end of the Epistles, in a Persic translation of the New Testament, from the Greek, intended for the Christians dispersed over Persia, who are stated as very desirous of possessing the Scriptures, in a plain translation. Sabat has completed the translation of the New Testament and the Book of Genesis into Arabic. The Hindostanee translation of the New Testament, by Mirza Fitrut, under the superintendence of the Rev. H. Martyn, the four Gospels in Persian by the Rev. L. Sebastiani, and the three first Gospels in Telinga, translated by the late Rev. A. Desgranges, are in the press. At Bombay, the printing of the Malayalim Version of the Gospels, in September last, was advanced as far as the 12th chapter of St. John.

Of the Gospels translated by Dr. Leyden into five of the dialects of the Eastern Archipelago, none have been printed, in consequence of the death of Dr. Leyden in Java. With a view to procure the best version of the Scriptures in the purest dialects of Arabia and Persia, the Rev. H. Martyn undertook a journey into those countries; and by the last accounts was at Shiraz. Sabat's Arabic translation of the New Testament having been shewn by Mr. Martyn to a learned Arab at Babbire, he pronounced on it the highest eulogium. It appears that the printing of Oriental manuscripts, (chiefly owing to the skill and disinterestedness of the Baptist Missionaries), can be executed at Serampore, at an expense much less than at any other press in India, or even in Europe.

Of the distribution of the Tamul and Portuguese Scriptures, mentioned in the Seventh Report, the Committee have received most pleasing intelligence. Nothing could exceed the gratitude of the native Christians at Tanjore and Tranquebar. A single fact will prove the extreme scarcity of Tamul Bibles. A catechist, in the congregation of Mr. Kohloff, at Tanjore, had been employed twenty-four years in teaching the Gospel, without possessing the Old Testament. The Portuguese Bibles and Testaments were equally acceptable. Among those who received a Bible in English, Malabar, and Portuguese, was a Roman Catholic Priest, who had frequently recommended the perusal of the holy Scriptures, in his sermons.

The Committee, to encourage the efforts making in India, have voted an additional sum of two thousand pounds; the total of their grant to Calcutta, for the current year, being thus five thousand pounds.

The Committee expect that a translation of the Old Testament in the Cingalese dialect, will be undertaken by a competent person at Ceylon.—They have voted five hundred pounds to the Rev. Robert Morrison, at Canton, for promoting the translation and printing of the Scriptures in Chinese.

### III. AMERICA.

The donations to Bible societies in America have been respectfully acknowledged. The Committee have received satisfactory reports of the proceedings of the societies in Philadelphia, Connecticut, New-Jersey, and New-York. The zeal excited for the diffusion of the Scriptures, continues undiminished. The most perfect cordiality subsists among the various Bible societies in the United States; and since their existence in America, the sale of Bibles to individuals has considerably increased. The Committee have agreed to assist "The Bible and Common Prayer-book Society," of Albany, by a donation of Scriptures to the value of fifty pounds. Anxious to aid the circulation of the Scriptures in America, and aware of the expense of the Philadelphia society in providing stereotype plates for the Bible, they have granted a second donation of one hundred pounds to that society; and trust it will be accepted as a pledge of the union they desire to maintain with their American brethren in promoting the interests of Christ's kingdom.

### IV. THE UNITED KINGDOM.

The approbation of the society has been most extensively manifest-

ed, by the zeal and co-operation of the Auxiliary Societies noticed in former Reports, and by the still more numerous societies formed during the last year.

The Auxiliary Societies formed since the last meeting amount to fifty-one, besides sixteen branch societies, and their contributions to the parent society to upwards of 18,900*l.*; besides upwards of 9,700*l.* from societies previously formed.

The Committee rejoice to see the zeal for disseminating the blessings of Revelation keep pace with that charity which has provided so many institutions for relieving temporal distress; and while they gratefully acknowledge that liberality which augments the funds of the institution, they are equally sensible of the benefits to be derived from the exertion of its auxiliaries, in supplying the local wants of their respective districts with the holy Scriptures.

The Committee express regret, that it has not been in their power to comply with the application for Bibles and Testaments in the degree required, though every possible exertion has been made by them, to procure a sufficient quantity. In addition to the two Universities, they have now obtained the assistance of his Majesty's Printers. They therefore trust, that the inconvenience from this cause will be speedily removed. But though the supply has been so inadequate to the demand, a much larger number of Bibles and Testaments has been issued in eleven months, ending the 21st February last, than in thirteen months preceeding, viz. 35,690 Bibles, and 70,733 Testaments, making the total number issued up to that period, 140,415 Bibles, and 291,524 Testaments, exclusive of those circulated at the charge of the Society in various parts abroad.

#### V. DISTRIBUTION OF BIBLES.

Considering the poor of the United Kingdom as having particular claims on the Society, the Committee have invited clergymen and dissenting ministers to encourage Bible Associations, and to investigate the state of the poor in their several vicinities; and they have engaged to return Bibles and Testaments, at the cost price, to the amount of one half of any congregational collections they may receive within a year. The Committee are of opinion, that the plan of selling the Scriptures to the poor, where practicable, has been found to possess several important advantages over gratuitous distribution.

The list of the Society's benefactions in Europe, Asia, Africa and America, is too long to be inserted at present. Suffice it to say, that their benevolence has visited every quarter of the globe, and has contributed to cheer almost every form of misery to which man is heir.— The correspondent at one of the principal naval stations, who has so frequently received the acknowledgments of the Committee, for an unwearied attention to supply soldiers and seamen, foreign troops, prisoners of war, convicts, and others, with the holy Scriptures, has devoted the same active exertions to this object, during the last year. In the course of that period, 3850 Bibles and Testaments, in various languages, have been distributed by this correspondent alone; who has received satisfactory testimonies that they were no less gratefully received than eagerly sought.

# POETRY.

FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

*From the Anthologia Græca.*

A CERTAIN Physician, a neighbour of mine,  
Had begg'd me to tutor his son;  
So I put him in Homer—"Sing, goddess divine,  
Whence anger and quarrel begun."

So far pretty well—"many heroes which sent  
To roam on the Stygian shore."—  
But here I discover'd my time was mis-spent,  
For the boy never came any more.

"Thanks, thanks!" (said the Doctor); "but now 'twere as well  
That the task of instruction were mine;  
For my arts has sent down many heroes to Hell,  
Therefore wants no assistance from thine."

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FROM THE LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

TO A LADY WEeping.

BY BEN ABRUM.

*From Caryl's "Specimens of Arabic Poetry."*

WHEN I beheld thy blue eyes shine  
Thro' the bright drops that pity drew,  
I saw beneath those tears of thine,  
A blue-eye'd violet bath'd in dew.

The violet ever scents the gale,  
Its hues adorn the fairest wreath;  
But sweetest thro' a dewy veil,  
Its colours glow, its odours breathe.

And thus thy charms in brightness rise  
When wit and pleasure round thee play;  
When mirth sits smiling in thine eyes,  
Who but admires their sprightly ray?  
But when thro' pity's flood they gleam,  
Who but must love their soften'd beam?

---

FROM THE SAME.

THE NURSING OF TRUE LOVE.

*Imitated from the French.*

LAPT on Cythera's golden sands,  
When first True Love was born on earth,  
Long was the doubt what fost'ring hands  
Should tend and rear the glorious birth.

First, Hebe claim'd the sweet employ,  
 Her cup, her thornless flowers, she said,  
 Would feed him best with health and joy,  
 And cradle best his cherub head.

But anxious Venus justly fear'd  
 The tricks, and changeful mind of Youth;  
 Too mild the seraph Peace appear'd;  
 Too stern, too cold, the matron Truth.

Next Fancy claim'd him for her own;  
 But Prudence disallow'd her right,  
 She deem'd her Iris pinions shone  
 Too dazzling for his infant sight.

To Hope a while the charge was given,  
 And well with Hope the cherub throve;  
 Till Innocence came down from heaven,  
 Sole guardian, friend, and nurse of Love.

Pleasure, a fury in her spite,  
 When all preferr'd to her she found,  
 Vow'd cruel vengeance for the slight,  
 And soon success her purpose crown'd.

The traitress watch'd a sultry hour,  
 When, pillow'd on her blush-rose bed,  
 Tir'd Innocence to slumber's pow'r,  
 One moment bow'd her virgin head.

Then pleasure on the thoughtless child  
 Her toys and sugar'd poisons press'd—  
 Drunk with new joy, he sigh'd he smil'd,  
 And True Love died on Pleasure's breast.

---

FROM THE SAME.

#### TO COTTAGE CHILDREN.

God bless you, ye sweet little sons of the hut,  
 Why start ye and run from your play?  
 Do the sound and the sight of a stranger affright?  
 Then surely but few pass this way.

Yet sweet is your cottage that stands all alone,  
 And smooth is the sward of your vale;  
 And clear is each crook of the wimpling brook  
 That murmurs each moment, farewell.

And high are the hills that enclose you around,  
 Where your flocks ever peacefully feed;  
 And blue is the sky that attract your young eye,  
 As it rests on the green mountain's head.

Here meek meditation might love to reside,  
 To silence and solitude given:  
 And calm as they guide, might the moments divide,  
 Between her mild house and the heaven.

Dear children, but small is this valley of yours;  
Is this all the world that you know;  
Yet behind this high mound, lies a world without bounds,  
But alas! 'tis a world full of wo.

From the top of the hill, looking toward, afar,  
The landscape may charm with its smile;  
But approach it more near, it will rugged appear,  
And lost is each scene with the soil.

Then quit not your cottage, ye sons of the wood:  
And still of your cottage be fond;  
For what do you lose, but a myriad of woes  
By knowing not what is beyond.

Let the moss-cover'd seat, and the shade of the thorn,  
Which were dear to your fathers be thine;  
And the hut that now rears your infantine years,  
Let its roof shade your heavy decline.

And sleep with your fathers—how soothing the thought!  
When the sunrise of life is gone by;  
Give your clay to the sod, and your souls to the God  
Who dwells on your bright azure sky.

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FROM THE SAME.

#### THE LOVER'S EVENING WALK.

THE sun, crown'd with blushes, was slowly declining,  
The blue misty hills and the vales among;  
'Twas the mild glowing close of a sweet summer's evening,  
When lonely I rovd the green meadows along;  
Far in the vale the loud laughter of happiness,  
Wafted by zephyrs, would oft intervene,  
With the far distant fews of the herd home returning,  
To vary my thoughts, and to heighten the scene.

I trod the light turf with a heart gaily beating,  
For memory dwelt on the smiles of my Jane,  
I thought of the pleasure of fond lovers meeting,  
But not of the torture of parting again.  
Again I remember'd those glances of kindness  
Which thrill'd through my heart with such exquisite joy;  
Again her soft cheek, and her lips gentle pressure,  
My wild roving thoughts and my wishes employ.

Let others, the cold path of prudence pursuing,  
In toiling for riches still wear out the day;  
Or, borne on the tide of deceitful ambition,  
The short fleeting moments of life waste away;  
Dearer to me are the pains and the pleasures  
Which in love, faithful love, I enraptur'd can find;  
Dearer the transports which glow in my bosom,  
While Hope fondly whispers my Jane will be kind.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

### RECENT BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

Lucien Bonaparte's Poem of Charlemagne, has been published on the Continent under a feigned name.

Clarke's Travels, part 2d, containing Greece, Egypt, the Holy Land, &c. 1 Vol. 4to.

The Life of Spencer Perceval.

The Loyalist, a Novel, by Mrs. West.

The Emerald Isle, by Charles Phillips.

History of the Translations which have been made of the Scriptures from the earliest to the present age, in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. By Herbert Marsh.

### RECENT AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

*By Moses Thomas, Philadelphia.*

Two Sermons, preached on the 30th July, and 20th August, (being days of Fasting, Humiliation, and Prayer, appointed by Public Authority. By James Abercrombie, D. D. With a preface.

*Also*—The Beauties of Brother Bull-us, by his loving sister, Bull-a.

*By Bradford Es Inskip, Philadelphia.*

The Speech of Henry Brougham, esq. M. P., in the House of Commons, on Tuesday, the 16th June, 1812, upon the present state of Commerce and Manufactures; from a report taken in short hand, and corrected by himself. Price 25 cents.

*By James Eastburn, New-York.*

A History of French Influence in the United States. To which is added an Exposition of a Congressional Caucus. Price 50 cents.

*Also*—Touchstone, to the people of the United States on the choice of a President. Price 37 1-2 cents.

*Also*—A very interesting Pamphlet—Discourse delivered before the New-York Historical Society, at their anniversary meeting, 6th December, 1811—by the honourable De Witt Clinton, one of the Vice Presidents of the Society.

*Also*—The Isle of Palma, and other Poems, by John Wilson, esq., of Mag. College, Oxford.

Where lies the land to which yon ship must go,  
Festively she puts forth in trim array,  
And vigorous as a lark at break of day,  
Is she for summers suns or polar snow?

*To be had at the different bookstores in the city.*

A Discourse, delivered in the Second Presbyterian Church, in the City of Baltimore, on Thursday, the 20th of August, 1812; being the day appointed by the President of the United States, for national humiliation and prayer; together with the other purposes recommended in his proclamation. Published by particular request of the military corps that attended on that occasion; and several respectable members, also, of the congregation. By Samuel Knox, A. M. Principal of Baltimore College.

*By D. Longworth, New-York.*

**Memoirs of Stephen Burroughs**; complete in two volumes, with notes, &c.

*By Isaiah Thomas, Jun., Boston.*

**The Improvement of the Mind**, in two parts—to which is added a *Discourse* on the Education of Youth and Remnants of Time, composed in Prose and Verse. Also, a Sketch of the Author's Life. (C) The edition is printed from the last London edition, and contains an additional quantity of matter to any former American or English Edition of the work.

*By William Elliot, New York.*

**An Abstract of the Evidence** lately taken in the House of Commons, against the Orders in Council, being a summary of the facts there proved, respecting the present state of the commerce and manufactures of the country. Price, fine copy 19 cents, common copy 12 1-2 cents.

*By William Greer, Lancaster, (Pa.)*

**The History of America**, by William Robertson, D. D. Price \$4 00.

*By David Hegan, Philadelphia.*

**An Abridgement of Dr. Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History.** 1 vol. 12mo

#### PROPOSED BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

During his stay in India, Sir James Mackintosh has employed his leisure hours in compiling a History of England, since the revolution, on the scale of Hume's, to whose history it is intended as a continuation. It will form 4 vols. quarto. The booksellers have given him 6000*l.* for copy right.

#### PROPOSED AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

*By Kimber & Richardson, Philadelphia.*

**An Inquiry into the Diseases of the Mind.** By Benjamin Rush, M. D. Professor of the Institutes, and Practice of Medicine, in the University of Pennsylvania. N. B. This work will contain about 400 pages 8vo. and will embrace not only all the different forms of Madneas, but the Physical History of the Disease of the Passions, and their respective remedies.

*By J. W. Burdett & Co. and W. Wells, Boston.*

**A compendious Treatise on the use of the Globes, and of Maps**, compiled from the works of Keith, Ferguson, Adams, Hutton, Bryan, Goldsmith, and other eminent authors; being a plain and comprehensive introduction to the practical knowledge of Geography and Astronomy; containing also, a brief view of the Solar System, a variety of Astronomical Tables, numerous Problems for the exercise of the learner, &c. By John Latrop, Jun. A. M.

Will shortly be published at Lancaster, (Pa.) **An Accurate and Interesting Account of the hardships and sufferings of that band of heroes, who traversed the wilderness in the campaign against Quebec in 1775.** By John Joseph Henry, esq. late President of the second Judicial District of Pennsylvania.

*By Bradford & Inskip, Philadelphia.*

**A new Novel, entitled Self-Indulgence.**

SELECT  
REVIEWS OF LITERATURE,  
FOR NOVEMBER, 1812.

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FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

*Sketch of the present State of Caracas; including a Journey from Caracas through la Victoria and Valencia to Puerto Cabello. By Robert Semple, author of Two Journeys in Spain, &c.. Crown 8vo. pp. 176. 6s. Boards. Baldwin. 1812.*

MR. SEMPLE'S peregrinations in Spain have already been submitted to the consideration of our readers; and after he returned from the Peninsula, he appears to have embraced an early opportunity of visiting the regions connected with it in the West. Ardent, like other travellers, in quest of new scenes, and equally prompt with most of them in publishing his observations—for we are now reporting his labours for the fourth time—he differs from the majority of his brother-voyagers in combining with the gratification of curiosity the prosecution of a more solid object. That mercantile affairs engaged his attention we were induced, before we met with an acknowledgment to that effect, to suspect from his complaints (p. 39.) of the difficulty of conveying goods over the Caracas mountains, and by his prompt discovery (p. 118) of the commercial tactics of the Trans-atlantic shop-keepers. The revolutionary events which have of late been passing in that country, and, more recently, the dreadful calamity with which it has pleased Providence to visit it, are calculated to give interest to a traveller's descriptions; and Mr. Semple's little volume will be found productive of considerable information. He seems, on this occasion, to have made it a rule to aim at nothing magnificent either in thought or diction, and to have confined himself to a plain and brief account of all that he saw and heard. To this unassuming course he will, if

our advice has any weight with him, continue to adhere ; carefully avoiding those effusions of sentimentality which are so contagious among travellers, and into which, from a luckless apostrophe at the outset, we were grievously afraid that he was about to relapse. His survey embraced the island of Curaçoa, the towns of La Guayra, Caracas, Victoria, Maracai, Valencia, and Puerto Cabello ; and, though he visited them twice, it would have been desirable, in the present solicitude for information concerning South America, that his residence in them had been longer, or his circuit more extensive. Our statistical knowledge of that quarter is far from accurate ; and, divided as the country is into contending factions, a more complete report of their relative character and strength could not have failed to be attractive.

The voyage from England to Curaçoa, as long as it is conducted on the open ocean, is exempt from those apprehensions, which annoy the mariner on coming within the chain of the West-India islands. Along the Caracas coast, the navigation is rendered particularly hazardous by a line of rocks and small islands, extending westward all the way from Grenada to the Gulf of Venezuela. Notwithstanding the vigilance exerted on board of the ship in which Mr. Semple was a passenger, considerable danger was incurred ; and he is anxious to prevail on future navigators to adopt a new course. Within his own knowledge, three vessels have been wrecked on these rocks or islands ; and as they all lie nearly in the same latitude, the seaman who is not locally acquainted with them becomes unable, when once entangled in them, to distinguish, by solar observations, the one from the other. The currents in this sea being both variable and violent, it would be much better, in Mr. Semple's opinion, for vessels bound to Curaçoa, or La Guayra, to keep well to the northward until near Buenayre ; or, otherwise, at once to penetrate, and keep to leeward of the whole chain, even should they come in sight of the main-land of America. When arrived at Curaçoa, the mariner rests in a safe harbour ; formed, not by the *embouchure* of a river, but by a deep inlet of the sea, narrow at the entrance, and widening afterward into a kind of small lake interspersed with shoals. The principal batteries are placed at this narrow entrance ; but their terrors were unable to keep back the small but gallant squadron of British frigates which sailed in, as our readers will remember, a few years after the beginning of the war, and carried the place by assault. The island, having been successively in the hands of the Spaniards, Dutch and English, exhibits a strange mixture in population, and a still greater mixture in respect to language. Dutch, Spanish, English, French, are all spoken ; either separately, or confounded with a Creole jargon of African origin. The distance of only forty or fifty

miles from the main-land makes Curaçoa well situated for intercourse with the whole of the neighbouring coast ; and, as long as the condition of Venezuela remains unsettled, the shippers of British merchandize will be induced to deposit their property, in the first instance at least, under the protection of British law at Curaçoa. This island is less unhealthy than most of our West-India settlements, the moderate height of the hills permitting a free circulation of air, and the soil being of a kind which speedily absorbs moisture :

" The regular defence of the island," says the author, " was, at this time, entrusted almost entirely to a black regiment, the Eighth West-Indian, which had been stationed here upwards of six months. I saw it under arms, and was struck by its steadiness and appearance ; at the same time, that a long line of black faces, in the English military dress, produced a singular effect. Previous to its arrival, the inhabitants were in the utmost dread of such defenders, and witnessed the departure of the last European battalion with the most gloomy forebodings. Such, however, had been the discipline and good conduct of these black soldiers, as to form a striking and most favourable contrast with their predecessors. Robberies, quarrels, and drunkenness were far less frequent than before ; and the inhabitants, instead of apprehension and mistrust, were becoming inclined to regard them as the most peaceable regiment they had yet seen. The remembrance of the horrors of St. Domingo, however, still haunts the mind of every colonist of the West-Indies. In the hurry of alarm, and in the midst of prejudice, the atrocities committed at St. Domingo are attributed to the negroes, merely because they were black men, and not because they were ignorant slaves, suddenly made free. It is forgotten that colour has nothing to do with the question, and that atrocities at least equal, and proceeding from the very same source, were committed at Paris, Nantz, Lyons, and Toulon."

Proceeding from Curaçoa to the Main, Mr. Semplé landed at La Guayra, a sea-port placed at the foot of lofty mountains, which rise behind it with an ascent apparently perpendicular.—This town, though at a considerable distance from the city of Caracas, serves as its port, and contains about 8000 inhabitants : but it is badly built, and offers nothing deserving the attention of the traveller. What is called the harbour is a mere roadstead, open to the north and east, and only slightly sheltered to the west. During winter, La Guayra is not unhealthy, but in the summer months the case is far otherwise. In that season, the heat reflected from the mountains is intolerable to Europeans, and the fever makes dreadful ravages among those who have not been long inured to the climate. The use of carriages for the conveyance of goods being unknown, all packages must be reduced to such a size as to admit of being placed on the backs of mules ;

180 lbs. being the general burden for each. Mr. Semple, having determined to see the country at leisure, set out for Caracas on foot :

"For about a mile," he says, "the road continues along the shore until we reach Macuta, a neat and pleasant village, close upon the sea, where most of the richer inhabitants of La Guayra have houses. Here the mountains recede a little from the shore, and leave a small opening, certainly better adapted for the situation of the port than the rude spot on which it has been built. I have little doubt that Macuta will one day surpass La Guayra in size, as it now does in neatness and regularity. In the steepest parts it ascends by zigzags ; but sometimes it is so narrow, that two loaded mules cannot pass each other ; and the banks are high and steep on each side. We continue constantly to ascend. At the height of about a thousand feet, we begin to breathe already a lighter and cooler air ; and, turning back, enjoy the view of Macuta and the coast beneath our feet. We see the white breakers along the shore, and hear their noise, which now sounds like a hollow murmur among the woods which begin to crown the steepes. Here and there spots are cleared away, plantations are formed, and the experienced eye can distinguish the various hues of the fields of coffee, sugar, or maize. As we advance, the steepness increases, so that the mules, and even the foot traveller, can only proceed by crossing obliquely from side to side ; and even that is attended with difficulty after rain or heavy dews, on account of the smooth round stones with which the road is paved. But the great and enlivening change experienced in the state of the atmosphere removes all difficulties. Never within the tropics had I before breathed so pure and so cool an air. Instead of the stifling heat of the coast, where the slightest exertion was attended with profuse perspiration, I walked fast for joy, and thought myself in England. It was four o'clock in the afternoon when I left La Guayra, and it was now become dark when I reached La Venta, or the inn, a poor house, but well known upon the road as being about half way between Caracas and the Port. It is situated at the height of about 3600 English feet above the level of the sea, at which elevation the heat is never oppressive. Here, having supped and drank large draughts of delicious cold water, I repaired to sleep, unmolested by heat or mosquitoes. At three o'clock, being a fine moonlight morning, we resumed our journey, having still a considerable distance to ascend, although the worst of the road was now past. In an hour we had passed the highest point of the road, and proceeded along an uneven ridge of two or three miles before beginning to descend towards the valley of Caracas. When we had passed the ridge, and were descending towards Caracas, the day began to dawn. Never had I seen a more interesting prospect. A valley, upwards of twenty miles in length, inclosed by lofty mountains, unfolded itself by degrees to my eyes. A small river, which ran through the whole length of it, was marked by a line of mist along the bottom of the valley. Beneath my feet was the town of Caracas, although only its church towers were visible, arising above the light mist in which it lay buried.

We entered the town about six o'clock. After passing the first rows of houses, I was struck with the neatness and regularity of most of the streets, which were well paved, and far superior to any thing I had yet seen in the West-Indies. In the principal Posada, or inn, kept by a Genoese, I found every accommodation that could be here reasonably expected; and indeed for some days the constant sensation of refreshing coolness in the mornings and evenings, as well as throughout the night, was of itself a luxury which seemed to have all the charms of novelty, and left no room for petty complaints.

"Santiago de Leon de Caracas, the capital of the whole Captain Generalship of Caracas, is situated in long.  $66^{\circ} 46'$  west, and lat.  $10^{\circ} 30'$  north, at an elevation of nearly 2000 feet above the level of the sea. The ground on which it stands slopes regularly down to the Guayra, a small river which bounds it on the south. Besides its inclination to the south, the ground slopes also to the east, and is, consequently, upon the whole, extremely well calculated for contributing to the health and convenience of a large town. After a heavy shower of rain, every street pours a muddy torrent into the Guayra, or the Anauco; but in a few minutes all is again dry, and we find the whole town suddenly rendered cleaner than could be effected by the utmost labour in any other not similarly situated.

"The streets are in general about a hundred yards apart, and as they intersect each other at right angles, the whole town is, by this means, divided into square portions, called *Quadras*. When one of these is left unoccupied by houses, there remains, of course, a Plaza, or open square, occupying the same space as the *Quadra*.

"There are several squares in Caracas; but none of them worthy of notice, except the Plaza Mayor, or great square, where the market for fruits, vegetables, fish, and other smaller articles, is held. The east side is principally occupied by the cathedral, the south by the college, and the west by the public prison. Within these is, as it were, another square, formed principally by ranges of low shops. In this square may be seen the fruits which we have been accustomed to consider as peculiar to very different climates, all brought from the distance of a few leagues. The banana, the pine apple, and the sapadillo, are mingled with the apple, the pear, and the chesnut. The potatoe and the plantain, fresh provisions, which seem to belong to the temperate zones, and those kinds of fish which are peculiar to tropical seas, are here offered for sale on the same spot. Here, in ascending from the shore of the ocean, to these elevated and temperate regions, we experience in a short lapse of time what seems to belong only to long intervals of space; and pass in a few hours from the torrid to the finest climates of the temperate zones."

"The population of Caracas is upwards of forty thousand, of which about one third are whites. Among the remainder are a very few Indians; but the mixture of Indian blood is general. Almost all the handicrafts are carried on by freed-men of colour, who are in general ingenious, but indolent and indifferent to the highest degree. They promise, without the smallest intention of performing, and appear perfectly unmoved when reproached with their falsehood.

"The college is the only public institution for education; and hither all the youth of Caracas of the better classes are sent for that purpose. A few common Latin authors, catechisms, and the Lives of Saints, are the chief studies. A free mode of thinking is, however, rapidly spreading among the young men, and may hereafter produce the most important effects:

"The elevated situation of the valley of Caracas, and the purity and lightness of the air, have a material effect upon the physical and moral character of the inhabitants, and distinguish them advantageously from the natives of the coast. As the original Indians here were celebrated among the surrounding tribes, the same may be affirmed of the present race of Caracas, that they are superior in activity and intelligence to the inhabitants of most of the other towns in the province."

The advantages of climate, however, have been hitherto counteracted in Caracas by moral defects, by the want of good education, and by the undue ascendancy of an ignorant priesthood. To judge from the behaviour of the inhabitants in mercantile transactions, we are forced to pronounce them callous to the impressions of that Spanish honour which was once so proverbial; and rudeness, it must be confessed, is often joined in them to insincerity. Of the women, the dress and manners are exact counter-parts of those of Old Spain; and in Caracas, as in the parent-state, going to mass seems to be the grand occupation of the morning. They are in general good looking, and of pleasing address, but not exempted from those censures on domestic conduct which attach to many of their country-women in the peninsula. Music affords a favourite occupation to both sexes at Caracas. The frequent employment of solemn and of sprightly music in the rites of the Roman Catholic religion, is favourable to the cultivation of that delightful accomplishment; and Mr. Semple is disposed to consider it as much farther advanced in Caracas than in any city of the Anglo-American states. In no country is the pageantry of the Catholic worship more implicitly admired than here—gilded images carried in procession—churches adorned with vessels of gold and silver, and dazzling with lights—in short, whatever exhibits a brilliant show constitutes an object of the utmost interest to all ranks.

It unfortunately happens that the harbours along the whole of this coast are bad, with the single exception of the Puerto Cabello. As the road from Caracas to that sea-port leads through a picturesque country, Mr. Semple set out on a journey to visit it, accompanied by a friend. In their progress, they met several parties of Indians, chiefly young women, on the way to seek for work in the coffee-plantation near Carracas. Their wages are between two and three reals (about a quarter of a dollar) per day,

in addition to their food : their colour was yellowish, inclining to copper ; their lips were thick ; and the general air of both sexes was heavy and inanimate. In a country which is destitute of roads, the produce of the soil is carried to market on the backs of men or of quadrupeds ; and the Indians are accordingly accustomed, from their youth, to traverse mountains and valleys with burdens which appear surprising to an European. At Victoria, the first town of any magnitude on the road, Mr. Semple was struck with the interesting sight of wheat and sugar-canes growing close together. The wheat was green, (in January) and promised a good crop ; while fields of Otaheitan sugar-canes inclosed it all around, without being separated from the corn even by a trench. Sugar is very generally cultivated in this quarter ; but, in course, only for home-consumption—the rude condition of the arts of manufacture, as well as of the means of transport, rendering the idea of export a project for a future age. Not far from Victoria is Maracai, a well built town of 10,000 inhabitants, which, forty years ago, “ was little better than a hamlet.” It stands at no great distance from the eastern end of the lake of Valencia ; a beautiful expanse of water, larger than Lochlomond, and not unlike it, either in number of islands or in the height of the surrounding mountains. So backward are the knowledge and habits of the people, that a solitary bark which our traveller described, at a distance, on the lake, was the only vessel which had ever been known to navigate its waters with a sail—canoes only having been hitherto employed. The whole of the extensive plain of Valencia has the appearance of having formerly been under water. The town of that name contains about 10,000 inhabitants, and forms a point of communication between Puerto Cabello and the inland country. It was here that the bloodshed of last year principally took place ; the inhabitants being, in a great measure, either natives of Old Spain, or immediate descendants of such, and obnoxious, consequently, to the revolutionists of Caracas. A great proportion of them has since been obliged to emigrate, an event by which the district has been deprived of its most active citizens ; the Spaniards who settle in America being chiefly Biscayans and Catalans, and far superior in industry to the majority of their countrymen.

After having crossed the chain of mountains which form the bulwark of the province of Caracas against the sea, Mr. Semple reached the end of his journey at Puerto Cabello :

“ Puerto Cabello stands upon a small neck of land, which has been cut through, and thus formed into an artificial island. A bridge crosses this cut, and affords entrance to the original city, which is small, but tolerably well built and fortified. The harbour is formed by a low island to the north-west, and banks covered with mangrove trees, which

shelter it on every side—it is deep and capacious. An excellent wharf, faced with stone, allows of vessels of a large burthen being laid close alongside of it; and as they can be easily and securely fastened to the shore, anchors are here seldom necessary. This harbour and La Guayra form a striking contrast. Here vessels lie, as in a small smooth lake, while the waves break high upon the outside of the island, and along the shore. In return for this, the worm makes great ravages in the bottom of such ships as are not coppered. In no part of the world is it more destructive; and a small vessel, left unattended, in a very few months would founder at her moorings from this cause alone. To the south-east of the town the flats are annually flooded by the rains; and the exhalations from them are very probably the cause of the destructive fevers which so frequently rage here in the summer and autumn months. Few strangers can then visit this port with impunity, or at least without great danger; and there have been instances of vessels losing the greater part of their crews in a very short time. The suburbs now exceed the town in population and extent, but still retain their low and mean appearance, and are subject to the original stipulations in case of danger. A great proportion of the houses have no upper story; and the population being almost entirely coloured, a stranger is more apt to consider the whole as a large Indian village than as part of an European settlement."

"Thus," says Mr. Semple, "have we traversed a small but interesting portion of the Continent of America. Every where we have found a fertile soil, and, except in particular spots upon the coast, a pure and healthy air. Even the unwholesomeness of these situations is compensated by their exuberant fertility, and by the gradual adaptation of the inhabitants to the atmosphere in which they live. With little labour, man here earns an easy subsistence." "Four leagues to the eastward of Caracas, on a gentle eminence, from which springs gush forth, stands a pleasant village, originally inhabited entirely by Indians. To the westward, on the other hand, on the opposite side of the Guayra, in a small recess of the mountains, a white church tower, surrounded by huts, points out an establishment, formed by the Missionaries. All throughout the valley are plantations of sugar, coffee, and maize. The use of the plough is unknown. All work is done by the spade and the hoe, and chiefly by slaves. The lighter work is performed by Indians and free labourers, which last class is increasing rapidly. Maize and plantains form the basis of their food, to which are added beef and garlic. The maize is generally eaten in the form of cakes, being first soaked, deprived of the husk, and then ground, or rather rubbed into a moist paste, by means of a roller, and a smooth curved slab of stone. This operation falls to the lot of the women. Beef seldom exceeds two-pence sterling per pound; but poultry is scarce and dear—a Spanish dollar being frequently the price of a common fowl. Mutton is unknown. Although this country has been colonized for nearly three centuries, the sheep has not yet been introduced upon these mountains, where it could not fail to multiply rapidly. The flesh of goats is used instead; which, although sufficiently palatable when young, can never be compared for flavour, de-

licacy, and nutriment, with that of the sheep. The mode of cooking is entirely Spanish, oil and garlic being necessary ingredients in most dishes, and both being imported, in large quantities, for that purpose. At the close of all entertainments, great quantities of sweetmeats are used, of which the Créoles are exceedingly fond. In lieu of sweetmeats, the common people use coarse sugar, in the form of loaves, called *papelón*. It is also customary at feasts, even at the best tables, for the guests to pocket fruits and other articles, as I have witnessed to my great surprize. Although, generally, a sober race, on these occasions they drink liberally of strong liquors, in bumpers, to each other, or to favourite political toasts; a custom which they appear to have borrowed from the English. This they do standing up; or walking about, recurring to the table, at intervals. Meantime the ladies sit mingled with them, or in a contiguous apartment, the doors of which are open.

“ Almost the whole commerce of the country is carried on by European Spaniards, and by *islenos*, or islanders, from the Canaries.— They buy and sell, are the merchants and the shop-keepers, in all the towns. A spirit of union, and frequently an impenetrable provincial dialect, binds them together, and gives them great advantages in all their transactions. The European, who expects to see a number of purchasers in competition, is frequently surprised to find only one or two, until the bargain being completed, the whole who were interested in it, appear. The manners of the towns, and in the interior, differ greatly, or rather they belong to different periods in the progress of society. After passing the great chain of mountains which borders all this coast, from the Gulph of Venezuela to that of Paria, we come to immense plains, devoid of trees, known by the general name of *Las Llanos*, or the Plains. These plains afford pasturage to innumerable cattle, the proprietors of which reside in the great towns, leaving them to the care of slaves, or people of colour. Hence a population is rapidly forming of a character wholly different from that of the immediate descendants of Europeans, or the natives of the coast. A bold and lawless race, accustomed to be always on horseback, and living nearly in a state of nature, wander over these plains. Among them are many professed robbers, who render travelling dangerous, and are already beginning to form into small bands. They live almost entirely on the flesh of cattle, without regarding to whom they belong; killing an animal at every meal, and after satisfying their hunger, leaving the remainder of the carcase to the birds of prey and the wild animals of the desert. In the villages and small towns, thinly scattered over these plains, great dissoluteness of morals prevails. The mixture of races is a source of endless corruption; to which are joined a climate inducing indolence and voluptuousness, and the total absence of all refined methods of passing time away. The highest delight both to women and men is to swing about in their hammocks, and smoke cigars. Gambling to excess, and tormenting of bulls, are their principal amusements. Religion has no beneficial effect upon their morals; if they commit sins, they confess them and are forgiven. To all this is joined an apathy which is astonishing. Liveliness forms

no part of their character ; on the contrary, they generally speak in a mild and drawling tone, which gives the highest idea of indifference, and almost of a disinclination to the trouble of opening their mouths."

The vice of gambling, we are sorry to find, is as prevalent in the best cultivated part of the province as in the interior. Parties formed on purpose, are to be seen at the *Posados* (inns) from morning to night, and all the agitation excited by this miserable vice is daily displayed. Even the planters forsake their tranquil occupation and the beautiful scenery around them, to immerse themselves in painful alternations of hope and fear. Those who live remote from towns make their way to the *pulperia*, a rude country establishment which combines the different characteristics of a shop, a farm, and an inn. These houses are generally kept by natives of Biscay or Catalonia, who begin their Transatlantic career by selling victuals, liquors, and clothes, but, in progress of time, find means to move into town, and to devote themselves, as their circumstances improve, to more reputable business in the sale of manufactured goods.

From the description of local scenery and manners, Mr. Semple passes to the events of the late revolution in Caracas. A party has long existed in that province, determined to embrace the first opportunity of establishing their independence, and of withdrawing all allegiance from the King of Spain. The irruption of Bonaparte into the peninsula, presented too flattering an opportunity to pass over ; and, after having prepared the public mind, step by step, the Congress of Venezuela issued, on the 1st July, 1811, a decided declaration of independence. On this event, many functionaries attached to the mother-country, resigned their offices ; and several inhabitants of the same way of thinking quitted the country : while, of the lower ranks, some were so imprudent as to become parties to conspiracies. The plots were discovered, the ringleaders were executed, and a pretext was unfortunately afforded to the democrats for imprisoning and banishing many colonists of Spanish birth. These measures were followed by a declaration of open war against Coro, a city of consequence, and, in former ages, the metropolis of the province. Ever since its loss of sovereignty, a serious animosity has continued to subsist between it, and its successful rival, Caracas. Next followed the siege of Valencia ; which, though terminating successfully for the democrats, must be regarded as sowing the seeds of future discontent and hostility. The male population of Caracas is now regularly armed and exercised ; all hereditary titles are dropped, and the appellation of *citizen* is generally adopted. Like other Spanish Americans, they are fond of appealing to the United States as an example, and seem

inclined to imitate closely the form of their constitution. It must be confessed, however, that they are by no means equally well fitted for the enjoyment of independence: in proof of which we need go no farther than the history of their respective revolutions. In North-America, during a long struggle, no blood was shed but in the field; while, in the South, we have seen, in the short space of three years, legal executions both precede and follow the slaughter of the battle. Europe, says Mr. Semplé, will soon lose her despotic sway over America, but we must not flatter ourselves that the æra of American happiness is therefore about to commence. Revenge rankles between neighbouring provinces, and is likely to be kept up by the unfortunate distinction of classes. Spanish America will, in all probability, be divided into a variety of petty states and governments: a wide field will be opened to the exertion of military and diplomatic talents; and the restless Europeans will be tempted to enter on the career of ambition, in the hope of obtaining rewards almost equal to those of the first conquerors.

Mr. Semplé has subjoined to his narrative an appendix, containing the official despatches relative to the insurrections in Venezuela. In considering these, and the other broils in different quarters of Spanish America, he is induced to ask what, during all this contention, has been the language of Great Britain? Merely, "let us trade with you." All our negotiations in South America may be reduced, he adds, to this single object; which, in his opinion, is by no means worthy of the high rank that we hold. We must not, therefore, be surprized, he observes, if our conduct should hereafter be attributed to the calculating prudence of a commercial people. The idea of not interfering in any way was magnanimous; but it should, says Mr. Semplé, have been strictly maintained or abandoned only for objects of the first necessity. He concludes with some hints to our government on a method of acquiring influence over the new states of South America, by pursuing a course wholly different from that which we have hitherto judged to be politic with respect to colonies. Agreeing with him that our colonial policy is founded on very mistaken principles, we are disposed to go a step farther, and to express an opinion that it is not our interest to covet *any political influence* in Trans-atlantic states; since, distant as they are, their alliance or co-operation cannot be subservient to the promotion of any projects that are either necessary or salutary to Great Britain. However dignified the attitude we may hold towards the Continent of Europe, all that we should desire of America is commercial connection—a connection not to be kept up by diplomatic dexterity, but by the plain business-like rule of making it their interest to deal with us. Now the way and the only

way to do this, is to supply them with manufactured goods as cheap as any other country, and at long credit ; points in which we are as yet superior to our European neighbours, in spite of the indefatigable exertions of those bold politicians among us who are not satisfied with a twenty years' continuance of hostility, but would disdain to listen to peace till they had exhausted "every resource of warfare and taxation."

The effects of the recent earthquake, though greatly exaggerated, have been very serious both at Caracas and La Guayra.—The loss of lives appears not to fall short of 3000 in the former city, and 1500 in the latter. Valencia, Victoria, and Puerto Cabello, have sustained, we understand, little damage.

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FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

*The Isle of Palma, and other Poems.* By John Wilson. 8vo. p. 415. Edinburgh and London. 1812.

THIS is a new recruit to the company of lake poets ;—and one who, from his present bearing, promises, we think, not only to do them good service, and to rise to high honours in the corps ; but to raise its name, and advance its interests even among the tribes of the unbelievers. Though he wears openly the badge of their peculiarities, and professes the most humble devotion to their great captain, Mr. Wordsworth, we think he has kept clear of several of the faults that may be imputed to his preceptors ; and assumed, upon the whole, a more attractive and conciliating air, than the leaders he has chosen to follow. He has the same predilection, indeed, for engrafting powerful emotions on ordinary occurrences ; and the same tendency to push all his emotions a great deal too far—the same disdain of all worldly enjoyments and pursuits—and the same occasional mistakes, as to energy and simplicity of diction, which characterize the works of his predecessors. But he differs from them in this very important particular, that though he does generally endeavour to raise a train of lofty and pathetic sensations upon very trifling incidents and familiar objects, and frequently pursues them to a great height of extravagance and exaggeration, he is scarcely ever guilty of the offence of building them upon a foundation that is ludicrous or purely fantastic. He makes more, to be sure, of a sleeping child, or a lonely cataract—and flies into greater raptures about female purity and moonlight landscapes, and fine dreams, and flowers, and singing-birds—than most other poets permit themselves to do,—though it is of the very essence of poetry to be enraptured with such things :—But he does not break out into any ecstasies about

spades or sparrow's eggs—or men gathering leeches—or women in duffle cloaks—or plates and porringers—or washing tubs—or any of those baser themes which poetry was always permitted to disdain, without any impeachment of her affability, till Mr. Wordsworth thought fit to force her into an acquaintance with them.

Though Mr. Wilson may be extravagant, therefore, he is not perverse; and though the more sober part of his readers may not be able to follow him to the summit of his sublimer sympathies, they cannot be offended at the invitation, or even refuse to grant him their company to a certain distance on the journey. The objects for which he seeks to interest them, are all objects of natural interest; and the emotions which he connects with them, are, in some degree, associated with them in all reflecting minds. It is the great misfortune of Mr. Wordsworth, on the contrary, that he is exceedingly apt to make choice of subjects, which are not only unfit in themselves to excite any serious emotion, but naturally present themselves to ordinary minds as altogether ridiculous; and, consequently, to revolt and disgust his readers by an appearance of paltry affectation, or incomprehensible conceit. We have the greatest respect for the genius of Mr. Wordsworth, and the most sincere veneration for all we have heard of his character; but it is impossible to contemplate the injury he has done to his reputation by this poor ambition of originality, without a mixed sensation of provocation and regret. We are willing to take it for granted, that the spades and the eggs, and the tubs which he commemorates, actually suggested to him all the emotions and reflexions of which he has chosen to make them the vehicles; but they surely are not the only objects which have suggested similar emotions; and we really cannot understand why the circumstance of their being quite unfit to suggest them to any other person, should have recommended them as their best accompaniments in an address to the public. We do not want Mr. Wordsworth to write like Pope or Prior, nor to dedicate his muse to subjects which he does not himself think interesting. We are prepared, on the contrary, to listen with a far deeper delight to the songs of his mountain solitude, and to gaze on his mellow pictures of simple happiness and affection, and his lofty sketches of human worth and energy; and we only beg, that we may have these nobler elements of his poetry, without the debasement of childish language, mean incidents, and incongruous images. We will not run the risk of offending him, by hinting at the prosperity of Scott, or Campbell, or Crabbe; but he cannot be scandalized, we think, if we refer him to the example of the dutiful disciple and fervent admirer who is now before us; and intreat him to consider whether he may not conscientiously abstain from those

peculiarities which even Mr. Wilson has not thought it safe to imitate.

Mr. Wilson is not free from some of the faults of diction, which we think belong to his school. He is occasionally mystical, and not seldom childish: But he has less of these peculiarities than most of his associates: and there is one more important fault from which, we think, he has escaped altogether. We allude now to the offensive assumption of exclusive taste, judgment and morality which pervades most of the writings of this tuneful brotherhood. There is a tone of tragic, keen and intolerant reprobation in all the censures they bestow, that is not a little alarming to ordinary sinners. Every thing they do not like is accursed, and pestilent, and inhuman; and they can scarcely differ from any body upon a point of criticism, politics or metaphysics, without wondering what a heart he must have; and expressing, not merely dissent, but loathing and abhorrence. Neither is it very difficult to perceive, that they think it barely possible for any one to have any just notion of poetry, any genuine warmth of affection or philanthropy, or any large views as to the true principles of happiness and virtue, who does not agree with them in most of their vagaries, and live a life very nearly akin to that which they have elected for themselves. The inhabitants of towns, therefore, and most of those who are engaged in the ordinary business or pleasures of society, are cast off without ceremony as *demoralized* and *denaturalized* beings; and it would evidently be a considerable stretch of charity in these new apostles of taste and wisdom, to believe that any one of this description could have a genuine relish for the beauties of nature—could feel any ardent or devoted attachment to another,—or even comprehend the great principles upon which private and public virtue must be founded.—Mr. Wilson, however, does not seem to believe in the necessity of this extraordinary monopoly; but speaks with a tone of indulgent and open sociality, which is as engaging as the jealous and assuming manner of some of his models is offensive. The most striking characteristic, indeed, as well as the great charm, of the volume before us, is the spirit of warm and unaffected philanthropy which breathes over every page of it.—that delighted tenderness with which the writer dwells on the bliss of childhood, and the dignity of female innocence—and that young enthusiasm which leads him to luxuriate in the description of beautiful nature and the joys of a life of retirement. If our readers can contrive to combine these distinguishing features with our general reference of the author to the school of Wordsworth and Southey, they will have as exact a conception of his poetical character as can be necessary to prepare them for a more detailed account of the works that are now offered to their perusal.

The most considerable of these is 'The Isle of Palma,' which, though it engrosses the whole title-page, fills considerably less than half the volume,—and perhaps not the most attractive half. It is a strange, wild story of two lovers that were wrecked in the Indian Sea, and marvellously saved on an uninhabited, but lovely island, when all the rest of the crew were drowned;—of their living there, in peace and blessedness, for six or seven years—and being at last taken off, with a lovely daughter, who had come to cheer their solitude—by an English ship of war, and landed in the arms of the lady's mother, who had passed the long interval of their absence in one unremitting agony of hope and despair. This, in point of fact, is the whole of the story,—and nearly all the circumstances that are detailed in the four long cantos which cover the first 180 pages of the volume before us: For never, certainly, was there a poem, pretending to have a story, in which there was so little narrative; and in which the descriptions and reflections bore such a monstrous proportion to the facts and incidents out of which they arise. This piece is in irregular rhymed verse, like the best parts of Mr. Southey's *Kehama*: to which, indeed, it bears a pretty close resemblance, both in the luxuriance of the descriptions, the tenderness of the thoughts, the copiousness of the diction, and the occasional harmony of the versification,—though it is perhaps still more diffuse and redundant. To some of our readers, this intimation will be quite enough; but the majority, we believe, will be glad to hear a little more of it.

The first canto describes the gallant ship, in the third month of her outward bound voyage, sailing over the quiet sea in a lovely moonlight evening, and the two lovers musing and conversing on the deck. There are great raptures about the beauty of the ship and the moon,—and pretty characters of the youth and the maiden in the same tone of ecstasy. Just as the sky is kindling with the summer dawn, and the freshness of morning rippling over the placid waters, the vessel strikes on a sunken rock, and goes down almost instantly. This catastrophe is described, we think, with great force and effect;—allowance being always made for the peculiarities of the school to which the author belongs. He begins with a view of the ship just before the accident.

“ Her giant-form

O'er wrathful surge, through blackening storm,  
Majestically calm, would go  
Mid the deep darkness white as snow!  
But gently now the small waves glide  
Like playful lambs o'er mountain's side.  
So stately her bearing, so proud her array,  
The main she will traverse for ever and aye.  
Many ports will exult at the gleam of her mast!

—Hush! hush! thou vain dreamer! this hour is her last.

Five hundred souls in one instant of dread  
Are hurried o'er the deck;  
And fast the miserable ship  
Becomes a lifeless wreck.  
Her keel hath struck on a hidden rock,  
Her planks are torn asunder,  
And down come her masts with a reeling shock,  
And a hideous crash like thunder.  
Her sails are draggled in the brine  
That gladdened late the skies,  
And her pendant that kiss'd the fair moonshine  
Down many a fathom lies.  
Her beauteous sides, whose rainbow hues  
Gleam'd softly from below,  
And flung a warm and sunny flush  
O'er the wreaths of murmuring snow,  
To the coral rocks are hurrying down  
To sleep amid colours as bright as their own.

Oh! many a dream was in the ship  
An hour before her death;  
And sights of home with sighs disturb'd  
The sleepers' long-drawn breath.  
Instead of the murmur of the sea  
The sailor heard the humming tree  
Alive through all its leaves,  
The hum of the spreading sycamore  
That grows before his cottage-door,  
And the swallow's song in the caves.  
His arms inclosed a blooming boy,  
Who listen'd with tears of sorrow and joy  
To the dangers his father had pass'd;  
And his wife—by turns she wept and smiled,  
As she look'd on the father of her child  
Return'd to her heart at last.

—He wakes at the vessel's sudden roll,  
And the rush of waters is in his soul." p. 32--34

"Now is the ocean's bosom bare,  
Unbroken as the floating air;  
The ship hath melted quite away,  
Like a struggling dream at break of day.  
No image meets my wandering eye  
But the new-risen sun, and the sunny sky.  
Though the night-shades are gone, yet a vapour dull  
Bedims the waves so beautiful;  
While a low and melancholy moan  
Mourns for the glory that hath flown." p. 36.

The second canto begins with a very absurd expostulation to

the Moon, for having let the good ship be lost after shining so sweetly upon it. Nothing but the singular infatuation which seems to be epidemic on the banks of Winander, could have led a man of Mr. Wilson's abilities to write such lines as the following.

"Oh vain belief! most beauteous as thou art,  
Thy heavenly visage hides a cruel heart."

And a little after,

"Wilt thou not then thy once-lov'd vessel miss,  
And wish her happy, now that she is gone?  
But then, sad moon! too late thy grief will be;  
Fair as thou art, thou can'st not move the sea."

After this wild fit, however, has spent itself, we are conducted to a little sea-beat rock, where the unhappy lover finds himself stretched in horrible solitude; and where, in a sort of entranced slumber, he has a vision of a blissful land, over which he seems to wander with his beloved. On opening his eyes, he finds her actually leaning over him; and, by and by, the ship's pinnace comes floating alongside, with its oars and sails ready for immediate service. They embark with holy hope and confidence; and, at the close of evening, reach a shady and solitary shore, where they kneel down and return thanks to Providence.

The third canto is filled almost entirely with the description of this enchanted island, and of the blissful life which these lovers lived in its beautiful seclusion; and, certainly, a more glowing picture of Elysium has not often been brought before us, than is contained in these pages: such shades and flowers—and wooded steeps—and painted birds—and sunny bays and cascades—and dewy vales and thickets—and tufted lawns!—The following are but cold and tame citations.

"There, groves that bloom in endless spring  
Are rustling to the radiant wing  
Of birds, in various plumage bright  
As rainbow-hues, or dawning light.  
Soft-falling showers of blossoms fair  
Float ever on the fragrant air,  
Like showers of vernal snow,  
And from the fruit-tree, spreading tall,  
The richly ripen'd clusters fall  
Off as sea-breezes blow.  
The sun and clouds alone possess  
The joy of all that loveliness.  
How silent lies each shelter'd bay!  
No other visitors have they

To their shores of silvery sand,  
Than the waves that, murmuring in their glee,  
All hurrying in a joyful band  
Come dancing from the sea." p. 75, 76.

"Like fire, strange flowers around them flame,  
Sweet, harmless fire, breathed from some magic urn,  
The silky gossamer that may not burn,  
Too wildly beautiful to bear a name.  
And when the Ocean sends a breeze,  
To wake the music sleeping in the trees,  
Trees scarce they seem to be; for many a flower,  
Radiant as dew, or ruby polish'd bright,  
Glances on every spray, that bending light  
Around the stem, in variegated bows,  
Appear like some awakened fountain-shower,  
That with the colours of the evening glows.

And towering o'er these beauteous woods,  
Gigantic rocks were ever dimly seen,  
Breaking with solemn gray the tremulous green,  
And frowning far in castellated pride;  
While, hastening to the Ocean, hoary floods  
Sent up a thin and radiant mist between,  
Softening the beauty that it could not hide.  
Lo! higher still the stately Palm-trees rise,  
Chequering the clouds with their unbending stems,  
And o'er the clouds amid the dark-blue skies,  
Lifting their rich unfading diadems." p. 87, 88.

On the first Sabbath day, they take each other for husband and wife; and five or six years pass over, the reader does not well know how;—and still we find them enraptured with their flowers and their birds, and their own prayers, songs, and meditations. All at once a fairy child comes singing down a mountain, in a frock of peacock's feathers;—and we find they have a lovely daughter.

"Sing on! Sing on! It is a lovely air.  
Well could thy mother sing it when a maid:  
Yet strange it is in this wild Indian glade,  
To list a tune that breathes of nothing there,  
A tune that by his mountain springs,  
Beside his slumbering lambkins fair,  
The Cambrian shepherd sings.

Up yon steep hill's unbroken side,  
Behold the little Fairy glide.  
Though free her breath, untired her limb,  
For through the air she seems to swim,  
Yet oft she stops to look behind  
On them below;—till with the wind

She flies again, and on the hill-top far  
 Shines like the spirit of the evening star.  
 Nor lingers long : as if a sight  
 Half-fear, half-wonder, urged her flight,  
 In rapid motion, winding still  
 To break the steepness of the hill,  
 With leaps, and springs, and outstretch'd arms,  
 More graceful in her vain alarms,  
 The child outstrips the Ocean gale,  
 In haste to tell her wondrous tale.  
 Her parents' joyful hearts admire,  
 Of peacock's plumes her glancing tirc,  
 All bright with tiny suns,  
 And the gleaming of the feathery gold,  
 That play along each wavy fold  
 Of her mantle as she runs." p. 113, 114, 115.

The blessed babe comes to tell of a strange sight she has seen  
 on the sea ; and her father soon discovers it to be a ship steering  
 towards their shore.

" ' How beautiful upon the wave  
 ' The vessel sails, who comes to save !  
 ' Fitting it was that first she shone  
 ' Before the wondering eyes of one,  
 ' So beautiful as thou.  
 ' See how before the wind she goes,  
 ' Scattering the waves like melting snows !' &c.  
 They cast their eyes around the isle :  
 But what a change is there !  
 For ever fled that *lonely* smile  
 That lay on earth and air,  
 That made its haunts so still and holy,  
 Almost for bliss too melancholy,  
 For life too wildly fair.  
 Gone—gone is all its loneliness,  
 And with it much of loveliness.  
 Into each deep glen's dark recess,  
 The day-shine pours like rain,  
 So strong and sudden is the light  
 Reflected from that wonder bright,  
 Now tilting o'er the Main.  
 Soon as the thundering cannon spoke,  
 The voice of the evening-gun,  
 The spell of the enchantment broke,  
 Like dew beneath the sun." p. 118, 119.

The fourth and last canto carries us back to England, and to  
 the woes of the despairing mother, whose daughter had embark-  
 ed so many years before, in that ill-fated ship, of which no tidings

had ever reached her home. After pining in agony for years in her native Wales, she had been drawn by an irresistible impulse to take up her abode in the sea-port from which she had seen her beloved child depart, and to gaze daily on the devouring waters in which she believed her to be entombed. The following lines we think are pathetic.

“ And now that seven long years are flown,  
 Though spent in anguish and alone,  
 How short the time appears !  
 She looks upon the billowy main,  
 And the parting-day returns again.  
 Each breaking wave she knows ;  
 And when she listens to the tide,  
 Her child seems standing by her side ;  
 So like the past it flows.  
 She starts to hear the city bell ;  
 So toll'd it when they wept farewell !  
 She thinks the self-same smoke and cloud  
 The city domes and turrets shroud ;  
 The same keen flash of ruddy fire  
 Is burning on the lofty spire ;  
 The grove of masts is standing there  
 Unchanged, with all their ensigns fair ;  
 The same, the stir, the tumult, and the hum,  
 As from the city to the shore they come.” p. 157, 158.

As she is lingering one sunny day on the beach, a shout is raised for the approach of a long expected vessel ; and multitudes hurry out to meet their returning friends and relations. The unhappy mother flies, sick at heart, from the joyful scene of congratulations ; but strange murmurs pursue her in her retreat.

“ Dark words she hears among the crowd,  
 Of a ship that hath on board  
 Three christian souls, who on the coast  
 Of some wild land were wreck'd long years ago,  
 When all but they were in a tempest lost ;  
 And they are speaking of a child,  
 Who looks more beautifully wild  
 Than pictured fairy in Arabian tale ;  
 Wondrous her foreign garb, they say,  
 Adorn'd with starry plumage gay,  
 While round her head tall feathers play,  
 And dance with every gale.” p. 165, 166.

She turns in breathless impatience, and sees the sailors rushing eagerly to the embraces of their wives and children—but

"—No sailor, he, so fondly pressing  
 Yon fair child in his arms,  
 Her eyes, her brow, her bosom kissing,  
 And bidding her with many a blessing  
 To hush her vain alarms.  
 How fair that creature by his side!  
 Who smiles with languid glee,  
 Slow-kindling from a mother's pride!  
 Oh! thou alone may'st be  
 The mother of that fairy child.  
 These tresses dark, these eyes so wild,  
 That face with spirit beautified,  
 She owes them all to thee.  
 Silent and still the sailors stand,  
 To see the meeting strange that now befel.  
 Unwilling sighs their manly bosoms swell,  
 And o'er their eyes they draw the sun-burnt hand,  
 To hide the tears that grace their cheek so well." p. 167, 168.

They then all retire to the romantic shades of their native  
 Wales; and the piece concludes with another apostrophe to that  
 fairy child, who seems to have chiefly possessed the raised imagi-  
 nation of the author.

"O, happy parents of so sweet a child,  
 Your share of grief already have you known;  
 But long as that fair spirit is your own,  
 To either lot you must be reconciled,  
 Dear was she in yon palmy grove,  
 When fear and sorrow mingled with your love,  
 And oft you wished that she had ne'er been born;  
 While, in the most delightful air  
 Th' angelic infant sang, at times her voice,  
 That seem'd to make even lifeless things rejoice,  
 Woke, on a sudden, dreams of dim despair,  
 As if it breathed, "For me, an orphan, mourn!"  
 Now can they listen when she sings  
 With mournful voice of mournful things,  
 Almost too sad to hear;  
 And when she chaunts her evening-hymn,  
 Glad smile their eyes, even as they swim  
 With many a gushing tear.  
 Each day she seems to them more bright  
 And beautiful,—a gleam of light  
 That plays and dances o'er the shadowy earth!  
 It fadeth not in gloom or storm,—  
 For nature charter'd that aerial form  
 In yonder fair Isle when she bless'd her birth!  
 The Isle of Palms!—whose forests tower again,

Darkening with solemn shade the face of heaven!  
 Now far away they like the clouds are driven,  
 And as the passing night-wind dies my strain!" p. 178, 179.

We are rather unwilling to subjoin any remarks on a poem, of which, even from the slight account we have given of it, we are aware that the opinion of different readers will be so different. To those who delight in wit, sarcasm, and antithesis, the greater part of it will appear mere raving and absurdity;—to such as have an appetite chiefly for crowded incidents and complicated adventures, it will seem diffuse and empty;—and even by those who seek in poetry for the delineation of human feelings and affections, it will frequently be felt as too ornate and ostentatious. The truth is, that it has by far too much of the dreaminess and intoxication of the fancy about it, and is by far too much expanded; and though it will afford great delight to those who are most capable and most worthy of being delighted, there are none whom it will not sometimes dazzle with its glare, and sometimes weary with its repetitions.

The next poem in the volume is perhaps of a still more hazardous description. It is entitled 'The Angler's Tent;' and fills little less than thirty pages with the description of an afternoon's visit which the author had the pleasure of receiving from the simple inhabitants around Wast-Water, when he and Mr. Wordsworth and some other friends had pitched their tent on the banks of that sequestered lake, one beautiful Sunday, in the course of a fishing excursion among the mountains. It is one of the boldest experiments we have lately met with, of the possibility of maintaining the interest of a long poem without any extraordinary incident, or any systematic discussion: and, for our own parts, we are inclined to think that it is a successful one. There are few things, at least, which we have lately read, that have pleased or engaged us more than the picture of simple innocence and artless delight which is here drawn, with a truth and modesty of colouring far more attractive, in our apprehension, than the visionary splendours of the Isle of Palms. The novelty of the white tent, gleaming like an evening cloud by the edge of the still waters, had attracted the curiosity of the rustic worshippers, it seems, as they left the little chapel in the dell; and they came in successive groupes, by land and by water, to gaze on the splendid apparition. The kind-hearted anglers received them with all the gentleness and hospitality of Isaac Walton himself; and we sincerely compassionate the reader who is not both touched and soothed with the following amiable representation.

"And thus our tent a joyous scene became,  
 Where loving hearts from distant vales did meet

As at some rural festival, and greet  
 Each other with glad voice and kindly name.  
 Here a pleased daughter to her father smiled,  
 With fresh affection in her soften'd eyes;  
 He in return look'd back upon his child  
 With gentle start and tone of mild surprise :  
 And on his little grandchild, at her breast,  
 An old man's blessing and a kiss bestow'd,  
 Or to his cheek the lisping baby prest,  
 Light'ning the mother of her darling load;  
 While comely matrons, all sedately ranged  
 Close to their husbands, or their children's side,  
 A neighbour's friendly greeting interchanged,  
 And each her own with frequent glances eyed,  
 And raised her head in all a mother's harmless pride.  
 Happy were we among such happy hearts !  
 And to inspire with kindness and love  
 Our simple guests, ambitiously we strove,  
 With novel converse and endearing arts !  
 The gray-hair'd men with deep attention heard,  
 Viewing the speaker with a solemn face,  
 While round our feet the playful children stirr'd  
 And near their parents took their silent place,  
 Listening with looks where wonder breathed a glowing grace.  
 And much they gazed with never-tired delight  
 On varnish'd rod, with joints that shone like gold,  
 And silken line on glittering reel enroll'd,  
 To infant anglers a most wondrous sight !  
 Scarce could their chiding parents then control  
 Their little hearts in harmless malice gay,  
 But still one, bolder than his fellows, stole  
 To touch the tempting treasures where they lay.  
 What rapture glistened in their eager eyes,  
 When, with kind voice, we bade these children take  
 A precious store of well-dissembled flies,  
 To use with caution for the strangers' sake !  
 The unlook'd-for gift we graciously bestow  
 With sudden joy the leaping heart o'erpowers ;  
 They grasp the lines, while all their faces glow  
 Bright as spring blossoms after sunny showers,  
 And wear them in their hats like wreaths of valley flowers !"

p. 197, 199

The following picture of the mountain damsels is equally engaging.

" Well did the roses blooming on their cheek,  
 And eyes of laughing light, that glisten'd fair  
 Beneath the artless ringlets of their hair,

Each maidens's health and purity bespeak.  
 Following the impulse of their simple will,  
 No thought had they to give or take offence:  
 Glad were their bosoms, yet sedate and still,  
 And fearless in the strength of innocence.  
 Oft as, in accents mild, we strangers spoke  
 To these sweet maidens, an unconscious smile  
 Like sudden sunshine o'er their faces broke,  
 And with it struggling blushes mix'd the while.  
 And oft as mirth and glee went laughing round,  
 Breath'd in this maiden's ear some harmless jest  
 Would make her, for one moment, on the ground  
 Her eyes let fall, as wishing from the rest  
 To hide the sudden throb that beat within her breast."

p. 205, 206.

The delighted guests depart by moonlight; and while they are climbing the shadowy hills, their entertainers raise a splendid bonfire to light them on their way, and hear new clamours of acclamation ring round all the awakened echoes. The following are some of the concluding reflections, which not only do great honour to Mr. Wilson's powers of composition, but show him to be habitually familiar with thoughts and affections, far more to be envied than the fading renown that genius has ever won for her votaries.

" Yet, though the strangers and their tent have past  
 Away, like snow that leaves no mark behind,  
 Their image lives in many a guiltless mind,  
 And long within the shepherd's cot shall last.  
 Oft when, on winter night, the crowded seat  
 Is closely wheel'd before the blazing fire,  
 Then will he love with grave voice to repeat  
 (He, the gray-headed venerable sire,)  
 The conversation he with us did hold  
 On moral subjects, he had studied long;  
 And some will jibe the maid who was so bold  
 As sing to strangers readily a song.  
 Then they unto each other will recal  
 Each little incident of that strange night,  
 And give their kind opinion of us all.  
 God bless their faces smiling in the light  
 Of their own cottage-hearth! O, fair subduing sight!"

p. 215, 216.

The same tenderness of thought and warmth of imagination are visible in the lines addressed to a Sleeping Child; from which we shall make a few detached extracts. It begins,

" Art thou a thing of mortal birth,  
 Whose happy home is on our earth?  
 Does human blood with life imbue  
 Those wandering veins of heavenly blue,  
 That stray along thy forehead fair,  
 Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair?  
 Oh! can that light and airy breath  
 Steal from a being doom'd to death;  
 Those features to the grave be sent  
 In sleep thus mutely eloquent;  
 Or, art thou, what thy form would seem,  
 The phantom of a blessed dream!"

" Oh! that my spirit's eye could see  
 Whence burst those gleams of extacy!  
 That light of dreaming soul appears  
 To play from thoughts above thy years.  
 Thou smil'st as if thy soul were soaring  
 To heaven, and heaven's God adoring!  
 And who can tell what visions high  
 May bless an infant's sleeping eye?  
 What brighter throne can brightness find  
 To reign on than an infant's mind,  
 Ere sin destroy, or error dim,  
 The glory of the seraphim?"

" Oh! vision fair! that I could be  
 Again, as young, as pure as thee!  
 Vain wish! the rainbow's radiant form  
 May view, but cannot brave the storm;  
 Years can bedim the gorgeous dyes  
 That paint the bird of paradise,  
 And years, so fate hath order'd, roll  
 Clouds o'er the summer of the soul."

" Fair was that face as break of dawn,  
 When o'er its beauty sleep was drawn  
 Like a thin veil that half-conceal'd  
 The light of soul, and half-reveal'd.  
 While thy hush'd heart with visions wrought,  
 Each trembling eye-lash mov'd with thought,  
 And things we dream, but ne'er can speak,  
 Like clouds came floating o'er thy cheek,  
 Such summer-clouds as travel light,  
 When the soul's heaven lies calm and bright;  
 Till thou awak'st,—then to thine eye  
 Thy whole heart leapt in extacy!  
 And lovely is that heart of thine,  
 Or sure these eyes could never shine

With such a wild, yet bashful glee,  
Gay, half-o'ercome timidity."

We have now quoted enough, we believe, to give our readers a pretty just idea of the character of Mr. Wilson's poetry. We shall add but one little specimen of his blank verse; which seems to us to be formed, like that of all his school, on the model of Akenside's; and to combine, with a good deal of his diffuseness, no ordinary share of its richness and beauty. There are some fine solemn lines on the Spring, from which we take the following, almost at random.

"———The great Sun,  
Scattering the clouds with a resistless smile,  
Came forth to do thee homage; a sweet hymn  
Was by the low winds chaunted in the sky;  
And when thy feet descended on the earth,  
Scarce could they move amid the clustering flowers  
By nature strewn o'er valley, hill, and field,  
To hail her blest deliverer!—Ye fair trees,  
How are ye changed, and changing while I gaze!  
It seems as if some gleam of verdant light  
Fell on you from a rainbow; but it lives  
Amid your tendrils, brightening every hour  
Into a deeper radiance. Ye sweet birds,  
Were you asleep through all the wintry hours,  
Beneath the waters, or in mossy caves?

———Yet are ye not,  
Sporting in tree and air, more beautiful  
Than the young lambs, that from the valley-side  
Send a soft bleating like an infant's voice,  
Half happy, half afraid! O blessed things!  
At sight of this your perfect innocence,  
The sterner thoughts of manhood melt away  
Into a mood as mild as woman's dreams.  
The strife of working intellect, the stir  
Of hopes ambitious, the disturbing sound  
Of fame, and all that worshipp'd pageantry  
That ardent spirits burn for in their pride,  
Fly like disparting clouds, and leave the soul  
Pure and serene as the blue depths of heaven." p. 249, 250.

There is a very sweet and touching monody on the death of Grahame, the much-lamented and most amiable author of the 'Sabbath' and other poems; from which we shall indulge ourselves by making one more extract. The moral character of Mr. Wilson's poetry is, throughout, very much the same with that of the friend he here commemorates; and, in this particular piece, he has fallen very much into his manner also.

"Some chosen books by pious men compos'd,  
 Kept from the dust, in every cottage lie  
 Through the wild loneliness of Scotia's vales,  
 Beside the Bible, by whose well-known truths  
 All human thoughts are by the peasant tried.  
 O blessed privilege of nature's bard!  
 To cheer the house of virtuous poverty,  
 With gleams of light more beautiful than oft  
 Play o'er the splendours of the palace wall.  
 Methinks I see a fair and lovely child  
 Sitting composed upon his mother's knee,  
 And reading with a low and lisping voice  
 Some passage from the Sabbath, while the tears  
 Stand in his little eyes so softly blue,  
 Till, quite o'ercome with pity, his white arms  
 He twines around her neck, and hides his sighs  
 Most infantine, within her gladden'd breast,  
 Like a sweet lamb, half sportive, half afraid,  
 Nestling one moment 'neath its bleating dam.  
 And now the happy mother kisses oft  
 The tender-hearted child, lays down the book,  
 And asks him if he doth remember still  
 The stranger who once gave him, long ago,  
 A parting kiss, and blest his laughing eyes!  
 His sobs speak fond remembrance, and he weeps  
 To think so kind and good a man should die." p. 411, 412.

We now lay aside this volume with regret: for though it has many faults, it has a redeeming spirit, both of fancy and of kindness, about it, which will not let them be numbered. It has, moreover, the charm of appearing to be written less from ambition of praise, than from the direct and genuine impulse of the feelings which it expresses; and though we cannot undertake to defend it from the scorn of the learned, or the ridicule of the witty, we are very much mistaken if it does not afford a great deal of pleasure to many persons almost as well worth pleasing.

FROM THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

*"Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam."*

"*One Night*," which was begun "*One Day*," and is now brought to a Conclusion without being Finished; yet containing some Things worth beginning, which, like Eternity, will have no End. Amongst others, the singular Opinions of the Author himself; and last, not least, a practical Illustration of the Art of Procrastination. 1 vol. 12mo. 1812.

IT will be difficult to characterize this work by any description or analysis which should convey to the reader any thing like an adequate notion of its contents. From the first half-dozen pages we might be tempted to suppose it was written in answer to, or from the suggestion of, the popular work of *Thinks I to myself*, and there is, indeed, in pages 40, 41, and 42, some ironical allusion to several parts of that production; beyond that, however, the author of *One Night* stands free from all obligation to his precursor. The only peculiarity of the work before us, which, can be easily exemplified in this account, is, that the author in the commencement professes his intention of informing the reader by what accident it was that he entered the family of Sir Peter Pix, and he begins his account with the words *One Night*, but contrives, through the whole of the volume, to start off into some digression as often as he mentions those words, so that the work at last closes without the reader's knowing what it was that really happened on that *One Night*, the relation of which is repeatedly begun but never finished. *Ab uno disce omnes*—and we will, therefore, extract as a specimen the way in which he begins this procrastinated story:—

"One sight, just as the clock struck twelve, and the watchman had gone to sleep after counting the hour, and the street-brawler was hastening home to bed, and the street-nymph was retiring from her nocturnal orgies, and the rogue was commencing his, and his victims were snoring in their first sleep; just at this dead hour, this awful moment of time which the writers of the horrid and the terrible choose for the appearance of their ghosts, their bloody daggers, their clanking chains, and their yawning dungeons of impenetrable gloom; at this hour, which tolls the knell of a departed day, and announces the coming in of a new one; which, once a week, brings freedom to the trembling debtor whom awe of duns, and bailiffs—than duns more terrible—confines to his solitary chamber; this important hour which spreads peace and rest to half the world—this solemn—

"If there be a situation in the world which is truly pitiable on the one hand, and truly ludicrous on the other, I have often *thought to myself*, it is that where a man works himself and his reader into a high state of expectation by climax after climax, and when he is just at the

top of the ladder finds himself unable to go any further—makes a dead stop—and either stays where he is, or falls back again, by some "lame and impotent conclusion," into greater dulness than he rose from. It is like a singer, who, ascending to a high pitch of voice, gives a sort of promise, which every body accepts, of a still higher reach, but suddenly drops a whole octave lower, and we all know what a disappointment that is. One thing is certain, to be sure; every person may avoid such a bathos, by weighing well the quality and extent of his powers, and, like an able tactician abstaining from every attempt beyond them. This is our first duty: but when we happen to neglect this, there still remains another, which is what I now mean to discharge: viz. when we find ourselves engaged in an undertaking beyond our powers to complete, prudently to retire from the contest, and rather leave it unfinished than finish it with inadequacy. Farewell then to my ascending climax upon the midnight hour of twelve: and welcome the more humble strain of narrative that follows.

"Reason is an admirable faculty! and in nothing more admirable than in the power which it gives us of vindicating our own conduct. I never knew a man in my life, however foolish, or absurd, or guilty his actions may have been, who was fairly unable to say something in his own defence. Plausible, or not plausible, just, or not just, we can always twist an argument into a sort of shield to cover our defects; and the only difference between the clown and the wit on these occasions is, that the one manufactures a shield of straw while the other produces one of tinsel, shining in our eyes so as to dazzle, but without superior strength to resist the attacks of wisdom.

"One night—(I dare say the reader, if he has any curiosity, rejoices to meet with these words of promise once again)—when all our family were quietly retired to rest, and the sound of my father's hammer no longer echoed through the house, nor the shrill accents of my mother's voice accompanied the heavy and quick returning thump of the said hammer, nor my obstreperous gambols joined in the general hubbub, nor—pish!—how difficult it is for a man of genius to descend. I protest I have just fallen into the same ambition of sublimity as before, and that too without the slightest consciousness of what I was doing—a true sign of natural impulse—but I will desist, only begging the reader to observe the superiority of my sad genius, and to note with what dexterity I have varied the concomitants and signs of midnight on this second occasion. Well then, to avoid prolixity, which is a fault I mortally abhor in writing, and in speaking too, especially in public speaking—(I wish some of our parliamentary orators hated it as much, for you must know, reader, that I am a reporter, and therefore interested in the length of their speeches, especially towards three o'clock in the morning, after being in the gallery of the House of Commons from 12 the preceding day)—I shall proceed to relate, with unvarnished simplicity, what I have been so long attempting to begin. I am resolved not to be led astray again, by any *ignis fatuus* of discursive and collateral disquisition.

"One night—blessed words says the impatient reader—but whither

will you lead me?—One night, when we were all fast asleep and snoring, at least my father was, for it was a villainous trick he had with his nose, and I have heard him declare my mother's nose was just as musical, so it is a fair presumption that they were both snoring, and, as we know that we derive many of our physical habits from our parents, at least Haller says so, and I am not arrogant enough to dispute the authority of so great a physiologist, there is every ground for logically inferring that I, being their child, and no doubt conceived in a snore —(I was certainly snored to many a time during the nine months of my gestation)—was performing on the same wind instrument at the same identical period of time as my honoured father and mother were playing on their bassoons; and thus the reader will readily perceive, without my pointing it out to him, the just and accurate, at least the probably just and accurate—and a high degree of probability amounts to moral certainty—nature of the expression I used above, namely, not only that we were all fast asleep, but all snoring. The reconciling of these apparently problematical matters, should never be neglected by a writer who aspires not only to please the imagination, but to satisfy the reason of his readers. Suppose for instance—

Good God! who will dare to deny the truth of that maxim which we have so often heard urged by moralists as a cause why we should be cautious in our conduct, viz. that no man certainly knows the scope of his intentions, when he beholds in me so striking an instance of its truth?—Have I not said, and have I not meant to perform what I said, that I would continue my narrative without one more aberration, without one more divergent course from the main road of my text? And yet look at me now! Here am I at the end of my third chapter, and the reader knows no more how I came to be an inmate of Six Peter Pix's family, or to what the often used monosyllables "one night" refer, than he did at the commencement of this chapter. Sad incertitude of human affairs! Melancholy proof of the instability of man's mind! Deplorable instance of the mutability of things! I will not regret, however, that it has happened if I *can think to myself*, that any one who reads this volume has learned, from its occurrence, to rectify his notions of moral conduct, and to form the firm resolve of doing that, in this life, which he ought to do, without turning to the right or left in his progress, without listening to the syrens which beset his course, and which tempt him to deviate, but whose temptations he cannot yield to without finding himself, at the end, a loser, and a serious loser in the great account of human actions."

From this sample the reader may form some idea of the manner in which the professed object of the narrative is evaded throughout the whole work, by introducing accidental tales, anecdotes, and opinions. We find also, at p. 163, the fragment of a satire entitled *One Thousand Eight Hundred and Twelve*, in which Mr. Walter Scott is thus invoked:

"Stand forth thou minstrel of the simp'ring throng,  
King of eight syllables and feudal song;

Stand forth thou idol of the weak and vain,  
Who pertly prattle o'er thy battle strain;  
Who sigh and weep, and swear thy fluent line  
Surpasses all the labours of the Nine.  
Stand forth——"

We have room only for one extract more, and that one shall be the character of the late Mr. Perceval, which we think is drawn with some fidelity.

"The talent which Mr. Perceval possessed in debate was a dexterity in reply, which never forsook him. He was an acute arguer, with some degree of sophistry. The feeble parts of his adversary's attack he was sure to note, and through that feeble part he commonly made a breach by which he was enabled to assault the stronger holds of defence. His logical precision of conception was sometimes confused by a verbosity of expression. His mind was untired. The whole weight of the administration rested upon him, for his colleagues in office were quite unable to cope with the opposition; and he displayed a degree of skill and firmness in managing the House of Commons which few persons believed him to possess. The entire developement, indeed, of his character as a minister was produced by circumstances as they arose; and no man perhaps ever won opinion from prejudice more perseveringly or more successfully than he did. There was an appearance of candour and sincerity in his manner, which irresistibly prepossessed those who saw and heard him; so much so, that I believe I may safely affirm, he never embraced any opinion, or continued to act upon any opinion, but from a firm and unfeigned conviction of its propriety. "His errors," said Mr. Canning, "were the errors of a virtuous mind."

"One art he pre-eminently possessed: that of conciliating those whom he opposed. He never seemed to argue with anger. Conscious that he had a right to maintain his own sentiments, he always appeared to act as if he felt that the same right belonged to every other individual. He completely exemplified the maxim, *fortiter in re, suaviter in modo*. He played about an opponent, but always made advances: he smiled at him with the very spirit of benevolence, but never failed while he smiled to aim the blow he was intending. In subtlety he was certainly unequalled in the House of Commons; but it must be allowed he had the common fault of too much refinement—he sometimes so spiritualized his ideas, that he was not always intelligible. He possessed considerable powers of raillery, which he knew exactly when to apply, and he applied them in a manner that amused rather than offended. He was often sarcastic too, and sometimes bitterly so. I have seen him most triumphantly successful in sarcasm against an Honourable Baronet, and especially on a very recent occasion, upon that Honourable Baronet's antipathy to the horse-guards. Even in the very last speech he delivered, that upon Mr. Brand's motion for Parliamentary Reform (Friday, May 8th), he was very happy in replying to some members who had inveighed against ministerial majorities, as composed chiefly of place-men and pensioners. The suavity of his

manner, however, never forsook him : and it was hardly possible to be offended with a man who never seemed to wish to offend any one. Whoever has watched his public life must have been often struck with the extraordinary skill and energy with which he constantly met the united attacks of the opposition : never dismayed, never disconcerted, never reduced to the necessity of surrender. On nights of important debate, he would sit a whole evening through, listen to the speeches on both sides, rise at two or three o'clock in the morning, and with almost incredible vivacity and dexterity reply to them all ; and if he did not always produce conviction, he at least removed many doubts and many objections.

“ With regard to the policy of his measures, it is not my intention to say any thing : I shall conclude by observing, that, take him altogether, I know not the man who is capable of filling exactly the same station. Perhaps, indeed, there may be some one thus capable, whom circumstances and an opportunity may draw forth, as they did Mr. Perceval : but, at the present moment, such a man does not politically exist.”

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FROM THE SAME.

*Poetical Vagaries* ; containing an Ode to *We*, a Hackneyed Critic ; *Low Ambition*, or the Life and Death of Mr. Daw ; a Reckoning with Time ; the Lady of the Wreck, or Castle Blarneygig ; Two Parsons, or the Tale of a Shirt. By George Colman, the younger. 1 vol. 4to. 1812.

ALL who have read the former work of this writer, *My Night-gown and Slippers*, and remember the wit and humour which distinguished that production, will turn with no ordinary curiosity to a similar work from the same pen. We will venture to assure Mr. Colman, that the present volume will add largely to his reputation in the opinion of all those who relish wit and sprightliness. We will not, however, indulge in general encomiums, but do that which will be more acceptable to the reader, extract for his amusement some of the many happy passages which are scattered throughout the volume.

The Ode to *WE*, a *hackneyed critic*, has the least interest of any, but we find in *Low Ambition*, or *The Life and Death of Mr. Daw*, every thing to remind us of the facetious muse of George Colman. Mr. Daw, the reader must know, was a gentleman singularly remarkable for the ugliness of his person and face ; but he had merit and he had ambition. His merit lay in the exquisite accuracy with which he personated, on the stage, bulls, boars, and tigers. Put him into the bellies of either of those animals, and he became immediately a first-rate performer. There was his merit. But Mr. Daw had ambition also, and that ambi-

tion was to be without a rival in his peculiar path of excellence. It happened, however, that an elephant was to be introduced on the stage, and one man being introduced between its pasteboard sides would evidently be unable to move it. Mr. Daw, therefore, was to have a partner on this occasion, and in that partner he saw a rival, for reasons which will be better told in our author's own words:—

A pasteboard elephant, of monstrous size,  
Was form'd to bless a learned nation's eyes,  
And charm the sage theatrical resorters;  
And, as two men were necessary in it,  
It was decreed, in an unlucky minute,  
That Mr. Daw should fill the hinder quarters.

The *HINDER quarters* !!!—here was degradation!  
Gods! mighty Daw!—what was thy indignation!

He swore a tragic oath—"by her who bore him!"  
(Meaning the dresser of the tragic queens)  
"No individual behind the scenes,  
Should walk in any elephant *before* him.

"He'd rather live on husks,  
Or dine upon his nails,  
Than quit first parts, under the trunks, and tusks,  
And stoop to second rates, beneath the tails!

"'Twas due to his celebrity, at least,  
If he should so far condescend  
To represent the *moiety* of a beast,  
That he should have the right to choose *which end*."

The managers were on the stage,  
To whom he thus remonstrated, in rage.

"I've been chief lion and first tiger, here,  
For fifteen year;—  
*That* you may tell me, matters not a souse;  
But what is more,  
All London says I am the greatest boar  
You ever had, in all your house.

"Of all *Insides*, the town likes me the best;  
Over my head no underling shall jump  
I'll play your front legs, shoulders, neck, and breast,  
But damn me if I act your loins and rump!"

Though this address was coarser than jack-towels,  
Although the speaker's face made men abhor him,

Yet, when a man acts nothing else but bowels,  
The managers might have some bowels for him ;

And if obdurate managers *could* feel  
A little more than flint or steel,—  
If they had any heart,  
On hearing such a forcible appeal,  
They might have let the man reject the part.

All the head manager said to it,  
Was simply thus, "Daw, you must do it."

And, after all, the manager was right ;  
But how to make the fact appear  
Incontrovertible and clear,  
And place it in its proper light,—  
Puzzles me quite !

Come, let me try.—Reader, 'twould make you sweat,  
(You'll pardon the expression)  
To see two fellows get,  
With due discretion,—  
One upright, one aslant,—  
Into the entrails of an elephant :

For, if you'll have the goodness to reflect  
On the construction of these huge brute creatures,  
You'll see the man in front must walk erect ;  
While he who goes behind must bend,  
Stooping, and bringing down his features,  
Over the front man's latter end :—  
And the beast's shape requires, particularly,  
The tallest man to march first, perpendicularly.

Now, the new inside man, you'll find,  
Was taller by a head than Daw ;  
Therefore 'twas fit that Daw should walk behind,  
According both to equity and law.

Daw, for a time, with jealousy was rack'd,  
And with his rival wouldn't act ;  
Nevertheless,  
Like other politicians in the nation,  
Who can't have all their wishes,  
He chose, at last, to *coalesce*,  
Rather than lose his situation,  
And give up all the loaves and fishes.

The house was cramm'd,—the elephant appear'd—  
With three times three, the elephant was cheer'd ;  
Shouts and huzzas the ear confound !

The building rings—the building rocks—  
The elephant the pit, the elephant each box,  
The elephant, the galleries resound !

The elephant walk'd down,  
Before the lamps, to fascinate the town.

Daw, with his ugly face inclined  
Just over his tall rival's skirts,  
Bore, horizontally in mind  
His self-love's bruises, and ambition's hurts.

Hating the man by whom he was disgraced,  
Who from his cap had pluck'd the choicest feather,  
He bit him in the part where honour's placed,  
Till his teeth met together.

On this attack from the ferocious Daw,  
Upon his *Pais Bas*,  
The man, unable to conceal his pain,  
Roar'd and writhed,  
Roar'd and writhed,  
Roar'd and writhed, and roar'd again!

That beasts should roar is neither new nor queer,  
But, on a repetition of the spite,  
How was the house electrified to hear  
The elephant say,—“Curse you, Daw, don't bite!”

Daw persever'd :—unable to get out,  
The tall man faced about,  
And with great force the mighty Daw assail'd ;—  
Both, in the dark, were now at random fighting,  
Huffing and cuffing, kicking, scratching, biting,—  
Though neither of the combatants prevail'd.

It was the strongest precedent, by far,  
In ancient, or in modern story,  
Of such a desperate intestine war,  
Waged in so small a territory !

And, in this civil brawl, like any other,  
Where every man in arms his country shatters,  
The two inhabitants thump'd one another,  
Till they had torn the elephant to tatters ;—  
And, thus uncased, the rival actors  
Stood bowing to their generous benefactors.

Uproar ensued !—from every side,  
Scene-shifters ran to gather up the hide ;  
While the two bowels in dismay,  
His'd, hooted, damn'd, and pelted—walk'd away.

Reader, if you would further know,  
 The history of Mr. Daw, 'tis brief;—  
 He died, not many months ago,  
 Of mortified Ambition, and of grief:  
 For when *live* quadrupeds usurp'd the stage,  
 And which are now, (but may'nt be long) the *rage*,  
 He went to bed,  
 And never, afterwards, held up his head.  
 Awhile he languish'd, looking pale and wan;  
 Then, dying, said,—“Daw's occupation 's gone!”

If any one can read this extract without giving to its author his full tribute of laughter, we can only say we do not envy him his powers of forbearance.

The next poem is *The Lady of the Wreck, or Castle Blarney-gig*, an exquisite and happy satire upon the tuneful, but unmeaning couplets of Mr. Walter Scott. It is, in fact, a rich and humorous parody upon his ‘Lady of the Lake.’ It is impossible, by any description, to convey an adequate idea of the manner in which this parody is carried on. They who would know it, must read the work; we can only attempt partially to gratify curiosity by the following admirable extract:

“The egg is daintiest when 'tis swallow'd new,\*  
 And love is sweetest in the honey-moon;  
 The egg grows musty kept a whole month through,  
 And marriage bliss will turn to strife as soon.

“O butter'd egg! best eaten with a spoon,  
 I bid your yelk glide down my throat's red lane,†  
 Emblem of love and strife in wedlock's boon!”

\* The *tourture* of thought, in this stanza, is, confessedly, indebted to that sweet commencement of the fourth canto in the *Lady of the Lake*, where a bridegroom “stands a wakeful sentinel,”—and then *plucks a rose*. What a happiness! what an elegant novelty in that idea!—to make the bridegroom perform the usual business of the bride!—to convert the expression of “*plucking a rose*,” which has hitherto been figuratively applied to the mystic garden irrigations of a lady, into a much more proper matter-of-fact operation of a gentleman.

“The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,” &c. &c.

See *Lady of the Lake*,—4th Canto.

† Young Norman says to the Rose,—(how pretty to talk to a rose!)

“I bid your blossoms in my bonnet wave.”

If the weather were quite calm, he probably shook his head, with his bonnet on; otherwise it may be supposed he had much less chance of being obeyed by the rose, than Sir Tooleywhagg by the egg, who was popping it down his throat with a spoon.

Thus spoke at breakfast the O'Shaughnashane,  
What time his bride, in bed, napping full late was lain.

Conceits more fond than this he pour'd,\*  
Conceits with which false taste is stored;  
Such as, of late, alas! are broach'd  
By those who have the spot approach'd  
Where Poesy once cradled lay,  
And stolen her baby-clothes away:—  
Conceits, in song's primeval dress,  
Of, oh! such pretty prettiness!  
That the inveigling beldame muse  
Seems a sham virgin from the stew's;  
Or, in her second childhood wild,  
The doting nurse that apes the child.  
With such conceits, such feathery lead,†  
Which either may be sung or said,  
Mock fancy fill'd the bridegroom's head; }  
While the first egg-shell he scoop'd clean,  
Since he a married man had been.  
'Twas only on the night before  
That Father Murtoch, of Killmore,  
Had join'd him to his all in all,  
Judy Fitz Gallyhogmagawl.

Revered by all was Murtoch's worth  
Though mystery involved his birth:‡  
For when his mother, on a mat,  
Watching a corpse, at midnight, sat,  
The body rose and strain'd her charms,  
Almost two minutes, in its arms.  
From which embrace too soon she found

\* "Such fond conceit, half said, half sung."

*Lady of the Lake*, 4th Canto.

† "O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

*Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!*

FEATHER OF LEAD, *bright smoke!*" &c.

Thus says Shakspeare of Love: but far be it from the author of this idle poem to speak thus, generally, of the *Lady of the Lake*!

‡ See Brian, the priest, (*Lady of the Lake*, Canto 3d)—In a note, relative to this personage, proving that the idea of his origin arose from a traditional story, a curious passage is quoted from *Macfarlane*, who gives an account of one *Gilli-Deir-Magrevellich*. This tooth-breaking name signifies the *Black Child, son to the Bones*.

The black child's mamma went to a hill, one day, on a party of pleasure, with "both wenches and youthes," to gather the bones of dead men!—and they made a fire on the spot. "At last, they did all remove from the fire, except one maid or wench: she being quietlie her alone, without anie other companie, took up her cloaths above her knees, or *thereby*, to warm her; a wind did come, and caste the ashes upon her, and she was conceived of ane man-child." How much more appropriately than *Eneas* might *Gilli-Deir-Magrevellich* have invoked the "*cineres et ossa parentis!*"

Her face grow long, her waist grow round,  
 'Till, prudes first tatting o'er her fate,  
 Bid scorn proclaim her in a state  
 Which women wish to be 'tis said,  
 Who love their lords before they're dead.  
 Exact at midnight, nine months o'er,  
 A little skeleton she bore.  
 Soon as produced, amid the gloom,  
 Two glow-worms crept into the room,  
 Up to its skull began to rise,  
 The sockets fill'd, and gave it eyes.  
 O'er every joint did spiders rove,  
 Where busily their webs they wove;  
 The cabin smoke their texture thin  
 Soon thicken'd, 'till it form'd a skin,  
 "Now it may pass," the mother cried,  
 "May pass for human!"—and she died.  
 This tale was told by age and youth;  
 But who can vouch for rumour's truth?  
 And yet, though falsehood quick is hatch'd,  
 'Tis certain, when the corpse she watch'd,  
 She watch'd alone; or watch'd at least,  
 With no one save a reverend priest;  
 Whose duty 'twas to see the clay  
 Mingled with kindred earth, next day.  
 True, he was ruddy, tall, and stout,  
 And young—but then he was devout.  
 A rigid, stanch, and upright soul,  
 And excellent upon the whole.  
 Much could he have divulged, but fled  
 From questioning, and shook his head.  
 Yet, once it hapt, when closely task'd,  
 With much solemnity he ask'd,  
 "If unbegotten 'tis by me,  
 Whose but the corpse's *can* it be?"  
 This speech, that spread from roof to roof,  
 To Irishmen was certain proof:  
 Proof that,—when mooted whether shade  
 Or substance can have forced a maid,—  
 Not he who still life's course must run,  
 But that a dead man gets a son."

The reader will judge from this specimen what the sort of irony is employed against the northern minstrel, but we must repeat that only a very inadequate idea can be formed of the excellence of the whole from the perusal of any of its parts. The volume concludes with the *Two Parsons*, or *The Tale of a Shirt*; the incidents of which are unfortunately too trite to please much, though decorated with all the humorous fancies of George Colman.

FROM THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

The life and administration of the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval ; including a copious narrative of every event of importance, foreign and domestic, from his entrance into public life to the present time ; a detail of his assassination, &c. with the probable consequences of the sudden overthrow of the remains of the administration, &c. ; and a developement of the delicate investigation. Embellished with an accurate likeness, the only one ever taken. By Charles Verulam Williams, esq. 1 vol. 1812.

THE death of this lamented statesman which, to use the words of Marquis Wellesley, threw around him all the lustre of martyrdom, would naturally be followed by some attempt to gratify curiosity as to his public life. The time is evidently too recent for any thing like an impartial estimate of his political character ; but a detailed account of his ministerial acts was what would be eagerly sought, and what will be readily found in the present volume. Mr. Williams has collected together from various public documents, a sufficiently interesting mass of materials, well qualified also to meet the first and momentary wishes of the public. The career of Mr. Perceval as a minister, is distinctly marked ; but it were desirable that his early life could have been more minutely exhibited. In addition to what relates specifically to Mr. Perceval, we have an account also of the trial, defence, and execution of Bellingham, some guesses at the *delicate investigation*, the correspondence between Mr. Canning, Marquis Wellesley, and Lord Liverpool, subsequently to the death of Mr. Perceval, the principal speeches on the first motion of Mr. Wortley in the house of commons, and some reflections upon the probable consequences of Mr. Perceval's death, and the *overthrow of his administration*. Upon the latter subject it is a pity the author's sagacity should be nugatory, for, *mirabile dictu* ! Mr. Perceval's administration still stands, *corpus sine pectore*. The aristocratical haughtiness and the lofty pretensions of Lords Grey and Greenville have defeated themselves ; in their eagerness to grasp at every thing they have gained nothing ; and the country, we suspect, hardly laments to find itself rescued from the hands of an oligarchial faction. Let it never be forgotten, when the future historian shall relate the events of the present day, that two men, who professed to stand up for the dearest rights of their fellow subjects, who sounded from one end of the kingdom to the other the oppressed state of four millions of catholics, who maintained that our efforts in the Peninsula were calculated only to aggravate the evils of war rather than to redress them, who asserted that the whole policy of the government tended only to the ruin of

the country ; let it never be forgotten, that those two men, when power was offered to them, with full liberty to carry whatever measures they might conceive calculated to counteract the pernicious system against which they had for many years inveighed, refused to take power, refused to do all that good which they professed themselves able and willing to do ; refused to conciliate Ireland, to save England, to redeem the Spanish cause, to revive our commerce, and to restore amity with America—for what ? because they were not permitted, *in limine*, to disjoint the household ; because, though all these great questions were laid at their feet, they were not told, as a preliminary, whether they might turn out two of the household officers. Such is the consistency of a modern whig ! This is not the place to pursue any thing like an extended enquiry into the probable motives of their conduct, or it would be no difficult matter to shew that they acted throughout from the dictates of a proud and measureless ambition, which would first enslave the throne before it would consent to serve it. To return, however, to our immediate object.

The volume before us, though hastily produced, has a good deal in it which deserves notice, especially at the present moment, when many of the topics which it embraces are still agitated by the public mind. We shall extract, as a specimen, the following passage, which relates to one of the most remarkable events of Mr. Perceval's life.

*“ Developement of the Delicate Investigation.*

“ Few indeed have been the ministers who have distinguished themselves by their literary productions, or whose names have been handed down to posterity by any other medium than their measures in the cabinet. But this does not appear to have been the fate of the late Chancellor of the Exchequer. One, at least, of his performances in the closet, equally with those in the cabinet or the grand council of the nation, it seems, will be in a great measure known to future ages, by means of A MOST MYSTERIOUS BOOK. This book, the real contents of which have indeed been seen by very few, has been the cause of several attempts to impose something else upon the public, as being ‘ THE SPIRIT OF THE BOOK,’ and the history of certain transactions between some exalted personages, &c. but without any ground whatever beyond conjecture, founded upon the general knowledge of a disagreement between the parties, &c. We shall now trace these rumours to their source, and, aided by the clue of probability, explore a labyrinth of error and perplexity, till we arrive at a more evident degree of certainty upon the subject than has hitherto been obtained.

“ In the year 1806, during the existence of the Talent Administration, it for the first time transpired, that very serious disputes existed between the Prince and his royal consort, and that his Majesty corresponded with the Princess upon the subject, and finally issued his com-

mand, that an investigation should take place, and which was accordingly undertaken by a special committee chosen from a certain number of noblemen.

"On the part of one of these eminent personages, the whole of this business was conducted by Mr. Perceval, and when concluded, it was Mr. Perceval that caused the whole proceedings to be thrown into the form of a book, and two large impressions of them to be printed, notwithstanding every individual person engaged in this business was sworn to observe the most inviolable secrecy!!

"That it was the object of Mr. Perceval in his proceedings relative to the Book, from its first composition, to secure to himself the high office he filled, can no longer be doubted. In vain was the anxiety of persons expressed for its publication; for, from the moment it suited Mr. Perceval's purpose to conceal it, it was determined the public should not be gratified. One or two copies for his royal master, as far as Mr. Perceval knew, were sufficient for his purpose. The Book was the stepping-stone to the late minister's ambition, and he saw and availed himself of the moment when any thing he chose to ask could not be denied. The contents of the Book were concealed as a sacred deposit, and Mr. Perceval kept the key; and thus for a while seemed to consider himself a king of kings!

"On this high ground, feeling himself without a rival, which Mr. Perceval could brook as little as any man in power, he went on nearly three years before he attended to the whispers that some copies of the MYSTERIOUS BOOK were in the hands of several persons. This rising uneasiness, it is supposed, produced the following advertisement.

'THE BOOK.—Any person having in their possession a CERTAIN BOOK, printed by Mr. Edwards, in 1807, but *never published*, with W. Lindsell's name as the seller of the same on the title-page, and will bring it to W. Lindsell, bookseller, Wimpole-street, will receive a handsome gratuity.'—*Times Paper*, 27th March, 1809.

"Mr. Perceval's fears on this head were not groundless; for several persons, encouraged by the large sums asked by a few holders of the book, came forward; some received five hundred, some eight, and one person fifteen hundred guineas for a copy. In fact, it is supposed that not less than twenty thousand pounds were expended in buying up, and in concealing Mr. Perceval's MYSTERIOUS BOOK from the public eye.

"But in spite of all these precautions, it was Mr. Perceval's fate to be again visited with dreadful forebodings, in relation to the Book, only a short time before his decease, when the Bill for making provision for the Princesses was before the Commons. He then sent for every person whom he knew was acquainted with the Book, and expressed his apprehensions that its contents had been improperly divulged. As it might be expected on such an occasion, these persons attested their innocence, and Mr. Perceval either was, or pretended to be, satisfied.

"All this, upon which the public may rely, ought to convince them likewise of the little reliance that should be placed upon what has been

called, 'The Spirit of the Book,' or any other publication, which has pretended to narrate a history of the difference between two exalted personages.

"Relative to what has been said in Parliament with respect to this MYSTERIOUS BOOK, we shall refer to what was said respecting the Prince Regent's Message, delivered on Wednesday, March 20, relative to provision for the Princesses, when referring to the speech of Mr. Bennett, the Chancellor of the Exchequer said, that 'with regard to the separation of the royal persons alluded to, he should say nothing. He might, and did lament it as much as any one could, but neither as a minister, nor in any other character, did he feel himself called upon to say any thing on the subject. (*Hear, hear, hear!*)'—As to what had been said respecting the grant of the 10,000*l.* additional to the Queen, the committee must be aware, that it was entirely of a different nature from that now under consideration. Its object was to enable the Queen to meet expenses which she would be likely to incur unconnected in any manner with the Princesses. There was no increase in the civil list of the Prince of Wales above that of the King, on the contrary, there was a diminution.

'Mr. Whitbread defended his hon. friend (Mr. Bennett) from the charge of inconsistency, and thought it most natural that he should wish to see the Princess of Wales placed in that situation in which he believed every person in the country wished to see her. It was rather alarming to understand from the right hon. gentleman, that if a reconciliation should take place in a quarter where every one must desire it, the right hon. gentleman would have to come down to the House to ask a new grant. There was no impropriety in enquiring as to the situation of the Princess of Wales. The right hon. gentleman has said, that he would state nothing, as a minister, on the subject; but the time was, when the right hon. gentleman was not only willing to give information to every subject in the country, *but had a book ready*, which was to have gone not only through the public of this country, but through all Europe. *This Book* the right hon. gentleman has *since purchased up and suppressed*, for what reason he knew not. Undoubtedly, as counsel to her royal highness, he was in a situation the most natural to be called upon for information, though it was possible he might now remain mute, when he intended to have had ten thousand tongues. But the Princess of Wales was not only inferior to the Queen in point of real income, but the Queen had the advantage of being also on the establishment with her husband. The Princess of Wales, on the contrary, was living in retirement, at Blackheath, for as to separation, though he and others had used the word, the public knew nothing more than that she lived in retirement; and now they knew, that if ever matters came on a better footing, a fresh grant of money would be demanded. It had been said, that they might go into the enquiry on the civil list after the grant was made; but making the grant under such circumstances, was parting with an advantage to which he could not consent. He should concur with his right hon. friend (Mr. Ponsonby), in voting against the resolution.'

"Being further pressed on the subject by Mr. Tierney, the Chan-

cellor of the Exchequer said, that 'As to what he was bound to do as far as it affected his own character and conduct, he should always judge for himself. (*Hear, hear!*) He did not know with what view the right hon. gentleman now came forward, but he had no objection to state, that neither in his character as counsel to her royal highness, in which he had important duties to perform, nor as minister, nor in any other capacity, did he see any means of bringing a charge against her royal highness, nor did he entertain any opinion calculated to throw the slightest reflexion upon her, and further than this he should not state. As to the situation of her royal highness, he had no instruction to propose any additional grant; but if the right hon. gentleman, who now, for the first time, suggested it, could induce Parliament to think favourably of such a measure, he should be inclined, for one, to give that disposition its full effect.'

'Mr. Whitbread thought it extraordinary, that the right hon. gentleman (the Chancellor of the Exchequer), should recommend parliament to send a message to the Prince. He had stated, that he received no instruction to propose a grant to the Princess of Wales, that was, in other words, he had given no advice to that effect. They had heard the right hon. gentleman state but a few minutes ago, that no imputation could attach to her royal highness, but he should not forget, that she did at one time stand stigmatised, that he was once about to publish in her defence, but that she still remained unvindicated.

'The Chancellor of the Exchequer said, what he had stated with respect to the Princess of Wales, was, that neither in his situation as counsel to her royal highness, nor in any other character, was he conscious that there existed a ground of charge. He should always be prepared to make the same statement.'

"Upon this important debate it was observed at the time, that 'Mr. Perceval, the *pious* Mr. Perceval, had been the counsellor and friend of this illustrious, and, we believe, deeply injured personage—he had been the champion of her cause, and the public accuser of those suspected of having aimed a blow against her reputation and her happiness—he proclaimed her innocence, and defied her enemies to substantiate a single charge derogatory to her honour—yet the moment he had it in his power to serve her, and to prove the sincerity of his former professions, the *religious*, the *pious*, the *moral* Mr. Perceval, passes by his client with marked neglect—he abandons his friend—the 'illustrious and injured stranger' is forgotten: and in the intended arrangements for the comfort and dignity of the Princess of England, the wife of his royal master—the Princess Regent, the future Queen of the British Empire, is not noticed! not even once alluded to in the message from the throne, though that message was drawn up and presented to the legislature under the direction of her late counsellor and friend!—The tear may fall upon the cheek of injured beauty, but the *pious* Mr. Perceval will not stretch forth his hand to cheer the sufferer, lest he should lose his balance, and totter from the seat of power!! In the course of this debate, the reported *Separation*, the *Delicate Inquiry*, and the suppression of *The Book*, were all touched upon. At last, Mr. Perceval—the *pious*—the *tolerant* Mr. Perceval

rose, with, apparently great reluctance, and coldly declared, '*he could not recollect any thing which it was possible to bring as a charge against the Princess of Wales.*'—Now, this we conceive the important point ; for a total separation has been much spoken of ; and it has been roundly and very generally asserted, that the intended *measure of separation* was closely connected with Mr. Perceval's continuance in office ; but as the minister cannot bring a charge of criminality, THERE CAN BE NO GROUND FOR THE SEPARATION—and this may ultimately preserve England from much distraction and calamity.

“This discussion, it was fondly imagined, would have been the means of bringing before the public the whole of that history which the three great counsellors of her royal highness, an illustrious duke, the present Lord Chancellor, and the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, thought fit at the time (1806) to print, as the means of her justification. That the materials which Mr. Perceval printed, were considered as sufficient for her justification, were beyond all doubt.

“As to her royal highness's debts, it was perhaps in this respect rather illiberal to refer to the fetes and the parties at Blackheath to all the Percevals, and all the friends and favourites of the Percevals, including the Wilson's, &c. ; her royal highness's liberality in christening presents to the little Percevals, and all their maids, and all their wet-nurses, and all their dry-nurses. It is admitted, that at Blackheath her royal highness became 50,000*l.* in debt. If, upon an enquiry into the items of that account, it will be found that the family of Mr. Perceval, then her hero, advocate, and champion, helped her to spend it, how does it become him to say that he has no provision to offer for her, and reproach those who consult her rights and the dignity of the throne with an interested interference, merely because they never partook of her bounty.

“Mr. Perceval, who knows right well the author of the mysterious book ; Mr. Perceval, the *ci-devant* champion of the Princess of Wales, well acquainted with all the Delicate Investigation ; Mr. Perceval, the Prince's favourite, and the Prime Minister of England, admitted in his place in the House of Commons, that her Royal Highness has come pure and untouched out of the fiery ordeal. Why, then, is she not admitted to enjoy, at least, the cold formalities of court *etiquette*, and the other exterior advantages of her exalted rank ? This court *etiquette* may, no doubt, have no charms for her, but it would infuse life and health, and spirit, into thousands. Every tradesman in London has felt the beneficial effects of a birth-day ball, or a drawing-room at St. James's, even at the close of a reign, uniformly remarked for patriarchal simplicity in the Sovereign. Then, what a stimulus might be given to the declining trade of this great metropolis by a brilliant court, amply supplied as it is by the public, under the auspices of a Princess (now pronounced injured) amiable and blameless, and a Prince, always celebrated for taste, magnificence, and splendour.

# SPIRIT OF MAGAZINES.

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FROM THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

## MASSACRE AT JAFFA.

DR. CLARKE in his travels through the Holy Land passed through Jaffa, the scene of the supposed massacre by Bonaparte. Of this he gives the following account, on which no comments are necessary. The testimony of this learned traveller, and of a captain of a man-of-war, with that of other gentlemen now living, must weigh against the uncertain reports of individuals not within two hundred miles of the spot :—

“ Jaffa appeared to be almost in as forlorn a state as Rama ; the air itself was still infected with the smell of unburied bodies. We went to the house of the English consul, whose gray hairs had not exempted him from French extortion. He had just ventured to hoist again the British flag upon the roof of his dwelling ; and he told us, with tears in his eyes, that it was the only proof of welcome he could offer us, as the French officers under Bonaparte, had stripped him of every thing he possessed. However, in the midst of all his complaints against the French, not a single syllable ever escaped his lips respecting the enormities supposed to be committed, by means of Bonaparte’s orders or connivance, in the town and neighbourhood of Jaffa. As there are so many living witnesses to attest the truth of this representation, and the character of no ordinary individual is so much implicated in its result, the utmost attention will be here paid to every particular likely to illustrate the fact ; and for this especial reason, *because that individual is our enemy*. At the time we were in Jaffa, so soon after the supposed transactions are said to have occurred, the indignation of our Consul, and of the inhabitants in general, against the French, were of so deep a nature, that there is nothing they would not have said to vilify Bonaparte, or his officers ; but this accusation they never even hinted. Nor is this all. Upon the evening of our arrival at Jaffa, walking with Captain Culverhouse along the shore to the south of the town, in order to join some of our party who were gone in search of plants and shells,

a powerful and most offensive smell, as from dead bodies, which we had before experienced more than once, in approaching the town, caused us to hesitate whether we should proceed or return. At this moment the author observed the remains of bodies in the sand ; and Captain Culverhouse being in doubt whether they belonged to human bodies, or those of cattle, removed a part of the sand with his sword, and uncovered part of a hand and arm. Upon this, calling to our friends, we told them what we had discovered ; and returning to the Consul's house, asked him the cause of the revolting spectacle we had witnessed. He told us, that these were the remains of bodies carried thither, during the late plague, for interment ; but that the sea, frequently removing the sand which covered them, caused them to be thus exposed ; and he cautioned us in future against walking that way, as the infection might possibly be retained, not only by those bodies, but by the clothes, and other things there deposited.

"Some years after, Captain Wright, who is now no more, waited upon the author, at Ibbotson's Hotel, in Vere-street, London, to give an account of what he jocosely termed his *scepticism* upon this subject ; when these and the following particulars were related to him, and an appeal made to the testimony of Captain Culverhouse, Mr. Cripe, Mr. Loudon, and others who were with us in Jaffa, as to the fact. Captain Wright still maintained the charge ; and the author, finding the testimony afforded by himself and his friends liable to give offence, reserved all he had to say upon the subject until it should appear in its proper place, as connected with the history of his travels ; always, however, urging the same statement, when appealed to for information. A few months after Captain Wright's visit, Captain Culverhouse, who had been employed in a distant part of the kingdom, recruiting for the Navy, came to London, and meeting the author in public company at table, asked him, with a smile, what he thought of the reports circulated concerning the massacre, &c. at Jaffa. The author answered, by saying, that it had long been his intention to write to Captain Culverhouse upon the subject, and that it was very gratifying to him to find the purport of his letter so satisfactorily anticipated. Captain Culverhouse then, before the whole company then present, expressed his astonishment at the industrious propagation of a story, whereof the inhabitants of Jaffa were ignorant, and of which he had never heard a syllable until his arrival in England. The author knows not where this story originated ; nor is it of any consequence to the testimony he thinks it now a duty to communicate."

FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,

DEEMING the following interesting account worthy of a less perishable record than the columns of a newspaper, I transmit it for insertion in your magazine. It was communicated to me by a mutual friend, as exhibiting a striking picture of war in reality, divested of "the pride, pomp, and circumstance," of its parade. So splendid, and yet at the same time so mournful an event, to many families, as the storming and capture of Badajoz, has rarely occurred in modern times. A. O. C.

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Camp before Badajoz, 5th April, 1812.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I arrived here a few days since, with a detachment, by Villa Franca, Santarem, Thomar, Abrantes, and Elvas. We marched fourteen days up a hilly country, about eighteen miles a day, without halting. The Portuguese behaved tolerably well, but they usually put on a most forbidding aspect when presented with a billet, (looking like some people in England when they receive a lawyer's bill,) yet I met with good accommodations in general, except at Abrantes. An opinion is very prevalent among the common Portuguese that they are under no obligation to us; they therefore make their market of us, and will be sorry whenever the war is finished. The more enlightened think, however, very differently; their soldiers improve much; and we have two fine regiments with us.

We expect to storm Badajoz to-night in three separate places, so I shall soon see real service; and it is expected to be very sharp work unless they surrender, which is not likely, as general Philippon is a very determined fellow. The French seem, however, to be short of powder and shot; or perhaps they are reserving it for us to-night. They fire a shell or bomb about every two minutes, while we keep up a constant fire upon the breaches and upon the town.

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Alvaon, 15th April.

I now proceed to give you an account of the storming of Badajoz.

At eight o'clock at night, on Monday the 5th of April, we were formed without knapsacks, and in half an hour marched in an indirect line towards the town, under strict orders, "*that not a whisper should be heard!*" Part of the 5th division were to attack the town on the south side, while the 3d division, to which I was attached, with their ladders were to scale the citadel, and the rest were to assault the grand breach.

I procured a soldier's jacket, a firelock, sixty round of ball-cartridges, and was on the right of my company.

But, before I proceed, I will give you some information which I have since obtained, to shew you where, and to what we were going! The governor is allowed to be one of the best engineers in the French service, and he has so proved himself; though our fire was continued at the breach, he had pieces of wood fastened into the ground, with sword blades and bayonets fixed to them, slanting outwards; behind this a *chevaux de frize* was chained at both ends across the breach; the beam of it about a foot square, with points on all sides projecting about a yard from the centre, and behind that was a trench four feet wide and four deep. Covering all these, soldiers were planted eight deep, the two first ranks to fire as fast as they could, and those behind to load for them. Thus prepared, he told the men, "if they stuck to their posts, all the troops in the world could not enter." Trenches were also dug about fifty yards round the breach in case we did get in! In short the oldest officers say that no place has been defended with so much science and resolution in our times.

On the march all was silent, except that our cannon kept up their fire at the breaches, till we got within a quarter of a mile of the town, when there were two or three fire balls thrown from it in different directions, one of which falling close to us, we silently whispered to each other, "*Now it will begin!*" As the first division of our troops approached the place, the whole town appeared as if it were one mine, every yard throwing out bombs, cannon balls, &c. &c., grape-shot and musket-balls flying also in every direction. On the fire-balls striking near us, we moved out of the road to the green sward, but the cannon-balls hissed by us along the grass, and the musket-balls flew like hail about our heads; we immediately began, therefore, to run forward, till we were within about a hundred yards of the bridge across the first ditch, and then the balls came so thick that, as near as I can judge, twenty must have passed in the space of a minute, within a yard of my head.

While we were running on the grass one or two men dropped every minute, and were left behind; but now they fell faster. When we came to the bridge, which was about two yards wide, and twelve yards long, the balls came so thick that I had no expectation of getting across alive. We then began to ascend the hill, and were as crowded as people in a fair. We had to creep upon our hands and knees, the ascent being so steep and rocky; and while creeping, my brother-officer received a ball in the brain, and fell dead! Having got up this rock, we came to some palisadoes, within about twenty yards of the wall; these we broke

down, but behind them was a ditch three feet deep, and just behind that a flat space about six yards broad, and then a hill thrown up eight feet high. These passed, we approached a second ditch, and then the wall, which was twenty-six feet high, against which we planted six or seven ladders.

The hill is much like that at Greenwich, about as steep and as high. Just as I passed the palisadoed ditch, there came a discharge of grape-shot from a twenty-four pounder, directly into that flat space, and about twelve fine fellows sunk upon the ground, uttering a groan that shook the oldest soldier to the soul. Ten of them never rose again, and the nearest of them was within a foot of me, and the farthest not four yards distant. It swept away all within its range. The next three or four steps I took, was upon this heap of dead ! You read of the horrors of war, yet little understand what they mean !

When I got over this hill\* into the ditch, under the wall, the dead and wounded lay so thick that I was continually treading upon them. A momentary pause took place about the time we reached the ladders, occasioned I apprehend by the grape-shot, and by the numbers killed from off the ladders ;—but all were soon up, and formed again in the road† just over the wall. We now cheered four or five times ! When we had entered the citadel, which was directly after we had scaled the wall, no shot came amongst us ; the batteries there had been silenced before we were over, and we formed opposite the two gateways, with orders to "*to let no force break through us.*" I was in the front rank !

As soon as Philippon heard that we were in the citadel, he ordered two thousand men "*to retake it at all events ;*" but, when he was told that the whole of the third division had got in, "then," said he, "give up the town."

One battery fired about two hours after we were in, but those near the breach were quiet in half an hour, part of the fifth division which got in on the south having silenced them. The attack upon the breach failed ; it was renewed a second time ; and again a third time, with equally bad fortune, which made Lord Wellington say, "The third division has saved my honour and gained the town."

We continued under arms all night. About fifty prisoners were made in the citadel. Philippon withdrew into Fort St. Christoval, and most of the cavalry escaped by the Sally Port. By the laws of war we were allowed to kill all we found, and our soldiers declared they would do so ; but an Englishman cannot kill in cold blood !

Our regiment did not fire a gun the whole time. I saw one

\* The Escarpment.

† The Covered Way.

instance of bravery on the part of the French, just before the grape-shot came; eight or ten Frenchmen were standing on the battery, No. 32, one of our regiments fired and killed one or two of them, but the rest stood like statues; they kept on firing till there were but two left, when, one of them being shot, the other jumped down.

The town is about the size of Northampton; all the houses near the breach were completely battered down, and most of the others damaged.

In the morning I returned to the camp, and by day-light retraced my steps of the night before. In every place I passed a great many wounded; I saw eight or ten shot through the face, and their heads a mass of clotted blood, many with limbs shattered, many shot through the body, and groaning most piteously? I found the body of my brother officer on the hill, his pantaloons, sword, epaulet, and hat, taken away: the dead lay stretched out in every form, some had been dashed to pieces by bombs, many had been stripped naked, and others had been rolled in the dust, with blood and dirt sticking all over them!

When I came to the spot where the grape-shot first struck us, the bodies lay very thick! but even there they bore no comparison to the heaps in the breach, where they lay one upon another two or three deep, and many in the ditch were half out and half in the water!

I shall now give you my feelings through the whole affair, and I have no doubt when you read this you will feel similarly. I marched towards the town in good spirits; and, when the balls began to come thick about me, I expected every one would strike me: as they increased, I regarded them less; at the bottom of the hill I was quite injured to danger, and could have marched to the cannon's mouth. When the grape-shot came, I suffered more for those who fell than for myself; and, when I first trod upon the dead heaps, it was horrible! In the next twenty or thirty steps I trod upon many more dead, but each impression became less terrible!

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You see then that I have literally been within a few inches of death,—upon the very verge of eternity! With you, when two or three of your acquaintance die, you say, "These are awful times, death has been very busy!" Here he was busy indeed!! Of three officers, with whom I dined that day, one was killed and another severely wounded, yet not a hair of my head has been hurt! I am indeed in better health than ever I was in my life. \* \* \* \* \*

FROM THE LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

## MISS SEWARD'S WILL.

A GENTLEMAN having kindly favoured us with a copy of this lady's will, we lay such parts of it before our readers as we conceive may be interesting ; but, in publishing these extracts, we cannot avoid saying, that perhaps more of the real character of the writer will appear than in any of her works ; for what is written under the awful expectation of death, may easily be conceived to be most unfeigned, delivered upon the strength of present feelings, fearless of incurring other censure than that of the Deity.

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" I, Anne, or as I have generally written myself *Anna Seward*, daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Seward, Canon Residentiary of the cathedral church of Litchfield, do make and publish my last will and testament, in manner following. I desire to have a frugal and private funeral, without any other needless expense than that of a lead coffin, to protect my breathless body. If the dean and chapter shall not object to our family vault in the choir being once more opened, I desire to be laid at the feet of my late dear father ; but, if they should object to disturbing the choir pavement, I then request to be laid by the side of him who was my faithful excellent friend, through the course of 37 years, the late Mr. John Saville, in the vault which I made for the protection of his remains, in the burial ground on the south side of the Litchfield cathedral : I will that my hereafter executors, or trustees, commission one of the most approved sculptors to prepare a monument for my late father and his family, of the value of 500*l.* ; that with consent of the dean and the chapter, they take care the same be placed in a proper part of Litchfield cathedral : to every servant living in my family at the time of my decease, who shall have properly conducted him, or her self, during my last illness, I bequeath proper mourning, and ten pounds each in money, above what quarterly wages may then be due to them ; it being my custom to pay their wages every quarter. To the maid servant who shall live with me at my death, I leave all the apparel which I have worn, my best laces excepted ; which best laces, whether they be on gowns, or handkerchiefs, or lie unmade up in my drawers, I bequeath to my friend Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, now of the close, Litchfield, together with all such contents of the bureaux, which I have always kept locked up, as she may choose to accept. To my beloved and honoured friend Lady Eleanor Butler, and Miss Pensonby, of Llangolenvale, Denbigh-

shire, I leave each a ring, value five guineas, or any other more acceptable memorial of my attachment to them, to the said amount, as they may choose. To my highly-esteemed Miss Cornwallis, daughter of the present Bishop of Litchfield, I also leave a mourning ring of the value of five guineas; also to my long dear friend Mrs. Mary Powys, now of Clifton, near Bristol, I leave the same small memorial of our 30 years' friendship and correspondence. Also, I leave to Mr. Wm. Feary, of Litchfield, the sum of five guineas, either for a mourning ring, or any other more acceptable token of my esteem and respect for his virtues; and the same to my friend Thomas Lister, Esq. of Armitage. To my esteemed friend and correspondent, Dr. William Hussey, I leave a mourning ring of the same value, viz. five guineas. To my kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hussey Wyrley, I bequeath a mourning ring, of the value of two guineas; and to my cousins, Mrs. Thomas White, Mrs. Susannah Burrows, Mrs. Hinckley, of Litchfield, and Mrs. Martin, now of Winterbourn, I leave a mourning ring, of two guineas value; and the same also to Mrs. Charles Simpson, wife of my executor; and the same to Mr. Ironmonger, now of Litchfield.

"My curious fan, of *ancient date, but exquisite workmanship*, and with a fresh mount of red leather, I bequeath to Mrs. White, wife of my executor, Mr. Thomas White, together with my best diamond ring, and the miniature picture of myself, by the late celebrated Miers. The miniature picture of my late dear father, by Richmond, I leave to my cousin, Mrs. Susannah Burrows.

"To my cousin, the Rev. Henry White, I leave the fine portrait of my late father, by the late Mr. Wright, of Derby; also all the *beautiful* drawings in my possession, by the Rev. William Bree, now of Coleshill, Warwickshire.

"The valuable Italian portrait, now in my green parlour, is the property of the said Henry White, a loan, not a gift to me. I desire it may be restored to him at my death. My own picture, by the late Mr. Romney, I bequeath to my friend and executor, Charles Simpson, provided he be living; if not, I bequeath the said picture of myself, to my other executor, Mr. Thomas White: and to the said Mr. Thomas White, I also leave the mezzotinto print of the dying St. Stephen, by West; also the *exquisite* engraving Instruction Paternelle: each of them were presented to me by my late dear friend Mr. Saville, for whose sake, as well as for mine, I know he will value them. The beautiful portrait of my father's mother, by the *famous* Sir Peter Lely, is the property of my cousin Mrs. Susannah Burrows; a loan, not a gift, to me; and as such, to be restored to her at my death. The miniature picture of my late dear friend Mr. Saville, drawn in the year 1770, by the late celebrated artist Smart, and

which at the time it was taken, and during many successive years, was an exact resemblance of the original, I bequeath to his daughter Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, who I know will value and preserve it as a jewel above all prize; and in case of her previous demise, I bequeath the said *precious* miniature to her daughter Mrs. Honora Jager, *exhorting the said Honora Jager, and her heirs, into whose hands 'soever it may fall, to guard it with sacred care from the sun and from damp, as I have guarded it, that so the posterity of my valued friend may know what, in his prime, was the form of him whose mind through life, by the acknowledgment of all who knew him, and could discern the superior powers of talent and virtue, was the seat of liberal endowment, warm piety, and energetic benevolence.* The mezzotint engraving from a picture of Romney, which is thus inscribed on a tablet at top, "Such was Honora Sneyd,"\* I bequeath to her brother Edward Sneyd, Esq. if he survives me; if not, I bequeath it to his amiable daughter, Miss Emma Sneyd, entreating her to value and preserve it as the perfect, though accidental, resemblance of her aunt, and my ever dear friend, *when she was surrounded by all her virgin glories—beauty and grace, sensibility and goodness, superior intelligence, and unswerving truth.* To my before mentioned friend, Mrs. Mary Powys, in consideration of the true and *unextinguishable* love which she bore to the original, I bequeath the miniature picture of the said Honora Sneyd, drawn at Buxton, in the year 1776, by her gallant, faithful, and unfortunate lover, Major Andre,† in his 18th year. That was his first attempt to delineate the human face, consequently it is an unfavourable, and most imperfect, resemblance of a most distinguished beauty.

"If I should die before I have committed for publication such of my writings in verse and prose as I mean shall constitute a miscellaneous edition of my works, as hereafter mentioned, I give and bequeath them to my friend and correspondent Walter Scott, Esq. of Edinburgh, author of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, &c. The said compositions of mine will be found in a blue hair trunk, tied up together, with a coloured silk braid, to which trunk my maid will direct my executors. This bequest to Mr. Scott consists of all my writings in verse, which have passed the press, together with those which yet remain unpublished; also a collection of my *juvenile* letters from the year 1762 to June 1768; also four sermons, and a critical dissertation. The verse consists of two half-bound quarto volumes of manuscript compo-

\* For a copy of this interesting portrait, with a biographical memoir, see *Lady's Museum* for October, 1811.

† Vide *Museum* for October, 1811.

sitions ; also at this time of six manuscript-books, in quarto sheets, and only sewed together. With these I desire may be blended—my poems which already have been regularly and separately published ; printed copies of which will be found with the manuscript verses ; and from those printed copies I desire the press for this collective edition may be struck ; some slight alterations, inserted in my own hand writing, will be found in those printed copies, and I hope attended to. With the aforesaid poetry will be found, and with which I desire may be published, the three first books of an epic poem, entitled *Telemachus*. It is raised on the basis of Fenelon's work, so entitled, but *my poem* is a *widely excursive paraphrase*. Its completion was long my wish, but I could never find leisure for the task. With the above mentioned verse will be found a small collection of my late beloved father's poetry, which I desire may be admitted into the said miscellany, and *succeed* to my own. To these metrical compositions from his pen and from *mine*, I desire my *Juvenile Letters* may in succession be added. The critical dissertation of defending Pope's *Odyssey* against the *absurd* criticisms of Spence, I refer to Mr. Scott's judgment to publish or suppress, as he may think best. If its publication be his choice, I could wish that tract might follow the *Juvenile Letters* in the course of the edition ; last the four sermons, unless Mr. Scott should conclude it better to publish them separately from the edition, and perhaps at a different period : at all events, I would have the letters succeed the poetry, as in *Warburton's edition of Pope's works*. It appears to me that it would be eligible to print the said edition of my works in pocket volumes octavo, with an engraving prefixed, taken by one of our best London artists, from Romney's picture of me,\* bequeathed to my friend and hereafter named executor, Charles Simpson, *which I know he will have the goodness to lend for that purpose*. In the before mentioned blue hair trunk will be found twelve half-bound quarto volumes ; they contain such letters, or parts of letters, to numerous correspondents, from the year 1784 to the present day, as appeared to me *worth the future attention of the public*. *Voluminous as is the collection, it does not include a twentieth part of my epistolary writing* from the period at which those twelve books commenced. I give and bequeath these twelve volumes to Mr. A. Constable, bookseller, in Edinburgh, the gentleman who publishes Mr. Walter Scott's poetic compositions. I bequeath them to him rather than to Mr. Walter Scott, *since the abhorrence in which, both in a moral and religious point of view, from the close of the campaign*

\* Why then have they chosen one which she confesses was not like, and drawn at the age of seventeen.

*in 1793, I have held the destructive system in this country which has ruined the Continent, endangered the independence of Great Britain, obstinately pursued against the remonstrances of wisdom, and the warnings of successive discomfiture, is too fervently avowed in the course of these letters, and is too hostile to Mr. Scott's political attachments and connexions, for the possibility of its being eligible for him to become their editor. I wish Mr. Constable to publish two volumes of the said letters annually, not classing them to separate correspondents, but suffering them to succeed each other in the order of time, and as he finds them in the volumes.*

*"To my hereafter mentioned executors and trustees, I commit the inspection of all my letters from my different correspondents, and of all my papers, those excepted, which are designed for the press; and I trust in their discretion to destroy all useless papers and letters."*

With the violent phillipic still tingling in our ears against her favourite Mr. Walter Scott, we leave the lady. The rest of her will is like the will of most other people, and only relates to her estate, her goods, and chattels.

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## RAIL SHOOTING.

THE natural history of the *Rail*, or as it is called in Virginia the *Sora*, and in South Carolina the *Coot*, is to the most of our sportsmen involved in profound and inexplicable mystery. It comes, they know not whence; and goes, they not where. No one can detect their first moment of arrival; yet all at once the reedy shores and grassy marshes of our large rivers swarm with them, thousands being sometimes found within the space of a few acres. These, when they do venture on wing, seem to fly so feebly, and in such short fluttering flights among the reeds, as to render it highly improbable to most people that they could possibly make their way over an extensive tract of country. Yet, on the first smart frost that occurs, the whole suddenly disappear as if they had never been.

The Rail or Sora belongs to a genus of birds of which about thirty different species are enumerated by naturalists; and those are distributed over almost every region of the habitable parts of the earth. The general character of these is every where the same. They run swiftly, fly slowly, and usually with the legs hanging down; become extremely fat; are fond of concealment; and wherever it is practicable, prefer running to flying. Most of them are migratory, and abound during the summer in cer-

tain countries, the inhabitants of which have very rarely an opportunity of seeing them. Of this last, the Large Rail of Britain is a striking example. This bird, which during the summer months may be heard in almost every grass and clover field in the kingdom, uttering its common note *Crek, Crek*, from sunset to a late hour in the night, is yet unknown, by sight, to more than nine-tenths of the inhabitants. 'Its well known cry,' says Bewick, 'is first heard as soon as the grass becomes long enough to shelter it, and continues till the grass is cut; but the bird is seldom seen, for it constantly skulks among the thickest part of the herbage, and runs so nimbly through it, winding and doubling in every direction, that it is difficult to come near it; when hard pushed by the dog it sometimes stops short, and squats down, by which means its too eager pursuer overshoots the spot, and loses the trace. It seldom springs but when driven to extremity, and generally flies with its legs hanging down, but never to a great distance; as soon as it alights it runs off, and before the fowler has reached the spot the bird is at a considerable distance.\*' The *Water Creak*, or Spotted Rail of the same country, which in its plumage approaches nearer to our Rail, is another notable example of the same general habit of the genus. 'Its common abode,' says the same writer, 'is in low swampy grounds, in which are pools or streamlets overgrown with willow, reeds and rushes, where it lurks and hides itself with great circumspection; it is wild, solitary and shy, and will swim, dive or skulk under any cover, and sometimes suffer itself to be knocked on the head, rather than rise before the sportsman and his dog.' The *Water Rail* of the same country is equally noted for the like habits. In short, the whole genus possess this strong family character in a very remarkable degree.

On the twenty-second day of February I killed two of these birds in the neighbourhood of Savannah, in Georgia, where they have never been observed during the summer. On the second of the May following I shot another in a watery thicket below Philadelphia, between the rivers Schuylkill and Delaware, in what is usually called the *Neck*. This last was a male, in full plumage. We are also informed, that they arrive at Hudson's Bay early in June, and again leave that settlement for the south early in autumn. That many of them also remain here to breed is proved by the testimony of persons of credit and intelligence with whom I have conversed, both here and on James river, in Virginia, who have seen their eggs and young. In the extensive meadows that border the Schuylkill and Delaware it was formerly common, before the country was so thickly settled there, to find young Rail in the first mowing time among the grass. Mr. James Bartram, brother to the botanist, a venerable and still active man of eighty-

three, and well acquainted with this bird, says, that he has often seen and caught young Rail in his own meadows in the month of June; he has also seen their nest, which he says is usually in a tussock of grass, is formed of a little dry grass, and has four or five eggs of a dirty whitish colour, with brown or blackish spots; the young run off as soon as they break the shell, are then quite black, and run about among the grass like mice. The old ones he has very rarely observed at that time, but the young often. Almost every old settler along these meadows with whom I have conversed has occasionally seen young Rail in mowing time; and all agree in describing them as covered with blackish down. There can, therefore, be no reasonable doubt as to the residence of many of these birds both here and to the northward during the summer. That there can be as little doubt relative to their winter retreat, will appear more particularly in the sequel of the present account.—During their residence here, in summer, their manners exactly correspond with those of the Water Crike of Britain already quoted; so that, though actually a different species, their particular habits and common places of resort, and eagerness for concealment, are as nearly the same as the nature of the climates will admit.

Early in August, when the reeds along the shores of the Delaware have attained their full growth, the Rail resort to them in great numbers to feed on the seeds of this plant, of which they, as well as the Rice, birds and several others, are immoderately fond. These reeds, which appear to be the *zizania paniculata* of Linneus, and the *zizania clavulosa* of Willdenow, grow up from the soft muddy shores of the tide water, which are alternately dry, and covered with four or five feet of water. They rise with an erect, tapering stem to the height of eight or ten feet, being nearly as thick below as a man's wrist, and cover tracts along the river of many acres. The cattle feed on their long green leaves with avidity, and wade in after them as far as they dare safely venture. They grow up so close together that, except at or near high water, a boat can with difficulty make its way through among them. The seeds are produced at the top of the plant, the blossoms or male parts occupying the lower branches of the panicle, and the seeds the higher. These seeds are nearly as long as a common sized pin, somewhat more slender, white, sweet to the taste, and very nutritive, as appears by their effects on the various birds that, at this season, feed on them.

When the reeds are in this state, and even while in blossom, the Rail are found to have taken possession of them in great numbers. These are generally numerous in proportion to the full and promising crop of the former. As you walk along the embankment of the river at this season, you hear them squeaking in every

direction like young puppies; if a stone be thrown among the reeds there is a general outcry, and a reiterated *kuk kuk kuk*, something like that of a guinea fowl. Any sudden noise, or the discharge of a gun, produces the same effect. In the mean time none are to be seen, unless it be at or near high water; for when the tide is low they universally secret themselves among the interstices of the reeds, and you may walk past and even over them, where there are hundreds, without seeing a single individual. On their first arrival they are generally lean, and unfit for the table; but as the reeds ripen they rapidly fatten, and from the twentieth of September to the middle of October are excellent, and eagerly sought after. The usual method of shooting them, in this quarter of the country, is as follows. The sportsman furnishes himself with a light batteau, and a stout experienced boatman, with a pole of twelve or fifteen feet long, thickened at the lower end to prevent it from sinking too deep into the mud. About two hours or so before high water they enter the reeds, and each takes his post, the sportsman standing in the bow ready for action, the boatman on the stern seat pushing her steadily through the reeds. The Rail generally spring singly, as the boat advances, and at a short distance a-head, are instantly shot down, while the boatman, keeping his eye on the spot where the bird fell, directs the boat forward and picks it up as the gunner is loading. It is also the boatman's business to keep a sharp look out, and give the word *mark*, when a Rail springs on either side without being observed by the sportsman, and to note the exact spot where it falls until he has picked it up; for this once lost sight of, owing to the sameness in the appearance of the reeds, is seldom found again. In this manner the boat moves steadily through and over the reeds, the birds flushing and falling, the gunner loading and firing, while the boatman is pushing and picking up. The sport continues till an hour or two after high water, when the shallowness of the water, and the strength and weight of the floating reeds, as also the backwardness of the game to spring as the tide decreases, oblige them to return. Several boats are sometimes within a short distance of each other, and a perpetual cracking of musketry prevails along the whole reedy shores of the river. In these excursions it is not uncommon for an active and expert marksman to kill ten or twelve dozen in a tide. They are usually shot singly, though I have known five killed at one discharge of a double barrelled piece. These instances however are rare.

The flight of these birds among the reeds is usually low; and, shelter being abundant, is rarely extended to more than fifty or one hundred yards. When winded and uninjured in their legs, they swim and dive with great rapidity, and are seldom seen to

rise again. I have several times, on such occasions, discovered them clinging with their feet to the reeds under the water, and at other times skulking under the floating reeds with their bill just above the surface. Sometimes when wounded they dive, and rising under the gunwale of the boat secret themselves there, moving round as the boat moves, until they have an opportunity of escaping unnoticed. They are feeble and delicate in every thing but the legs, which seem to possess great vigour and energy, and their bodies being so remarkably thin, or compressed as to be less than an inch and a quarter through transversely, they are enabled to pass between the reeds like rats. When seen they are almost constantly jetting up the tail. Yet, though their flight among the reeds seems feeble and fluttering, every sportsman who is acquainted with them here, must have seen them occasionally rising to a considerable height, stretching out their legs behind them, and flying rapidly across the river where it is more than a mile in width.

Such is the mode of rail shooting in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia. In Virginia, particularly along the shores of James river within the tide water, where the Rail or Sora, are in prodigious numbers, they are also shot on the wing, but more usually taken at night, in the following manner. A kind of iron grate is fixed on the top of a stout pole, which is placed like a mast, in a light canoe, and filled with fire. The darker the night the more successful is the sport. The person who manages the canoe is provided with a light paddle ten or twelve feet in length; and about an hour before high water, proceeds through among the reeds which lie broken and floating on the surface. The whole space for a considerable way round the canoe is completely enlightened; the birds stare with astonishment, and as they appear are knocked on the head with the paddle, and thrown into the canoe. In this manner from twenty to eighty dozen have been killed by three negroes in the short space of three hours!

At the same season, or a little earlier, they are very numerous in the lagoons near Detroit, on our northern frontiers, where another species of reed (of which they are equally fond) grows in shallows in great abundance. Gentlemen who have shot them there, and on whose judgment I can rely, assure me, that they differ in nothing from those they have usually killed on the shores of the Delaware and Schuylkill; they are equally fat, and exquisite eating. On the sea coast of New Jersey, where these reeds are not to be found, this bird is altogether unknown; though along the marshes of Maurice river and other tributary streams of the Delaware, and wherever the reeds abound, the Rail are sure to be found also. Most of them leave Pennsylvania before the end of October, and the southern states early in November,

though numbers linger in the warm southern marshes the whole winter. A very worthy gentleman, Mr. Harrison, who lives in Kittiwah, near a creek of that name, on the borders of James river, informed me, that in burning his meadows early in March, they generally raise and destroy several of these birds. That the great body of these Rail, winter in countries beyond the United States, is rendered highly probable from their being so frequently met with at sea, between our shores and the West India islands. A captain Douglass informed me, that on his voyage from St. Domingo to Philadelphia, and more than a hundred miles from the capes of the Delaware, one night the man at the helm was alarmed by a sudden crash on deck that broke the glass in the binnacle, and put out the light. On examining into the cause, three Rail were found on deck, two of which were killed on the spot, and the other died soon after. The late bishop Madison, president of William and Mary college, Virginia, assured me, that a Mr. Skipwith, for some time our consul in Europe, on his return to the United States, when upwards of three hundred miles from the capes of the Chesapeake, several Rail or Soras, I think five or six came on board, and were caught by the people. Mr. Skipwith being well acquainted with the bird assured him that they were the very same with those usually killed on James river. I have received like assurances from several other gentlemen and captains of vessels who have met with these birds between the main land and the islands, so as to leave no doubt on my mind of the fact. For, why should it be considered incredible that a bird which can both swim and dive well, and at pleasure fly with great rapidity, as I have myself frequently witnessed, should be incapable of migrating like so many others over extensive tracts of land or sea? Inhabiting as they do the remote regions of Hudson's Bay, where it is impossible they could subsist during the rigours of their winter, they must either emigrate from thence or perish; and as the same places in Pennsylvania which abound with them in October are often laid under ice and snow during the winter, it is as impossible that they could exist here in that inclement season; Heaven has therefore given them in common with many others, certain prescience of these circumstances, and judgment as well as strength of flight sufficient to seek more genial climates, abounding with their suitable food.

During the greater part of the months of September and October the market of Philadelphia is abundantly supplied with Rail, which are sold from half a dollar to a dollar a dozen. Soon after the twentieth of October, at which time our first smart frosts generally take place, these birds move off to the south. In Virginia they usually remain until the first week in November.

Since the above was written, I have received from Mr. George

Ord of Philadelphia, some curious particulars relative to this bird, which, as they are new, and come from a gentleman of respectability, well known for his dexterity at Rail shooting, are worthy of being recorded, and merit further investigation.

‘My personal experience,’ says Mr. Ord, ‘has made me acquainted with a fact in the history of the Rail, which, perhaps is not generally known; and I shall, as briefly as possible, communicate it to you. Some time in the autumn of the year 1809, as I was walking in a yard, after a severe shower of rain, I perceived the feet of a bird projecting from a spout. I pulled it out, and discovered it to be a Rail, very vigorous, and in perfect health. The bird was placed in a small room, on a gin-case; and I was amusing myself with it, when, in the act of pointing my finger at it, it suddenly sprang forward, apparently much irritated, fell on the floor, and stretching out its feet, and bending its neck until the head nearly touched the back, became to all appearance lifeless. Thinking the fall had killed the bird, I took it up, and began to lament my rashness in provoking it. In a few minutes it again breathed, and it was some time before it perfectly recovered from the fit, into which, it now appeared evident it had fallen. I placed the Rail in a room wherein Canary-birds were confined; and resolved that, on the succeeding day, I would endeavour to discover whether or no the passion of anger had produced the fit. I entered the room at the appointed time and approached the bird, which had retired on beholding me, in a sullen humour, to a corner. On pointing my finger at it, its feathers were immediately ruffled; and in an instant it sprang forward, as in the first instance, and fell into a similar fit. The following day the experiment was repeated with the like effect. In the fall of 1811 as I was gunning amongst the reeds, in pursuit of Rail, I perceived one rise but a few feet before my batteau. The bird had risen about a yard when it became entangled in the tops of a small bunch of reeds, and immediately fell. Its feet and neck were extended, as in the instance above mentioned; and before it had time to recover I killed it. Some few days afterwards as a friend and I were gunning in the same place, he shot a Rail, and as we approached the spot to pick it up, another was perceived not a foot off in a fit. I took up the bird, and placed it in the crown of my hat. In a few moments it revived, and was as vigorous as ever. These facts go to prove, that the Rail is subject to gusts of passion, which operate to so violent a degree as to produce a disease; similar in its effects to epilepsy. I leave the explication of the phenomenon to those physiologists who are competent and willing to investigate it: It may be worthy of remark, that the birds affected as described, were all females of the *Rallus Virginianus*, or common Rail.

‘The Rail, though generally reputed a simple bird, will sometimes manifest symptoms of considerable intelligence.—To those acquainted with Rail-shooting it is hardly necessary to mention, that the tide in its flux, is considered an almost indispensable auxiliary; for, when the water is off the marsh, the lubricity of the mud, the height and compactness of the reed, and the swiftness of foot of the game, tend to weary the sportsman and to frustrate his endeavours. Even should he succeed in a tolerable degree, the reward is not commensurate to the labour. I have entered the marsh in a batteau at a common tide, and in a well-known haunt have beheld but few birds. The next better tide, on resorting to the same spot, I have perceived abundance of game. The fact is, the Rail dive and conceal themselves beneath the fallen reed, merely projecting their heads above the surface of the water for air, and remain in that situation until the sportsman has passed them; and it is well known, that it is a common practice with wounded Rail to dive to the bottom, and holding upon some vegetable substance, support themselves in that situation until exhausted. During such times, the bird, in escaping from one enemy, has often to encounter another not less formidable.—Eels and cat-fish swarm in every direction, prowling for prey; and it is ten to one if a wounded Rail escapes them. I myself have beheld a large eel make off with a bird that I had shot, before I had time to pick it up; and one of my boys, in bobbing for eels, caught one with a whole Rail in his belly.

‘I have heard it observed, that on the increase of the moon the Rail improves in fatness, and decreases in a considerable degree with that planet. Sometimes I have conceived that the remark was just. If it be a fact, I think it may be explained on the supposition, that the bird is enabled to feed at night, as well as by day, while it has the benefit of the moon, and with less interruption than at other periods.’

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### NEGLECTED BIOGRAPHY.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear,  
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air....*Gray.*

BAILLY (JEAN SYLVAIN),

ONE of the forty of the French Academy, &c. deputy of Paris to the states-general. The name of Bailly is attached to events so important, it has completely exhausted the vicissitudes of favour and misfortune, it has so many titles to the remembrance of

the friends of the sciences, that history ought to transmit to posterity even the smallest details which can serve to illustrate the life of this celebrated man. Born at Paris on the 15th of September, 1736, nature had endowed him with all the talents which fit men for the study of the sciences, and for the meditations of philosophy. The advantage which he had in connecting himself with the celebrated Lacaille, determined his taste for astronomy. After several essays, which were well received by the public, he published his history of Astronomy, a work in which was manifested the hand of a great writer, who unites superior talent and brilliant colouring to vast knowledge. After the publication of various works, he received, in 1785, the reward which is most delightful to a man of letters, that in being appointed a member of the three first academical bodies in France. Some time after, being commissioned to examine into the proceedings of the animal magnetism of Mesmer, he destroyed, by his report, all the illusions of credulity. When the revolution broke out in 1789, the electors of Paris chose him as secretary, and then as deputy of the tiers-état to the states-general. He was president of this assembly in its first session. On the 6th of June, he complimented the king, at the head of the commons, complained of the delays made by the noblesse, in beginning the labours of the states-general, and asserted the devotion of the tiers-état to the maintenance of the rights of the throne. The commons having formed themselves into a national assembly, on the 17th of June, Bailly was continued president; and it was he who, on the 20th, when the king forbade the commons to meet, collected the assembly, and conducted them to the tennis-court, where he presided at the famous sitting, which was in a manner the opening of the revolution. When the master of the ceremonies came from the king, to order the members of the tiers-état to leave the room, Bailly answered him, that the assembled nation had no orders to receive. He claimed, in his rank of president, the right of being the first to take an oath not to separate till they had established the constitution on a solid basis. On the 16th of July he was appointed mayor of Paris, by the permanent committee, after the assassination of M. de Flesselles. On the 17th, he received the king at the town hall, and presented to him the national cockade: in the speech which he addressed to this prince, was remarked the following sentence: 'Henry IV. had conquered his people; here it is the people who have re-conquered its king.' He was again proclaimed mayor on this same day. In this character, on the 25th of August, he took the following oath to the king: 'Sire, I swear to God, between the hands of your majesty, to cause your lawful authority to be respected, to preserve the sacred rights of the corporation of Paris, and to do justice to all men.'

He then offered to the king a nosegay, wrapt in a piece of gauze, on which was written, in letters of gold, 'Homage to Louis XVI. the best of kings.' On the day of the 6th of October, he came to receive the king at the barrier, and made him a long speech, to which Louis returned only these words: 'Sir, it is always with pleasure and confidence that I find myself in the midst of the inhabitants of my good city of Paris.' On the 19th, when the assembly came and held its first meeting at Paris, he complimented it, and, in his speech, did nothing but eulogise the city of Paris, Lafayette, and himself. On the 5th of February, 1790, he went to congratulate the king on his being present the day before at the assembly, and on the speech that he had made there; he told him, among other things, 'that he united all the titles of the beloved monarchs, Louis the just, Louis the good, Louis the wise, and soon Louis the great.' When, after the flight of the king, the parties were completely divided, and when the violent revolutionists wished to seize this opportunity for pronouncing the forfeiture of Louis XVI. Bailly obeying the suggestions of Lafayette, opposed the ferments excited in Paris in favour of the party of the forfeiture; a party which counted in its ranks the most declared jacobins, and the partisans of the house of Orleans. An immense crowd having thronged to the Champ de Mars, to frame an address to this effect, on the 17th of July, 1791, he caused martial law to be proclaimed against this assembly, which was dispersed by the armed force. The national assembly approved this step; but from this time Bailly perceived that his credit was sinking; on the 19th September, he sent to the municipal body his resignation, which he attributed to the impaired state of his health. In consequence of the refusal of this body, and the supplications that were made to him, he again resumed his functions. He vacated the office of mayor in the early part of November. It was on the 18th that he presented his successor, Petion, to the general council of the corporation; he then went to pass some time in England, and afterwards returned to Paris. Become odious to the people, whose idol he had been, he hoped to be forgotten by burying himself in study and retirement. Concealed in the environs of Melun, he remained there in quiet till after the 30th May, which revived, with the power of revenge, the remembrance of the bloody scene of the Champ de Mars. Bailly, discovered to the researches of the agents of Robespierre, was arrested in October, 1793, sent to Paris, thence to the Magdelonettes, thence transferred to the Conciergerie, and brought to trial on the 10th of November, before the revolutionary tribunal, by Fouquier Tinville. This tribunal condemned him to death for having plotted with Capet, his wife, and others, for disturbing public tranquillity, exciting civil war, and

causing the massacre of the Champ de Mars. On the day after the passing of his sentence, he was delivered over to the executioner, and put into the fatal cart, at the back of which was fastened the red banner, as if to reproach him with having occasioned its display during his mayoralty. Whilst he was leading to execution, he was loaded with the insults of the multitude; he was covered with mud; furious men struck him with so much barbarity, that the executioners themselves were incensed at it. It was resolved that he should die on the Champ de Mars, in the very place where he had caused the seditious persons to be fired upon. The banner was burnt, and shaken all on fire over his body! A moment before he had fallen down in a fainting fit; when he returned to himself, he demanded with a sort of haughtiness, that an end might be put to his miseries. 'Dost thou tremble, Bailly?' said one of the executioners to him, seeing his limbs, weakened by age, and moistened by a cold and continual rain, quiver. 'Friend,' answered he, calmly, 'it is with cold.' At last, after having endured every species of ignominy and of ferocity, he ran himself to the scaffold, which, after having been several times displaced in his presence, had been at last fixed on a heap of dung: he died with great courage. Towards the close of his life he had been called as a witness in the queen's trial; and, as if desirous of repairing his faults towards the royal family, he had the courage to declare that the facts related in the act of accusation, drawn up against this princess, were false and forged.

Bailly was tall; his face was long and serious, and its character sometimes that of sensibility. It has been said that he resembled the minister Dundas (the late Lord Melville). He has given proofs of remarkable disinterestedness. There are several valuable works on astronomy by him: in 1800 was published the continuation of his *Origin of Fables*, and in 1804, a journal of his conduct in the early part of the revolution, which he appears to have made for his own use, and not to give it to the public. Those who have published it, have consulted neither their own interests nor that of his memory. Bailly was become in 1778, one of the principal chiefs of the philosophical party, and it is not surprising that he should have given himself up, at the appearance of a new order of things, to the seductions of ambition. The remembrance of his punishment must make the ambitious of all ages tremble. In 1797, Pastoret caused his widow to be set on a footing with those of the deputies who had died for their country, and obtained for her the grant of a pension; she enjoyed it but a short time, as she died in 1800. It was said at the time that she had great influence over her hus-

band, and as she wanted understanding, and especially education, she contributed, in many instances, to set him in an absurd light.

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BARTHELMY, (THE ABBE, JEAN JAQUES).

BORN at Cassis, near Aubagne, on the 20th of January, 1746. He studied at the oratorical college at Marseilles, where his success was rapid and brilliant. He then removed to that of the Jesuits, and devoted himself particularly to the dead languages; he applied himself to study, with an ardour so excessive as to endanger his life. When restored to health, he came to Paris, and was patronised by Boze, keeper of the cabinet of medals, who in time associated him with himself. From this period the abbé Barthélmy spent all his hours in the study and arrangement of the medals, and Boze dying in 1757, he succeeded him. Soon after he accompanied the Duke de Choiseul to Italy, and this journey gave him an opportunity of increasing the numismatic riches of France; he visited all the monuments, and received every where the most flattering attentions. M. de Choiseul being raised to the ministry, bestowed on him several pensions, which he had some difficulty in prevailing on him to accept. He employed them, however, in the most worthy manner; he educated his nephews; he collected for himself a chosen library, and shared the remainder with the poor. It was at this period that he began the *Travels of the younger Anacharsis*, one of the most splendid literary monuments of the 18th century, which cost him 30 years labour. Unambitious, and connected with no party, it was long before he became one of the French academy. Though he had been a member of that of inscriptions and elegant literature, ever since 1747, he was not admitted among the forty till June, 1789. The year following, the post of king's librarian was offered to him, but he declined it. Confined by inclination and by modesty to the care of the cabinet of medals, he devoted himself to it with unalterable ardour, and at last collected 40,000 antique medals, which he arranged in an admirable order. He had almost reached the end of his days, when the revolution came to cloud them, for being pointed out in 1793, as an object of suspicion, he was conveyed to the Magdelonnettes, though some pity might have been shewn to a man of 78 years of age. It was not, however, long before his persecutors blushed at this useless barbarity, and he was restored to liberty four and twenty hours after his arrest; but the fatal stroke was given; from this time his strength declined, and after a fever of a few days, he peacefully expired, on the 1st of May, 1794, reading Horace. This virtuous man was the ornament of

his age, the delight of his family, and the stay of his friends. His figure was tall and well proportioned, his face had an antique cast, and expressed mingled simplicity, candour, and dignity, the true type of his good and elegant mind. He was dear to all who knew him, particularly to his family, of whom he was the prop. The education of his nephew, who is now a senator, was owing to him. He left a great number of treatises on medals and inscriptions; also, the 'Loves of Calista and Polydore,' a romance translated from the Greek, and conversations of the state of the Greek music.

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BARTHELEMY, (FRANCOIS),

NEPHEW of the person last mentioned, a senator. Born at Aubagne, and brought up under the direction of his uncle, he was placed, while yet very young, in the office of M. de Choiseul; the Baron de Breteuil afterwards took him to Switzerland, and thence to Sweden; and when M. d'Adhémar was appointed ambassador to that court, Barthélemy accompanied him thither as his secretary. On the recal of the minister he succeeded him as ambassador, and remained some time, even during the mission of M. de la Luzerne. At the commencement of the revolution he was sent as ambassador to England, and to him devolved the office of informing the court that Louis XVI. had accepted the constitution. In December, 1791, he went to Switzerland, in the same character; in April, 1795, he negotiated and signed a peace with Prussia; in the July following he concluded a similar treaty with Spain, and shortly after with the Elector of Hesse. He was also charged to endeavour at entering into some pacific negotiations with Mr. Wickham, then the English minister at Bâle; but this proved unsuccessful. Though he sometimes occasioned the expulsion of emigrants and priests from Switzerland, he behaved with great moderation there, and has been commended by all parties. Letournier having quitted the directory in June, 1797, M. Barthélemy was elected in his place; but having been raised to this eminent station chiefly by the influence of the Clichleu party, he soon shared in their downfall. It seems that without having attached himself to Carnot, and without being connected with the members of the councils, who were themselves split into several factions, he reprobated the conduct of his three other colleagues: he opposed any change in the ministry, and with Carnot, signed a protest against the decision of the majority. From that time it was determined to include him in the proscription then preparing, and though Barras, on the 17th Fructidor, had intimated to him his impending danger, if he did not tender his resignation; he disdained to withdraw from it, and that very

evening played a game at tric trac, went tranquilly to rest, and was seized in bed. The minister Sothri carried him to the Temple unrepining. His only words were, 'Oh, my country!' He, Pichegru, and the other arrested deputies, were removed to Rochefort, and thence to Cayenne, where he nearly perished by disease. After several months of captivity, he escaped with six of his companions in misfortune, and his faithful Le Tellier, who had courageously followed him. He went to England, and thence passed over to the continent, where he remained till the revolution of the 18th of Brumaire, restored hope to those proscribed in the month of Fructidor; Barthélemy was one of the first recalled, and soon became a member of the conservative senate, shortly after which he was called to the institute. To great abilities, Barthélemy unites uncommon probity; and though long an ambassador, and afterwards a member of the first authority in the state, his fortune is still narrow.

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BEAUMARCHAIS (P. AUGUSTE CARON DE,)

BORN at Paris the 24th of January, 1732, the son of a watch-maker. At the age of 21 he invented an improvement in watch-making. Being passionately fond of music, and especially of the harp, he applied himself to rendering the mechanism of the pedals more perfect, and this talent gained him admittance to Mesdames, Louis XVth's daughters, to give them lessons, which was the origin of his fortune. He lost two wives successively, and then gained three considerable law suits; the papers which he published concerning each of them, and especially that against Kornmann, whose counsel Bergasse was, excited great attention. He had an affair of honour with a duke, in consequence of which he was sent to fort l'Evêque. He was employed in some political business by the ministers Maurepas and Vergennes; he supported the scheme for the bank of discount, and this bank was established; he also procured the adoption of the scheme for a fire-pump to supply the city of Paris with water. His plan concerning poor women was executed at Lyon, and gained him thanks from the body of merchants of this town. After the death of Voltaire, he bought the whole of his manuscripts, and not having been able to print them in France, he established a considerable press at Kell, where he succeeded in raising to this great man, a typographical monument worthy of his glory. He also had some other works printed at this same establishment, particularly the writings of J. J. Rousseau. At this period the North American colonies were shaking off the yoke of England; Beaumarchais formed advantageous speculations in their favour, in which he interested the possessors of large capitals; he collected money and vessels,

and sent them arms, men, and other assistance, of which a small part fell into the hands of the English, the remainder arrived safely, and he made the best advantage of the event, which procured him a considerable fortune; it was then that he had a magnificent house built in the Faubourg St. Antoine. He was planning the construction of a bridge over the Seine, when the revolution intervened to oppose his projects. On the 24th of July, 1789, he made a civic gift of 12,000 francs to the inhabitants of the Faubourg St. Antoine; a short time after he became a member of the first commune of Paris. In 1792, having signed a contract with the war minister, to furnish 60,000 firelocks, which he was to procure from Holland, and not having delivered one, though he had received 500,000 francs in advance, the people accused him of forming a deposit of them in his house on the Boulevard; this accusation was laid before the convention by Chabot; Beaumarchais was conducted to the Abbaye a little while before the massacres of September, but Manuel having declared himself his protector, he was set at liberty. Lecointre de Versailles renewed this accusation on the 28th of November, and obtained a decree for proceeding against him, but he had already taken refuge in England, where the ridiculous reply was forgotten which he had made in his own name to the proclamation of the English monarch, at the time of the American war. It was said at the time, that he would, from his retirement, maintain a secret correspondence with the committee of public safety; however this may be, after the 9th of Thermidor year 2, (27th of July, 1791) he returned to Paris, and was striving to collect the shattered remains of his ancient fortune, when, on May 17, 1799, he was carried off by an apoplectic fit, after a life made up of all kinds of events, and divided between literature and business. The only real talents which he shewed were intrigues of every species. His dramatic productions were highly successful. The marriage of Figaro especially, in which the author has retraced several scenes of his own life, not calculated to do him honour, was performed all over France, and particularly at the first theatre in Paris, with ridiculous solemnity. It is difficult to express the infatuation with which the court and the town came to applaud the most indecent pictures, the jests in the worst taste; and it is above all astonishing that the government of that time did not stifle these first cries of sedition. The Barber of Seville preceded *Firago*; this work, sketched on the same plan, had less success: the *Guilty Mother*, which Beaumarchais wished to make the sequel to these two pieces, occasioned strong invectives, and his imprudence now met with zealous defenders of morals and good taste. The stroke which excited the most indignation, was the anagram of one of his adversaries in the foolish and odious

character of Bégearss ; no one recognised in this portrait one of the most enlightened and estimable men of the age, and the calumny was only the more disgusting on that account. This piece was, however, revived in 1796, and, after the representation, the author, at the end of his career, presented himself once more on the stage, where he received applauses, contested by some hisses. Beaumarchais' first dramatic performance, *Eugenia*, had appeared in 1767 ; the most interesting situations in this piece he had borrowed from the *Diable Boiteux* of Lesage. In 1793 he published papers in answer to Lecointre de Versailles. his accuser.

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BERTRAND DE MOLEVILLE,

COMPTROLLER of Bretagne, then minister of the marine. Being the king's commissioner at Rennes, in 1778, and charged, with the Count de Thiard, with dissolving the parliament, he was in danger of losing his life in a commotion, in which the young men undertook the defence of the parliament. On the 4th of October, 1791, he was appointed minister of the marine, in the place of M. Thévenard. On the 31st of the same month he made a report to the legislative assembly on the state of the naval force of France, on the organization of the marine, and on the laws which remained to be made relative to the service of the ports and arsenals. The majority of the committee of the marine soon declared against him, particularly the deputy Cavelier of Brest. On the 7th and 8th of December, he was violently accused by the deputy of Finisterra, and by the deputy Cavelier, as having deceived the legislative body, by declaring the officers of the marine were at their posts, and having betrayed the nation, by employing aristocrats in the expedition destined to carry success to St. Domingo. The discussion was adjourned, and on the 13th of the same month, he presented a paper in answer to these accusations. The assembly ordered it to be printed. On the 19th of December, he delivered a speech on the disasters of St. Domingo, and on the means of remedying them. Though he had described the friends of the negroes, as the instigators of these disasters, the assembly was sufficiently pleased with this discourse to order it to be printed. On the 29th he was again denounced by a petitioner, calling himself a member of a commercial house in India, and by the deputy Cavelier. On the 13th of January, 1792, the committee of the marine made a report against the paper of the minister Bertrand, relating to the dismissions delivered to the officers of the marine of Brest. The discussion was long, the debates tumultuous, and the deliberation adjourned. On the 19th, the minister went, accompanied by his colleagues,

to present to the assembly the recapitulation of his arguments in his defence, and explanations concerning the facts imputed to him ; this affair was again adjourned. On the 1st of February the committee of the marine made a new report against him. After tumultuous debates, the assembly decreed that there was no ground of accusation against this minister ; but on the following day they decreed, that observations on his conduct should be presented. Hérault de Séchelles was charged with the denunciation : he read it, on the 1st of March, to the assembly, who adopted it. On the 10th it received the king's answer, which was honourable to the minister, and declared that Louis XVI. continued his confidence to him, though he had been denounced to him. A few days after M. Bertrand, at the solicitation of other ministers, and principally of M. Cahier de Gerville, gave in his resignation, and was succeeded by M. de la Coste. At this period Louis XVI. confided to the ex-minister, the direction of a secret police, commissioned to watch over the Jacobin party, and influence the national guard and the sections. In the month of May, Cara having denounced him to the Jacobins, as one of the principal members of the Austrian committee, Bertrand complained to the court of correcting police ; but the justice of peace, Larivière, who had admitted this complaint, was accused by the legislative assembly, as having illegally pursued several deputies. In the course of June, M. Bertrand sent to Louis XVI. the plan of the justice of peace, Buot, his principal secret agent, for naturalizing the tribunes of the assembly. After the events of the 20th of June, he presented another to this prince, for securing his departure from Paris, but indiscretion and perfidy prevented the execution of it. Five days after, the tenth of August, Bertrand de Moleville was accused, in consequence of a report of Gohier, and of the demand of Fouchet. He encountered great dangers, and at last reached London, where he settled after this period. In that country he published a voluminous history of the revolution, which had great success there, on account of the accuracy of the facts, of which the author was a witness, and especially on account of the severity of its principles. This valuable work has been translated into English, and reprinted at Paris in 15 volumes ; it is certainly one of the most complete collections concerning the revolution, and it would be difficult to find elsewhere more courage and exactness on this head. M. de Bertrand did not return to Paris after the 18th of Brumaire, year 8, (9th of November, 1799) and he appears to have remained attached to the house of Bourbon. In 1804, he was pointed out, in a pamphlet published by Méhée, as having tried to seduce him to attach him to the same cause ; and in May 1805, he was also marked out in the same manner in the trial of Duluc and Rosselin, who were condemned to death by a military committee.

FROM THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF GENERAL MACDONALD.

[From the *Philosopher of Gen. Sarrazin.*]

STEPHEN Macdonald was born at Sejan, in the department of the Ardennes, the 17th of Nov. 1765. His father, of Scotch origin, had him educated with great care. He left college in 1784, to enter in the Legion of Mallebois, which he left in 1786, for the regiment of Dillon, which he entered as an under-lieutenant: he successively passed through the different degrees to that of colonel, which he obtained on the 1st of March, 1793, in the 2d regiment of infantry of the line, called *Picardie*, which was then in garrison at Thionville.

Brave, intelligent, and well-informed, Macdonald distinguished himself in every affair in which he was engaged in the army of the north: he was appointed general of brigade after the taking of Menin; he made the campaign of 1794 under the orders of Pichegru. On the 12th of Jan. 1795, he crossed the Waal on the ice, with his division. All the generals in chief under whom he served till the peace of Leoben, spoke very highly of him in their reports to the directory.—Whilst his comrades were rendering him that justice which was due to his talents and his bravery, the representatives of the people who with the army of the north, caused him to experience the greatest inconveniences: they even pushed their hatred (inspired by his frankness) so far as to dismiss him. Pichegru complained loudly of this, and said they wished to disorganise his army, by depriving it of its best officer. The deputy, St. Just, answered him, “We have dismissed Macdonald, because neither his *face* nor *name*, are republican: we restore him to thee, but thou shalt answer for him with thy head.” This opinion of the deputies without doubt, at that time influenced the committee of public safety, and afterwards the directory, which prevented that officer from being intrusted with a chief command till 1799, when he was appointed to replace Championnet, at the army of Naples. Macdonald had distinguished himself by many successful engagements with Gen. Mack. When he attacked the French army in the Roman states, Championnet, exasperated at the dilapidations committed by the Sieur Faitpoult, commissary of the directory, had given him orders to quit Naples in twenty-four hours, with his band of pillagers. Faitpoult raised the standard of revolt against the general in chief; but he was laughed at, and his decrees were turned into ridicule. He was obliged to quit the *field of battle* with many personal insults, the authors of which I am far from wishing to justify.

Macdonald, who had not forgotten the reproaches of St. Just, conducted himself in such a manner as to persuade the directory that he respected their authority; both in the general in chief, whose orders he punctually obeyed, and in the commissioner Fautpoult, whose fate he appeared to lament. The firmness of Championnet was considered as mutiny: he was ordered to quit Naples, and to resign the command to Gen. Macdonald. That general was not afraid of the task which was imposed upon him. One might say that the whole kingdom, not even excepting the capital, was in insurrection. There was no travelling without considerable escorts. The army was obliged to fight in the Abruzzes, in the Pouille, in the principality of Salerno, and even to the very gates of Naples. The various movements of the troops were so well combined, that in a month's time every thing was calm, except in the territory of Otranto, where the remains of the insurrection appeared concentrated, under the orders of Cardinal Ruffo.

The army of Naples was under the orders of General Sherer. When he was beaten on the Adige, on the 26th of March, 1799, he gave orders to Macdonald to unite his troops and to join him by forced marches in northern Italy. The Neapolitans, informed of the successes of the Austrians, ran to arms, and the massacre of the French recommenced with fresh fury. In spite of these great obstacles, in a mountainous country, all the columns of the army succeeded in effecting a junction. It would have been dangerous to commence the retreat without having overawed the multitude by some daring stroke which might insure the confidence of those who were friendly to the French, and deter the insurgents from following at their heels. Avellino, Castellamare, Lacava, and Sorrento, were attacked and taken, after some sanguinary conflicts. The army commenced its retreat on the 12th of May, and on the 26th was in Tuscany, united with the divisions of the army of Italy, detached by Gen. Moreau. Macdonald may be reproached for having lost 10 days in combining his movements with Moreau: he ought to have rushed from the heights of the Appenines into the plains on the right bank of the Po, proceeded rapidly up this river, and effected a junction with the army of Italy, in the environs of Voghera. The 13th of June he attacked Modena, and in two hours overthrew the column of General Hohenzollern, which was posted upon the glacis of the place. The French grenadiers entered the town with the Austrians, and made more than 2000 prisoners.

The divisions of Montrichard and Rusca, which ought to have seconded the attack of Modena, by the route of Bologna, not having yet arrived, Macdonald was informed that a column of cavalry retarded their march: it was a squadron of the legion of Bussy, to which all means of retreat were cut off by the taking

of Modena. Macdonald, fully confident that that body would surrender without any difficulty, advanced towards the grand road, within a quarter of a mile of the infantry, which was stationed on both sides of the road. By way of precaution, I observed to Macdonald, that I thought I had better remain with my grenadiers, and that he would do the same. 'Don't you see,' replied he, very courteously, 'that they are caught as though in a mouse trap?' When he was an hundred paces distant from the Austrians, he hollowed out to them to surrender. 'We surrender?' replied the officer, and returned his sabre into its scabbard, continuing to advance with the greatest tranquillity. When come up within pistol shot, he ordered his troops to draw their sabres, and to charge; he himself falling upon Macdonald, struck him three blows with the sabre upon the head, threw him off his horse, and then mingled with the escort, which, attacked by the whole squadron, took to flight. The grenadiers were very much embarrassed about firing, for fear of killing their own men. After a fray of ten minutes, a few Austrians succeeded in entering Modena, where they were made prisoners; the greater part of them, however, perished; in this latter number, was the commanding officer, well worthy of a better fate. He was a young man of eighteen, of a good countenance, and of considerable abilities. His generous resolution of forcing his way to rejoin his army, cannot but be praised; he would have succeeded in it, had it not been for the ambuscade of grenadiers. Macdonald, who was supposed dead, came off quit for the three cuts of the sabre, which were but slight, and the contusions occasioned by the fall from his horse.

On the 17th the advanced guard reached Placentia, and on the 18th General Ott was attacked and beaten. The coming up of the Russian advanced guard, forced the French to draw back and to take a position on the right of the Trebia. On the 19th the whole army was reunited upon the right bank of the river. Two strong van guards were stationed upon the left bank. Suwarrow and Melas attacked them with the choice of their troops, made a great slaughter, but could not force them to quit their position. The 20th of June, Macdonald acted upon the offensive: he crossed the Trebia with the whole of his army, 40,000 strong. Gen. Melas was at first beaten. Suwarrow, who was gaining in the centre, sent Gen. Rosenberg to the succour of his left; and the French were obliged to draw back to their old positions. There was for a moment, a rout in the centre. Macdonald, who was there, had nearly been drowned in the Trebia; he was carried away with the fifth regiment of light infantry, which, being panic-struck, had retreated in the greatest confusion, throwing down their muskets and knapsacks. The cause of this rout was

a charge made by nearly 500 cossacks upon 100 dragoons. These latter retreated at full gallop, and occasioned a great cloud of dust, which was increased by the pursuit of the cossacks. One frightened fellow cried out, "there is the whole of the Russian cavalry upon us;" no more was necessary to decide the gaining of this battle, so famous, but till now little known in its true point of view.

Macdonald has been unjustly reproached with having wished to gain a battle without Moreau's participation. It was only in conformity with the orders, or at least the positive advice of that general, that he determined to march upon the rear of the left wing of the Austro-Russian army. He was so zealous in complying with the intentions of Moreau, that he had the weakness to change his own plan of attack to adopt that of Victor, who told him he had it from the general in chief: this condescension caused the loss of every thing. A diversion on the part of Moreau was relied on, and it was that which determined Macdonald to desist from his former resolution, which was to proceed by forced marches to Voghera by way of Placentia, he could have got there by the 17th of June, he would have destroyed the Austrians upon the Trebia, or at least have forced them to pass upon the left bank of the Po. Suwarrow with his 25 thousand Russians would not have been able to arrest the march of the army of Naples, composed of choice troops who had made the campaigns of Italy with Bonaparte, and dispersed in one month the sixty thousand Neapolitans commanded by Mac; the Austrians should first have been fought with, and then the Russians. The slowness of the movements of the French army, and some other circumstances which time alone can properly elucidate, forced Macdonald to retreat towards Tuscany, after having lost in killed, wounded, and prisoners, about ten thousand men.

The Italian General Lahoz having separated from the French to join the insurgents, whose numbers and audacity increased daily, Macdonald determined upon evacuating Tuscany and re-joining Moreau at Genoa; this movement was made in good order. After this junction Macdonald obtained leave to return to France, for the purpose of re-establishing his health, which was considerably affected by his wounds and the fatigues inseparable from so toilsome a campaign, which had lasted for nearly a year. He was at Paris at the event of the 18th Brumaire, and was intrusted by Bonaparte with the command of Versailles: he showed on that post more firmness than at the end of the campaign of Italy; he caused the club of Versailles to be shut up, and made the inhabitants sensibly feel that it was high time that a just and energetic government should obliterate the horrors of anarchy and the fatal vacillation of the weak directory.

Bonaparte, thinking to testify his satisfaction to Macdonald, offered him, in April 1800, the command of one of the corps of the army of reserve, destined to reconquer Italy, under the orders of Berthier. Macdonald, piqued at seeing himself exposed to serve as a subordinate after having commanded in chief, pretended illness from his wounds in the army of Naples. Notwithstanding this refusal, the true motive of which did not escape the penetration of the crafty Bonaparte, Macdonald was nominated, on the 24th of August, 1800, general in chief of the army destined to penetrate into the Tyrol, through Switzerland, to second the operations of the army in Italy, and favour the movements of the army of Moreau in Germany, by forcing the Austrians to keep up in the Tyrol from 25 to 30,000 men of their best troops. This campaign consisted of very fatiguing marches in the Alps, in the depth of winter. The French army was about 15,000 strong. General Matthew Dumas, more expert in writing about war than carrying it on, was chief of the staff. After having combatted more with the difficulties of the roads than with the Austrians, who made but a weak resistance, Macdonald possessed himself of Trent the 7th of January, 1801. The armistice concluded at Treviso, the 16th of the same month, put an end to hostilities.

Returned to France, Macdonald was no doubt displeasing to Bonaparte, from his intimate connexion with Moreau: he was honourably exiled by being appointed for the embassy to the court of Denmark; he experienced so many disagreeables in that capacity, that he was continually soliciting his recall, which was at length granted him in 1803. Notwithstanding his assiduities at the Thuilleries, he was always coldly received. He appeared to be one of the most eager of the generals for the nomination of Bonaparte as *emperor*: nevertheless thus suffered his ambition to get the better of the pride, which his conduct till now without reproach, ought to have inspired him with, he was not included in the list of marshals of the empire; he remained unemployed till 1809. He obtained at last orders to serve under the command of Prince Eugene Beauharnois in the army of Italy; he then commanded the right wing of this army, and was considered as the mentor of Eugene. The success obtained at Laybach and at Raab were the results of Macdonald's combinations. The 6th of July, 1809, at the battle of Wagram, he was charged with the attack of the centre of the Austrian army: he lost in killed and wounded about three fourths of his column, but he succeeded in making the Archduke Charles fall back; his conduct obtained him a marshal's staff which was given him upon the field of battle. Some time afterwards he was named Duke of Tarento.

The faint attacks of Augereau in Catalonia, determined Bona-

parte to give him, Macdonald, for a successor. Gouvion St. Cyr, an officer of great merit, had been recalled from this command in a manner little flattering to him. The surprisal of Figueras by the Catalans, which at first was considered as a triumph for the noble cause of the brave Spaniards, has been found, by the fatality of events, to have been only a snare in which 4000 choice men, the very soul of the insurrection in Catalonia, have unhappily been taken ; so that since the 19th of August, the period that Figueras opened its gates to Macdonald, this rich province appears, in despite of the energy of its inhabitants, to be subjugated to the yoke of the French. Notwithstanding this brilliant result, Macdonald appears to have been recalled from this command. I cannot find out the reason, but in the tone the general assumes in the account he renders of the capitulation of Figueras —“ *I please myself,*” says Macdonald, in his report to Berthier, “ *in rendering justice to the army, in the hope that the emperor will view with the eye of favour these brave fellows, intreating your excellency to cause it to be remarked to his majesty, that his army of Catalonia is a stranger to the event which has reunited it in this place,*” &c. How happens it that Macdonald, who does not want for good sense, should have allowed himself such awkward observations ? It would have been easy for him to have convinced himself, long ago, that Bonaparte detests any one who should think proper to take upon himself the language of a monitor, or the part of Phormion or Ephesus, who discussed the science of war in the presence of Hannibal.

The Duke of Tarento is of a good size, of a slender make, but robust, pale-faced, with eyes full of fire ; his smile sardonic, his gait is military, his manners very polished. I believe him to be a sincere friend. Although he showed a weakness of character in the council of war, which occasioned the loss of the battle of Trebia, we cannot refuse to allow him the firmness necessary to a good general : he paid dear for this complaisance, since he lost the only pitched battle in which he commanded in chief. This fault will have served as a useful lesson to him to hold firm to his opinion, and to shew off those talents to the best advantage with which nature has gifted him. The numerous combats which he has sustained and given in Germany and Italy, and almost always with success, incontestably place him amongst the generals of the second rank : his cringing conduct to obtain employment does him little honour. He experiences at this time what we see happen every day in society, as a consequence of the strange caprices of men, who appear to increase in coldness in proportion to the anxiety with which respectable women endeavour to captivate husbands, equally despicable for their most ridiculous jealousy and the most insupportable tyranny.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

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*Culture of Potatoes.*—From Mr. Murray, overseer of a party of sealers, who landed in Fouveaux's Straits, October 7, 1809, and arrived at Sydney, August 20, 1810; we learn that his party, with two others, one left in Molyneaux's Straits, the other on the South Cape of New Zealand, had been reduced to great distress for want of food, the vessels they depended on for a supply, not having arrived.

From his long stay in Fouveaux's Straits, Mr. Murray became tolerably conversant in the native language, which he describes as totally different from that of the Bay of Islands, although the people of both places dress much alike, and are nearly similar in their manners. There were two small towns on that part of the coast upon which his gang was stationed, each of which contained between twenty and thirty houses, each house containing twenty families. These houses are built with posts, lined with reeds, and thatched with grass. They grow some potatoes, which, with their nuts, they barter with the sailors for any articles they chose to give in exchange; preferring iron or edged tools, none of which they had ever before had in their possession. Those on the sea-coast live chiefly upon fish; their canoes are very inferior to those of the Bay of Islands, not exceeding 18 inches in breadth; but from 14 to 16 feet in length, which want of proportion renders it unsafe to venture out any distance without lashing two of these vehicles together, to keep them from up-setting. Their offensive weapons are stone axes of an immoderate size and weight, and large spears from 12 to 14 feet in length, which they do not throw; and as an unquestionable evidence of barbarity, Mr. M. affirms, that when two factions take the field, their women are ranked in front of either line, in which posture they attack and defend, the men levelling their weapons at each other of the heads of the unfortunate females, who rend the air with shrieks and lamentations while the conflict lasts, and frequently leave more dead upon the field than do their savage masters. The vanquishers devour the bodies of their fallen enemies, and bury their own dead; and like the Gentoos, the women follow their husbands to the shades below. To their king or principal chief, whom they call the *Pararoy*, they pay profound respect; and such was there deference to superior rank, that no civilities were paid to any of Mr. Murray's people, unless he were present; and he also was honoured with the rank and title of a *Pararoy*.

*Slaves Emancipated.*—The island of Goree, off the African coast, now contains 2000 blacks, who have been rescued from slave-ships by our cruisers. A plan has been lately devised for recruiting the West

India regiments from them ; and some officers are about to be sent out to carry it into effect.

*Prodigious Tiger.*—The Madras journals mention, that one of the largest Tigers ever seen in that part of the world, was killed at Saukerry Droog, by Captain Moore and Lieutenants Birch and Nellthropp. In the course of a few months, it had destroyed a hundred head of cattle, &c. besides four children. Sixteen balls were lodged in its body before it fell ; it measured from head to tail 14 feet, and was 43 inches in height.

*Persia.*—*Country surveyed : Panoramic Views.*—Mr. Price a gentleman attached to the Persian embassy, has made drawings on the spot, of every town, village, castle, ruin, mountain of note, &c. during the whole of his route from the Persian Gulf to Tehran, the Persian capital. He has made panoramic views of Shiras, Persepolis, Isphahan, Kashan, Kom, and Tehran ; giving the costumes of the people, &c. so that on his return to England the public may expect to be gratified with the fruits of his labour through this extensive and interesting tract of country, hitherto so little known in Europe.

*Turkey.*—*Weehabees victorious.*—Constantinople, April 1. Letters from Smyrna confirm the news of the defeat of Jussuff Pacha, by the Weehabees. He lost near Medina some thousands of men, and retired in disorder to the banks of the Red Sea, where he is waiting for reinforcements.

*Mahometan Pilgrimage terminated in a British Ship.*—The Druid frigate, Captain Searle, has sailed from Alexandria for Tangiers, conveying to the latter place the emperor of Morocco's son, who has performed the pilgrimage to Mecca.

*Selling a Wife.*—A well dressed woman was lately sold in Smithfield, with a halter round her neck, to a decent looking man, who gave *eight shillings* for the *Lady*, and paid the salesman seven shillings. An immense crowd witnessed the scene. The woman declared it was the happiest moment of her life : and the purchaser said that he would not take ten pounds for his *bargain* !

Daniel Redesh sold his wife in Sheffield market-place lately, for *sixpence*, and actually delivered her to the purchaser in a halter, which cost *ninepence*.

*Bibliomania.*—At no time did the *Bibliomania* rage with more violence than at present. At the Duke of Roxburghe's sale, a collection of two-penny portraits of criminals, and other remarkable characters, chiefly of persons tried at the Old Bailey, sold for 94*l.* 10*s.*—The *Boke of Saint Albans*, printed 1486, 147*l.*—The *Mirroir of the World*, Caxton, 1480, 35*l.* 15*s.*—The *Kalmdayr of the Shippers*, 1503, 180*l.*—The last little volume was bought for the Duke by Mr. Nichol for two guineas.

A collection of halfpenny ballads and garlands, pasted, in 3 vols. sold for 478*l.* 15*s.*

A set of the Sessions' papers, from 1690 to 1803, sold for 378*l.*

One day's sale of the library, produced above 2,800*l.* The books were early and scarce editions of English poetry.

Wednesday June 17, was quite an epoch in bookselling; for at no time, and in no country, did books bring the prices at which they were knocked down by Mr. Evans at Roxburghe House. To enumerate all the rarities sold would exceed the limits that we can spare for the article; but we shall extract from the catalogue, (in Mr. Nicol's own words) the titles of a few of the lots, and add the prices at which they sold.

*Romances.*

No. 6,292. II Decamerone di Boccaccio, fol. M. C. Edit. Prim. Venet: Valdarfer, 1471.

Of the extreme scarcity of this celebrated edition of the Decameron, it will perhaps be sufficient to say, that no other perfect copy is yet known to exist, after all the fruitless researches of more than 300 years.

It was bought by the Marquis of Blandford, after a long contest with Earl Spencer, for 2,260*l.*; being the largest sum ever given for a single volume.

No. 6,348. The Boke of the Fayt of Armes and of Chyvalrye, fol. blue Turkey, gilt leaves, very rare. Caxton, 1479.

Bought by Mr. Nornaville for 336*l.*

No. 6,349. The veray trew History of the valiant Knight Jason. fol. Russia. Andewarpe by Gerard Leea, 1492.

Of this very rare edition no other copy is known. Bought by the Duke of Devonshire for 94*l.* 10*s.*

No. 6,350. The Recuyeil of the Histories of Troye, by Raoule le Fevre, translated and printed by William Caxton. fol. B. M. Colen, 1473.

This matchless copy of the first book printed in the English Language, belonged to Elizabeth Gray, Queen of Edward IV.

Bought by the Duke of Devonshire for 1,060*l.* 10*s.*

No. 6,353. The most Pytifull History of the Noble Appolyn, King of Thyre, 4to. M. G. L. very rare; W. de Warde, 1519.

Bought by Mr. Nornaville, for 115*l.* 10*s.*

No. 6,360. The History of Blanchardyn, and the Princes Eglantyne. fol. red Mor. Caxton.

Of this book there is no other copy known to exist. Unfortunately, imperfect at the end.

Bought by Earl Spencer for 215*l.* 15*s.*

No. 6,361. The right pleasaunt and goodlie Historye of the Four Sonnes of Aimon, fol. red Mor. Caxton, 1554.

Bought by Mr. Héber for 55*l.*

No. 6,376. The Lyfe of Vergilius, with wood-cuts, rare, 4to.

Bought by Marq. of Blandford for 54*l.* 12*s.*

No. 6,377. The Storye of Frederyke of Jennen, with wood-cuts, 1518.

Bought by Mr. Triphook for 65*l.* 2*s.*

No. 6,378. *The Story of Mary of Nemegeen*, with wood-cuts, 1518. Bought by Mr. Triphook for 67*l*.

The day's sale amounted to 5,035*l*. 7*s*.

It will be curious to learn what these books originally cost the noble duke; and we trust Mr. Nichol will publish a priced catalogue with a detail of the formation of the library.

Books to the amount of 40,000*l*. have been sold by auction within the last two months—to which those now on sale will add 25 or 30,000*l*. more.

The young Duke of Devonshire has also bought the Count Maccarthy's splendid library, in one lot, for 25,000 guineas.

*Sir Joseph Banks*.—Sir Joseph Banks, observing lately the motion of a snake along the floor, discovered that it was assisted by its ribs, which served the purpose of feet, the points of them touching the ground, and by those means facilitating its motions.

*Longevity*.—Since the year 1810, 30 persons in Russia have attained the age of 115 years; 24 that of 120; 11 that of 135; and 2 that of 140.

*Germany*.—The Catalogue of Books which is annually published before the Leipsic fair, announces this year 1609 new works, in German and Latin; 100 new novels; and 50 new theatrical pieces; the number of geographical maps is 82; and new musical compositions about 350.

*France*.—M. Itard, physician to the School for the Deaf and Dumb in Paris, lately read to the Institute an essay on the construction of the organ of hearing, and the causes and cure of deafness; in which he gave an account of a cure performed by him on a deaf and dumb youth, by perforating the tympanum of the ear, and injecting warm water.

*Automatons*.—Three automatons are now exhibiting at Paris: the first writes the names of persons; the second copies drawings; and the third, which is a *chef d'œuvre*, speaks and articulates distinctly.

*M. D'Audebert*.—M. D'Audebert is engaged in a great work upon the relations which the diseases of animals have to those of man.

*M. Noyez*.—M. Noyez, Veterinarian at Mirepoix, has published a memoir upon the good effects which result from the shearing of domestic animals, such as the ox and the horse, in the cure and prevention of certain diseases.

*Berkshire*.—The Reading Mercury says, "There is, within two miles of this town, a young woman, who has lived during the last three years without meat, bread, or any solid articles of food. She subsists entirely on a little wine and milk. It is remarkable that she throws

up every day a large quantity of blood. She is unable to move, having long lost every particle of flesh; but she appears nearly in the same situation as she was three years ago."

*M. Degen, flying.*—M. Degen lately made another experiment with his flying machine, at Trivoli, near Paris. He descended from a scaffold erected in the grand walk, and alighted safe in the old park of Sceaux. He was buoyed up by a small balloon, to which wings were attached, made of taffety, 22 feet in length and 8 1-2 in breadth.

*Migration of birds.*—It has long been disputed, and is still an undecided point in natural history, whether several species of birds, which disappear in winter, actually remove to warmer climates, or lie, during the cold months, torpid and concealed. One undoubted proof that the latter is the fact, is, perhaps, worth remarking. On the 1st of June, on removing some mats of tow in a warehouse belonging to Messrs. Neilson and Co. at Methel, one of the tribe called *martin*, or *swift*, was discovered between two of the mats, lying on its belly, with the wings spread, to all appearance dead, and, until closely handled, exhibited no symptoms of animation. By degrees, however, it began to revive, and, opening its languid eyes, expressed with a scream that its repose had been prematurely broken. For a while it refused to fly, but, in about an hour, was fully recovered; and on being offered the gift of liberty, darted through its native element, hailing with joy the dawn of its periodical resurrection. Those birds which feed solely on aerial insects, find no kind of subsistence from the time that the chilling air annihilates its numberless inhabitants, until the beams of summer again call them forth by myriads. The swallow, martin, &c. are therefore compelled to cross oceans, and seek support in warmer regions, most probably those of Africa, from whence they annually return—or, without the dangers of such a flight, they hide themselves in dark recesses and all-provident nature wraps them in the slumber of torpitude, until she has again replenished the atmosphere with their food, and then she awakes them to taste her bounty. Probably some may emigrate; but the foregoing circumstance proves, beyond a doubt, that they can, for many months, undergo a total suspension of every faculty, and are again, in the proper season, charmed, as it were, into cheerful existence.

*Singular Cause of Incorrectness in a Watch.*—A gentleman put an exquisite watch into the hands of a watch-maker that went irregularly. It was as perfect a piece of work as ever was made. He took it to pieces, and put it together twenty times. No manner of defect was to be discovered, and yet the watch went intolerably. At last it struck him the balance-wheel might have been near a magnet. On applying a needle to it, he found his suspicion true. Here was all the mischief. The steel work in the other parts of the watch had a perpetual influence on its motions, and the watch went as well as possible with a new wheel.

# POETRY.

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FROM THE EDINBURGH ANNUAL REGISTER.

## POLYDORE.—A BALLAD.

ON Rimside Moor a tempest-cloud  
Its dreary shadows cast  
At midnight, and the desert flat  
Re-echoed to the blast;  
When a poor child of guilt came there  
With frantic step to range,  
For blood was sprinkled on the garb  
He dared not stay to change.

"My God! Oh whither shall I turn?  
The horsemen press behind,  
Their hallo' and their horses' tramp  
Come louder on the wind;  
But there's a sight on yonder heath  
I dare not, cannot face,  
Though 'twere to save me from those hounds,  
And gain my spirit grace.

"Why did I seek those hated haunts  
Long shunn'd so fearfully;  
Was there not room on other hills  
To hide and shelter me?  
Here's blood on every stone I meet,  
Bones in each glen so dim,  
And comrade Gregory that's dead!—  
But I'll not think of him.

"I'll seek that hut where I was wont  
To dwell on a former day,  
Nor terrors vain, nor things long past,  
Shall scare me thence away.  
That cavern from the law's pursuit  
Has saved me oft before,  
And fear constrains to visit haunts  
I hoped to see no more."

Through well-known paths, though long untrod,  
The robber took his way,  
Until before his eyes the cave  
All dark and desert lay.

There he, when safe beneath its roof,  
 Began to think the crowd  
 Had left pursuit, so wild the paths,  
 The tempest was so loud.

The bolts had still retain'd their place,  
 He barred the massy door,  
 And laid him down, and heard the blast  
 Careering o'er the moor.  
 Terror and guilt united strove  
 To chase sweet sleep away;  
 But sleep with toil prevail'd at last,  
 And seized him where he lay.

A knock comes thundering to the door.  
 The robber's heart leaps high—  
 "Now open quick, remember'st not  
 Thy comrade Gregory?"—  
 "Whoe'er thou art, with smother'd voice  
 Strive not to cheat mine ear,  
 My comrade Gregory is dead,  
 His bones are hanging near!"

"Now ope thy door nor parley more,  
 Be sure I'm Gregory!  
 An 'twere not for the gibbet rope,  
 My voice were clear and free.  
 The wind is high, the wind is loud,  
 It bends the old elm tree;  
 The blast has toss'd my bones about  
 This night most wearily.

"The elm was dropping on my hair,  
 The shackles gall'd my feet;  
 To hang in chains is a better lair,  
 And oh a bed is sweet!  
 For many a night I've borne my lot,  
 Nor yet disturb'd thee here,  
 Then sure a pillow thou wilt give  
 Unto thy old compeer!"

"Tempt me no more," the robber cried  
 And struggled with his fear,  
 "Were this a night to ope my door,  
 Thy taunt should cost thee dear."—  
 "Ah, comrade, you did not disown,  
 Nor bid me brave the cold,  
 The door was open'd soon, when I  
 Brought murder'd Mansell's gold.

"When for a bribe you gave me up  
 To the cruel gallows tree,  
 You made my bed with readiness,  
 And stir'd the fire for me.  
 But I have sworn to visit thee,  
 Then cease to bid me go,  
 And open—or thy bolts and bars  
 Shall burst beneath my blow."

Oh sick at heart grew Polydore,  
 And wish'd the dawn of day;  
 That voice had quell'd his haughtiness,  
 He knew not what to say.  
 For now the one that stood without  
 An entrance craved once more,  
 And when no answer was return'd,  
 He struck—and burst the door.

Some words he mutter'd o'er the latch,  
 They were no words of good,  
 And by the embers of the hearth,  
 All in his shackles stood.  
 A wreath of rusted iron bound  
 His grim unhallowed head;  
 A demon's spark was in his eye—  
 Its mortal light was dead.

"Why shrink'st thou thus, good comrade, now  
 With such a wilder'd gaze,  
 Dost fear my rusted shackles' clank,  
 Dost fear my wither'd face?  
 But for the gallows rope, my face  
 Had ne'er thus startled thee;  
 And the gallows rope, was't not the fruit  
 Of thy foul treachery!

"But come thou forth, we'll visit now  
 The elm of the wither'd rind;  
 For though thy door was barr'd to me,  
 Yet I will be more kind.  
 That is my home, the ravens there  
 Are all my company;  
 And they and I will both rejoice  
 In such a guest as thee.

"The wind is loud, but clasp my arm—  
 Why, fool, dost thou delay?  
 You did not fear to clasp that arm  
 When my life was sold away."  
 The midnight blast sung wild and loud  
 Round trembling Polydore,  
 As by his dead companion led  
 He struggled o'er the moor.

Soon had they reach'd a wilderness  
 By human foot unpress'd,  
 The wind grew cold, the heather sigh'd  
 As conscious of their guest.  
 Alone amid the dreary waste  
 The whither'd elm reclined,  
 Where a halter with a ready noose  
 Hung dancing in the wind.

Then turning round, his ghastly face  
 Was twisted with a smile—  
 "Now living things are far remote,  
 We'll rest us here awhile.

Brothers we were, false Polydore,  
 We robb'd in company;  
 Brothers in life, and we in death  
 Shall also brothers be.

"Behold the elm, behold the rope,  
 Which I prepared before—  
 Art pale? 'tis but a struggle, man,  
 And soon that struggle's o'er.  
 Tremble no more, but freely come,  
 And like a brother be;  
 I'll hold the rope, and in my arms  
 I'll help you up the tree."

The eyes of Polydore grew dim,  
 He roused himself to pray,  
 But a heavy weight sat on his breast  
 And took all voice away.  
 The rope is tied—Then from his lips  
 A cry of anguish broke—  
 Too powerful for the hands of sleep,  
 And Polydore awoke.

All vanish'd now the cursed elm,  
 His dead companion gone,  
 With troubled joy he found himself  
 In darkness and alone.  
 But still the wind with hollow gusts  
 Fought revenging o'er the moor,  
 And check'd his transports, while it shook  
 The barricaded door.

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FROM THE SAME.

#### ON PARTING WITH A FRIEND.

WHILE far, dear friend, your parting steps recede,  
 I frequent turn to gaze with fond delay;  
 How faint your lineaments and form decay,  
 Diminish'd to a dim unbodied shade.  
 Alas! that thus our early friendships fade!  
 While through the busy vale of life we stray,  
 And hold the separate tenor of our way,  
 Thus imperceptibly our minds secede.

Yet sure too soon, thou brother of my heart,  
 So lately found, but therefore loved the more;  
 Too soon the moments of affection fly!  
 Too soon by nature's rigid laws we part;  
 Surviving friends may o'er our tomb deplore,  
 But never hear a soft responsive sigh.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

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# SELECT

## REVIEWS OF LITERATURE,

### FOR DECEMBER, 1812.

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[In our number for June, 1812, we published a meagre and very unsatisfactory account of the following work—we were not then in possession of the Edinburgh Review, from which we extract the ensuing article. Our readers will not censure us for placing it before them. *Ed. Sel. Rev.*]

FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

*Lachesis Lapponica; or, a Tour in Lapland.* Now first published from the original Manuscript Journal of the celebrated Linnæus; by James Edward Smith, M. D. F. R. S. &c., President of the Linnæan Society. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1811.

THE name of *Lapland* first occurs in the writings of Saxo-Grammaticus, who composed his History of Denmark about the close of the twelfth century. At the distance of three hundred years, it is again slightly mentioned by Eric of Upsala; and the meagre description of the country by Ziegler is supposed to have first made it known beyond the limits of northern Europe.\* 'Charles the Ninth, King of Swedland' (to use the language of Scheffer, as rendered by his Oxonian translator,) 'in the year

\* There is a brief description of Lapland, in that great mass of obscure history, entitled, *Hispania Illustrata*, published at Frankfort in 1603. At p. 1314 of the 2d vol. there is a pathetic piece, called *Deploratio Gentis Lappicæ*, which is followed up by a short *Lappia Descriptio*,—both addressed to the Pope, by a learned person who takes the name of Damianus à Goes, under date of 1540. Mention is here made of their poverty, their rein-deer, and their incantations; upon which last subject there is the following edifying intelligence. "Incantamentis sic pollent ut naves in medio cursu retineant, sic ut nulla vi ventorum amoveri possint. Quod malum solo virginum excremento, foris navium ac transtris illitis, curatur; a quo, ut ab incolis accepi, spiritus illi natura abhorrent."

1600, being desirous to know the truth of that country, sent two famous mathematicians, *M. Aron. Forsius*, a Swedish professor, and *Hieronymus Birkholten*, a German, with instruments, and all necessaries, to make what discoveries they could of *Lapland*; who, at their return, did certify, and make it out, that beyond the elevation of the pole 73 degrees, there was no continent towards the north but the great frozen sea; and that the farthest point was *Norcum*; or *Norcap*, not far from the castle of *Wardhorise*.'

John Scheffer himself was born at Strasburg, in 1621, and was, by Christina of Sweden, appointed professor of *Law and Rhetoric* in the University of Upsala. Of his erudite tomes, his *Lapponia*, which was printed at Frankfort in 1673, is still the most popular. It consists of thirty-five short chapters, which are distributed with little regard to method, and exhibit a greater display of learning than of philosophical discernment. In the arrangement of his materials, he was avowedly assisted by the Chancellor of Sweden; and appears not only to have had access to such manuscript and printed documents as could then be procured, and to have frequently availed himself of oral communications with native Laplanders, but, though the circumstance is noticed only incidentally, and as of no moment, to have actually travelled through part of the country which he describes.

In 1681, three rambling young Frenchmen, *Corberon*, *Fercourt*, and *Regnard* the dramatist, undertook a wild expedition to Holland, Denmark, and Sweden. At the suggestion of the King of the last mentioned country, they suddenly resolved to pay their respects to Lapland, and actually penetrated to *Tornotresk*, a lake forty leagues in length, and the source of the river Tornea. On the summit of an adjacent mountain, they erected a monument of their excursive wanderings, and graced it with the following Latin inscription, for the perusal of the bears and other country gentlemen of Lapland.

*'Gallia nos genuit, vidit nos Africa, Gangem  
Hausimus, Europamque oculis lustravimus omnem;  
Casibus et variis acti terraque marique,  
Hic tandem stetimus, nobis ubi defuit orbis.'*

DE FERCOURT, DE CORBERON, REGNARD.

*Anno 1681, die 22 Augusti.'*

A lively and entertaining account of this expedition was afterwards published by Regnard; though not, as might be imagined, very remarkable for scientific accuracy.

The celebrated Maupertuis, one of the French academicians, who were commissioned to measure a degree of the meridian under the polar circle, has made a well-known report of their scientific operations; but his collateral descriptions and remarks

refer chiefly to the neighbourhood of Tornea. A narrative of the same expedition, by the Abbé Outhier, though it did not appear till 1744, is nevertheless very inferior to that of Maupertuis, both in respect of sprightliness of expression, and correctness of style; yet, as it comprises several additional particulars, it may be regarded as a useful supplement.

Nearly about the same period, Pehr. Högström, pastor of Gellivhare, in the province of Lulea, published his account of Swedish Lapland; a work which abounds in valuable remarks, but in which, also, the prejudices of the Lutheran divine are laughably blended with chimerical projects for the *conversion* of these hyperborean deserts into fertile pastures and flowery meadows. The more rational and sedate statements of this good and well-meaning parson, may be profitably perused in conjunction with the agricultural and statistical observations of Ehrenmalm, who visited Asehele Lapland, or, as he terms it, *West Nordland*, in the summer of 1741, and whose principal defect is an overstrained sentimentality in favour of the savage condition of mankind.

Knud Leem, or Leemius, professor of the *Lapland language* at Drontheim, and who resided ten years in Lapland in the capacity of a Danish missionary, is the author of a treatise which, by the command of Christian VII, was published at Copenhagen in 1767, under the title of '*De Lapponibus Finmarchiæ Commentatio*;' and which we regret that we have not been able to procure, since its character for accuracy is understood to stand very high with the literati of the North.

From this source, Mr. Joseph Acerbi, a native of Italy, who, in 1798 and 1799, took a *cooling* jaunt through Sweden, Finland, and Lapland, to the North Cape, is reported to have drawn many of his observations on the character and customs of the Laplanders. His work, which was published in London, and in the *English* language, has obviously received *embellishments* from the hand of its manufacturer; but contains, nevertheless, much authentic and entertaining information, and is suitably illustrated by engravings and a large sheet map, copied from Baron Hermelin's collection.

Mr. Consett would scarcely pardon us, perhaps, if we overlooked his seemly quarto. This gentleman accompanied Sir H. G. Liddell, Bart. and Mr. Bowes on a trip to Tornea, occasioned by a wager. The gallant trio, in the course of about fifty days, measured over a space of three thousand seven hundred and eighty-four miles, and returned in the same nimble style, with five rein-deer and two Lapland shepherdesses in their train! There are several judicious remarks upon cookery in the course of this volume; but the sum of the author's *philosophy* is reserved for the conclusion, where he modestly announces this import-

ant and consoling truth, that nobody can 'describe the comfort arising from a *good dinner* and a *bottle of honest port*, so well as he who has been in want of both.'

In regard to the volumes now before us,—a very infatuated disciple of the Linnæan school, or a very enduring member of our own fraternity, may perhaps achieve their perusal in their original and disjointed form; but the bulk of our readers, we are persuaded, will thank us for selecting from the motley mass the substance of the more important statements, and distributing it under a few general heads. Before we proceed, however, to the discharge of this part of our duty, it may be proper to advert to some of those circumstances which have a more pointed reference to the journalist himself, and which, from their *individuality*, if we may be allowed the expression, are calculated to excite a certain degree of interest, independently of the local information which his notices are intended to convey.

From the short abstract inserted in the Appendix, we learn, that Linnæus had presented to the Royal Academy of Sciences of Upsala, a memorial relative to his projected tour; and that, in consequence of this application, he was commissioned by that Society to make a progress through Lapland, for the purpose of investigating its natural history. Having procured his instructions and passport, he accordingly sallied forth from Upsala, 'on the 12th of May, 1732, at eleven o'clock, being at that time within half a day of twenty-five years of age.' The graphic style of his equipment and costume, would make no despicable figure in the writings of Cervantes.

"My clothes consisted of a light coat of Westgothland linscy-woolsey cloth without folds, lined with red shalloon, having small cuffs, and collar of shag; leather breeches; a round wig; a green leather cap, and a pair of half boots. I carried a small leather bag, half an ell in length, but somewhat less in breadth, furnished on one side with hooks and eyes, so that it could be opened and shut at pleasure. This bag contained one shirt; two pair of false sleeves; two half shirts; an instand, pence, microscope and spying-glass; a gauze cap to protect me occasionally from the gnats; a comb; my journal, and a parcel of paper stitched together for drying plants, both in folio; my manuscript Ornithology, *Flora Uplandica*, and *Characteres generici*. I wore a hanger at my side, and carried a small fowling-piece, as well as an octangular stick, graduated for the purpose of measuring."

As our chivalrous naturalist, thus accoutred, traversed, in the short space of five months, a route of six hundred and thirty-three Swedish, or three thousand seven hundred and ninety-eight English miles, through the wilds of the extreme North, we may

reasonably suppose, that he would encounter divers mishaps, and cultivate an acquaintance with fatigue and peril. We find him, accordingly, commencing his noviciate, by sliding down a hill of ice, on the seat of honour, and at the risk of meeting with a loose fragment of rock, or a precipice, either of which would have dubbed him with the honours of scientific martyrdom. A repetition of the same critical mode of conveyance, among the Lapland Alps, threatened, as he slid along 'with the rapidity of an arrow from a bow,' to entomb him in an avalanche. On another occasion, in defiance of the remonstrances of the sober-minded natives, he boldly determined to explore a cavern in the mountain of Skirla. 'With much difficulty,' says he, 'I prevailed on two men to show me the way. We climbed the rocks, creeping on our hands and knees, and often slipping back again. We had no sooner advanced a little, than all our labour was lost by a retrograde motion. Sometimes we caught hold of bushes, sometimes of small projecting stones. Had they failed us, which was very likely to have been the case, our lives might have paid for it. I was following one of the men in climbing a steep rock; but seeing the other had better success, I endeavoured to overtake him. I had but just left my former situation, when a large mass of rock broke loose from a spot which my late guide had just passed, and fell exactly where I had been, with such force that it struck fire as it went. If I had not providentially changed my route, nobody would ever have heard of me more. Shortly afterwards, another fragment came tumbling down. I am not sure that the man did not roll it down on purpose. At length, quite spent with toil, we reached the object of our pursuit, which is a cavity in the middle of the mountain.'

Our author having deflected from the main road in West Bothnia, was speedily admonished of his error by his palfrey, which, at almost every step, stumbled on stones, at the hazard of his rider's life; and winded through devious and intricate tracks, which 'nothing human could have followed.' Animated, however, by 'the saying of the wise king, that nothing is impossible under the sun,' away he rushes, upon an unstuffed saddle, regardless of the fury of 'all the elements,' of the 'depending boughs, loaded with rain drops;' and 'aged pines,' which, 'overthrown by the wrath of Juno,' lay prostrate in his path. In traversing a glaciére, in Norwegian Lapland, he was 'often carried off his feet by the impetuosity of the blast, and rolled a considerable way down the hill.' This once happened in so dangerous a place, that, 'after rolling to the distance of a gunshot, I arrived near the brink of a precipice; and thus my part in the drama had very nearly come to an end.' Again, as the discharge of a fowling-piece happened to interrupt our hero's innocent occupa-

tion of gathering strawberries, he perceived that the ball had struck a stone very near the spot on which he stood. 'God be praised,' he exclaimed, 'that it did not hit me!—The fellow ran away, and I never saw him after ;—but I immediately returned home.' Soon after, we find him bewildered on the dark mountains, in the midst of a thick fog, which concealed from him the sun and moon, and inspired dreadful apprehensions of being precipitated into some torrent or abyss. Another fog having occasioned uncommon darkness during the night, while he was floating down a river on a raft, his crazy vehicle parted in the middle of a stream; and he narrowly escaped a watery grave.

In the forests of Lulea Lapland, danger awaited him in a new and still more alarming form, and has given occasion to a more animated description.

"Several days ago the forests had been set on fire by lightning; and the flames raged at this time with great violence, owing to the drought of the season. In many different places, perhaps in nine or ten, that came under my notice, the devastation extended several miles' distance. I traversed a space three-quarters of a mile in extent, which was entirely burnt; so that Flora, instead of appearing in her gay and verdant attire, was in deep sable—a spectacle more abhorrent to my feelings than to see her clad in the white livery of winter; for this, though it destroys the herbage, leaves the roots in safety, which the fire does not. The fire was nearly extinguished in most of the spots we visited, except in ant-hills, and dry trunks of trees. After we had travelled about half a quarter of a mile across one of these scenes of desolation, the wind began to blow with rather more force than it had done, upon which a sudden noise arose in the half-burnt forest, such as I can only compare to what may be imagined among a large army attacked by an enemy. We knew not whither to turn our steps. The smoke would not suffer us to remain where we were; nor durst we turn back. It seemed best to hasten forward, in hopes of speedily reaching the outskirts of the wood; but in this we were disappointed. We ran as fast as we could, in order to avoid being crushed by the falling trees, some of which threatened us every minute. Sometimes the fall of a huge trunk was so sudden, that we stood aghast, not knowing whither to turn to escape destruction; and throwing ourselves entirely on the protection of Providence. In one instance, a large tree fell exactly between me and my guide, who walked not more than a fathom from me; but, thanks to God! we both escaped in safety. We were not a little rejoiced when this perilous adventure terminated; for we had felt all the while like a couple of outlaws, in momentary fear of surprise."

If to this catalogue of miseries and discomforts we add the summer plague of gnats and mosquitoes, and the threatenings of *tenesmus* from eating curdled milk and cheese, we may be allow-

ed to disnaiss the chapter of personal grievances. Whether the pleasures of the journey compensated, in the writer's estimation, his many moments of anxiety and apprehension, we pretend not to determine ; but the extent of his pecuniary remuneration certainly exempts him from all suspicion of a mercenary motive ; for the only receipt which he mentions is that of a hundred dollars of *copper money*, from the chief clergyman at Tornea ; and the whole of his allowance from the Academy of Upsala, is said not to have exceeded ten pounds sterling ! We are tempted, in short, to harbour a lurking suspicion, that, with the exception of the botanical details, which were afterwards expanded and duly methodized in the *Flora Lapponica*, few portions of the *Lachesis* afforded the author any very soothing recollections, since he could permit it to remain in its rough unfinished state during the rest of his life, and since he appears to have executed only one of the three parts of the more condensed narrative which he had destined for the use of his learned employers.

Whatever truth there may be in this surmise, the singular document which suggested it, with all its defects and oddities, is neither devoid of interest, nor barren of instruction ; but it strongly savours of that minute and technical propensity which delights in the discrimination and marshalling of individual objects, and which, though it constituted the most prominent features in the scientific character of Linnæus, is certainly to be reckoned among the lower elements of philosophy. Few and feeble are any attempts at hypothesis or general discussion in the volume before us. What confidence, for example, can we repose in the speculations of a writer, who gravely entertains a notion, 'that Adam and Eve were giants, and that mankind, from one generation to another, *owing to poverty and other causes*, have diminished in size,'—who seems surprized, that the upper regions of the atmosphere should be less dense than the lower,—and who insinuates, that *polar attraction* may twist the fibres of trees ?

Akin to such intellectual weakness is credulity, of which also some notable examples occur in the present Journal. Thus, we are told of a woman of Lycksele, whose complaints were supposed to proceed from a *brood of frogs in her stomach*, from having swallowed the spawn of these animals in water. 'She thought that she could feel three of them ; and that herself, as well as persons who sat near her, could hear them croak. Her uneasiness was in some degree alleviated by drinking brandy. Salt had no effect in destroying the frogs. Another person who for some years had had the same complaint, took doses of *Nux vomica*, and was cured ; but even this powerful remedy had been tried on this woman in vain. I advised her to try tar ; but that she had already taken, without success, having been obliged to throw

it up again.' On this singular passage the learned and facetious Editor makes the following remark. 'Linnaeus writes as if he did not absolutely disbelieve the existence of these frogs, which were as much out of their place as Jonah in the whale's belly.' To complete the absurdity of the poor woman's case, Linnaeus himself, in another part of the work, assures us, that Lapland produces neither serpents nor frogs. Either he or M. Högström, however, must be incorrect with regard to this particular; for the latter informs us, that the natives name one of their months from the appearance of these animals—which they moreover believe to fall from heaven. Again, we are assured, that some of the Finlanders catch bears, by mixing the fresh dung of these animals with that of their own cows; as the bears are then fain to follow the cows from *magical sympathy*. The journalist, indeed, does not absolutely assert his belief in this extraordinary species of fascination; but he admits that the effect is 'certainly not more wonderful than many sympathies upon record.' In latitude of credence, however, it must be confessed, that he is occasionally surpassed by his precursor, Scheffer. 'For when the devil,' says the latter, 'takes a liking to any person in his infancy, as a fit instrument for his designs, he presently seizes on him by a disease, in which he haunts them with several apparitions; from whence, according to the capacity of his years and understanding, he learns what belongs to the art. Those which are taken thus a second time, see more visions, and gain greater knowledge. If they are seized a third time, which is seldom without great torment, or utmost danger of their life, the devil appears to them in all his shapes.' &c.

In the course of this Lapland tour we meet various derivations of the name of the country; some deducing it from the Latin *lippus* (*blear-eyed*;) others from the Swedish *lappa*, to *sew* or *patch*, 'because their garments usually answer to that description;' and others from the Finnish *lappi*, *exiles*, or *runaways*, presuming on their migration or banishment from Finland; in support of which the learned Scheffer demonstrates that the language of the two countries is radically the same.

We must be excused, however, from entering farther into those points of learning: and truly, if the origin of the most illustrious nations be involved in hopeless obscurity, it must seem a very idle attempt to ascertain that of the lowest portions of our species, whose lot has been cast on the forlorn corners of the world. The pious Högström, indeed, who expatiates on the marvellous capabilities of the North, and who was probably convinced, by the redoubtable arguments of Olaus Rudbeck, that the garden of Eden was situated in Lapland, by no means participates in our apathy concerning the pedigree of his hyperborean

flock. Not satisfied with tracing the language of the Laplanders to that of the ancient Jews, he discovers many striking points of conformity in their character and usages. The Laplanders, he observes, are as much addicted to superstition as the Hebrews were of old: The former are, at this day, what the latter once were, superstitious, haughty, interested, of a dark complexion, and small stature, clad in loose garments, with the neck exposed, wearing girdles for ornament, and decking their apparel with fringes. The Hebrews, moreover, slaughtered animals, and so do the Laplanders:—The latter, like the former, often washed their hands:—The Jews never eat the entrails of animals,—nor do the Laplanders eat the sinews in the haunch of the rein-deer, but reserve them for thread; their voracity reminds us of the gluttony of the sons of Israel, when they sat by the flesh-pots in Egypt:—In imitation of the Patriarchs, the Laplanders dwell in tents;—like the Jews, they denote tenderness by kissing;—and the burden of their love-ditties recalls the song of Deborah.

But to return from these recondite speculations to the volumes before us, it is impossible not to regret, that, instead of his half shirts and false sleeves, the author had not been furnished with a suitable apparatus of physical instruments, or accompanied by an able observer. The mere itinerary, and the distance of each stage in Swedish miles, are noted in the Brief Narrative; but we look in vain for any map of a country which has been so rarely visited by men of science, or for any accurate *data* whereby to estimate the temperature of its climate, or the elevation of its mountains. A portable barometer and thermometer might, at least, have been substituted for the hanger; and occasional references to the indications of these instruments, would have furnished us with more precise meteorological notions than those which we are now left to form from incidental hints, dispersed through the work.

Of these last, the amount may be rendered in a few sentences. The Alpine regions, it should seem, are utterly impassable in winter, both on account of extreme cold, and of the absence of all subsistence for men and rein-deer. In some parts of these inhospitable mountains, the water of the lakes was frozen to the depth of a fathom on the 9th of July; and the whole range is liable to the most violent gusts of wind, which overturn men and sledges. There are numerous obstacles to the cultivation of this Alpine tract. The intense cold of its winters, which exceeds that of any country. From the snow lying so long on the ground, the parts exposed to the north are incapable of any culture. Frosts are frequent even in summer. The days are dark in winter. The weather is always moist. The soil is of a turfy kind, composed of mosses decayed by frost, impregnated with standing water. Good black

vegetable mould is not to be met with. Lofty trees cannot be raised, on account of the excessive violence of the wind;—hence there is a great scarcity of wood.’

The sagacious Dr. Wahlenberg has attempted to characterize the climate of the Lapland Alps, by dividing them into zones, and stating the elevation, physical appearances, and temperature of each stage of ascent. An extract of his excellent observations is subjoined. The whole paper is exceedingly interesting; but we can afford room only for the first and concluding paragraphs.

“On approaching the Lapland Alps (*Fjall*), we first arrive at the line where the Spruce Fir, *Pinus Abies*, ceases to grow. This tree had previously assumed an unusual appearance; that of a tall slender pole, covered from the ground with short, drooping, dark branches; a gloomy object in these desolate forests! The *Rubus arcticus* had already, before we arrived at this point, ceased to bring its fruit to maturity. With the Spruce we lose the *Rosa cinnamomea*, *Convallaria bifolia*, &c.; and the borders of the lakes are stripped of their ornaments of *Arundo Phragmites*, *Lysimachia thyrsoiflora*, *Galium boreale*, and *Carex globularis*. Here is the true station of *Tussilago nivea*. (Willd. Sp. Pl. v. 3. 1790.) The last beaver-houses are seen in the rivulets; and no pike nor perch is to be found in the lakes higher up. The boundary of the Spruce Fir is 3200 feet below the line of perpetual snow, and the mean temperature is about 3° of Celsius’s thermometer (37½ of Fahrenheit.)

“Above the line of perpetual snow, the cold is occasionally so much diminished, that a few plants of *Ranunculus glacialis*, and other similar ones, may now and then be found, in the clefts of some dark rock rising through the snow. This happens even to the height of 500 feet above that line. Further up, the snow is very rarely moistened: yet some umbilicated lichens (*Gyrophoræ*), &c. still occur in the crevices of perpendicular rocks, even to the height of 2000 feet above the line of perpetual snow. These are the utmost limits of all vegetation, where the mean temperature seems to be +1,° of Celsius (30 of Fahrenheit.) The Snow Bunting, *Emberiza nivalis*, is the only living being that visits this elevated spot.”

Of the climate and weather, during the more merciful months, and in the lower regions of Lapland, some vague estimate may be formed, from the following particulars. In the province of Lycksele, towards the end of May, large pieces of ice still remained unmelted; but dwarf willows and birches were in blossom, and the note of the redwing was heard in the evening. On the first of June, the sun disappeared for half an hour only; but the wind blew very cold from the north. On the 15th of the same month, our traveller entered the town of Pithoea, just at sun set, and went to bed with all expedition, but was quickly startled by

a glare of light on the wall of his chamber. 'I was alarmed,' says he, 'with the idea of fire; but, on looking out of the window, saw the sun rising, perfectly red, which I did not expect would take place so soon. The cock crowed, the birds began to sing, and sleep was banished from my eyelids.'—At this place he observed, that some young oaks, which had been raised from acorns, were mostly killed by the winter frosts; and that the apple-trees were almost entirely destroyed.

At length, on the 23d of June, we are treated with a glimpse of summer. 'This day and the two preceding, indeed every day since the 18th, had been bright, warm, and for the most part calm. The meadows were still fine and beautiful in their aspect, and every thing conspired to favour the health and pleasure of the beholder. If the summer be indeed shorter here than in any other part of the world, it must be allowed at the same time, to be nowhere more delightful. I was never in my life in better health than at present.' On the 2d of July, *beautiful corn* (barley, or rye) which had been sown on the 25th and 26th of May, had shot up so high, as to be laid in some places, by the rain; and, on the 28th of July, harvest commenced in Lulea Lapland. 'The corn now cutting, though sown but a few days before midsummer, was, nevertheless, quite ripe. The cut rye was not yet ripe enough to cut; but the winter rye ripens some times before the other corn. Thus it appears that corn (barley) springs up and ripens at this place in the space of sixty days.' On the 24th of the same month, Linnæus observed a star, for the first time, since he had come within the Arctic circle, though there was not darkness enough to prevent reading or writing. At sun-rise, on the 3d of August, the marshes were all white with hoar-frost; for, 'in the preceding night, winter had paid his first visit, and slept in the lap of the lovely Flora.' The *aurora borealis* was seen at Tornea on the 18th of August, and had been visible for a week before: But, for a description of this phenomenon in all its glory, as well as of the dreadful cold which reigns even at Tornea during a long winter, we beg leave to refer our readers to the eloquent pages of Maupertuis. It deserves to be noted, that, in the Alps of Tornea, cold is brought by a *south* wind; and that mild weather comes from the *north*;—a circumstance which favours the supposition, that, under the pole, there is a considerable extent of open sea.

Some very rainy and foggy days are duly commemorated in the Journal; and three or four instances of thunder storms are distinctly recorded; besides which, we are informed, that it frequently thunders in winter. We are the more desirous of noting these details; because it is commonly alledged, that thunder is a very rare occurrence in high northern latitudes, and especially in

Lapland. Neither are we prepared to assert, that the forests of that country are *never* fired by lightning; and, in the case already quoted, the conflagration may have been caused by a *bons fide* discharge of the electrical fluid: But Linnæus seems not to have been aware, that the Laplanders frequently set fire to the woods, to prevent the timber from being used for the operations of mining. If they know of the existence of any metallic ore, they also studiously conceal it, that they may not be subjected to the toil of working it, to gratify the cupidity of the Swedish colonists, who pay them very ill for their labours. Högström states this fact in the strongest terms; and adds, that a Laplander having discovered a rich mine of silver, every family of the district gave him a rein-deer, on the express condition, that he would not reveal the secret to the strangers.

Taking these circumstances, then, into consideration, as well as the low state of geological science at the period when Linnæus made his observations, and his decided predilection for Botany and Zoology, we can be at no loss to account for his very crude and imperfect indications of the nature of the soil, and of its mineral productions. In the mere catalogue, however, of specimens collected in the Lapland Tour, which is set forth not without some air of parade, we had looked for a more varied and precise list than that of *thirteen* articles, including four varieties of real or supposed alum (for one of them has no taste), two of silver ore, *various alpine micaceous stones*, marl, quartz, sandstone, containing three *per cent.* of iron, black slate, petrified cords, and *iridescent fluors*. In a country whose surface is so much broken by hills and water-courses, as that of Lapland, ample stores of mineral riches may, probably, one day reward the searches of the curious; but the mining art can never be practised on an extensive and profitable scale, till regular communications be established, and the inhabitants treated with justice and humanity. Accurate observations and trials, also, should be instituted, before much expense be incurred in the excavation of the soil, or the erection of machinery; and sober calculations should be made of the number of workable days, and the quantity of attainable fuel.

In a geological point of view, we have scarcely patience to dwell for a moment on the very loose and undefined intimations which are scattered at random through the Journal. If granite, of all different kinds existing in the world, abounds every where in the forests, why not describe a few of the more rare and beautiful varieties? What scientific ideas can we possibly attach to such expressions as *large red stones*; *a stone which appears to be of a very compound kind*; *mixed spar*, which composes a mountain; *stones all of a fossile kind*; *a curious stone or radiated fluor, composed of square parts*; *a curious iron ore*; *a curious kind of limestone*, &c. &c.?

Various mineral springs are pointed out, in different parts of the country ; and most of them, we presume, impregnated with iron, because an ochreous appearance and filmy surface are more than once mentioned. In other instances, however, we are yet in total darkness respecting their ingredients and properties. Of that, for example, near Swartlär, we are very ingenuously told, that ' whatever may be its qualities, nobody has yet made any inquiries concerning them.' Of the *best* which our traveller met *with in the north*, and which is situated on the south-west side of Tornea, we should have been glad of a little more details ; but we are dismissed from the salutary fountain with the laconic information, that its water is *not ill-tasted* ; and that it comes out, soiled, as it were, from the earth, and covered with scum. The taste of the mineral water at Ulaborg also *seemed good*. All these streams, however, are not to be tasted with impunity ; for a gouty Dean had chalk-stones formed by tampering with the Lulea spring ; and, by drinking of one of the sources at Röbbäck, ' several persons have lost their lives.'

The enumeration and description of the various species of vegetables with which we are here presented, are far more ample and satisfactory : but our botanical readers, to whom alone they can prove acceptable, require not to be told, that they appear to far greater advantage in the *Flora Lapponica*, of which an excellent edition was published, not many years ago, by the learned editor of the present work. We may be permitted, however, in passing, to express our agreeable surprise at meeting with the vernal anemone, herb Paris, hops, truffles, and tobacco, in such northern latitudes, and to exhibit the following sample of Westbothnian horticulture.

" In the garden the Governor showed me (May 24,) the garden orache, sallad, and red cabbage, which last thrives very well, though the white will not come to perfection here ; also garden cresses, winter cresses (*Erysimum barbarea*, *β. Fl. Sues.*) scurvy-grass, chamomile, spinach, onions, leeks, chives, *cucumbers*, columbines, carnations, sweetwilliams, gooseberries, currants, the barberry, elder, guelder-rose and lilac.—Potatoes here are not larger than poppyheads. Tobacco, managed with the greatest care, and when the season is remarkably favourable, sometimes perfects seed. Dwarf French beans thrive pretty well ; but the climbing kinds never succeed. Broad beans come to perfection ; but peas, though they form pods, never ripen. Roses, apples, pears, plums, hardly grow at all, though cultivated with the greatest attention. The garden, however, affords good radishes, mustard, and horse-radish, and especially leeks, chives, winter-cresses, columbines, goose-tongue (*Achillea ptarmica*), rose-campion (*Agrostemma coronaria*), scurvy-grass, currants, gooseberries, barberries, wild rose, and lovage (*Ligusticum levisticum*), though scarcely cherries, apples, or plums."

Some sensible observations occur on the pasture grounds of Lycksele Lapland; and the author betrays an amiable and patriotic anxiety in searching for means to prevent the recurrence of rushy plants and mosses where the soil has been reclaimed by draining. Had he lived in the present times, he would have probably recommended a dose of the *curious limestone*. The colonists settled in Lapmark sow a great deal of turnip seed, which frequently succeeds. So fond are the native Laplanders of this root, that they will often give a cheese in exchange for a turnip; 'than which,' as the sage writer of the *Journal* very profoundly observes, 'nothing can be more foolish.'

If we next turn our attention to the zoological items of this curious medley, the Rein-deer, as might be expected, will be found to be the most prominent object. The numerous detached notices concerning its history and economical uses, would, if strung together, compose a moderately sized pamphlet; but they are of too multifarious a complexion to be reduced into a convenient abstract; and we pass them over in silence with the less reluctance, because their amount is already very agreeably detailed in the fourth volume of the *Aménitètés Académiques*. In this place, therefore, we shall merely beg leave to observe, that the clattering noise of the hoofs is differently explained in two different passages; that the circumstance of this herbivorous animal feeding on *frogs*, *snakes*, and *lemmings*, is nearly as extraordinary as the disgusting mode of mutilating the bucks in the mountainous districts of the country; and that a single wolf will sometimes kill twenty or thirty deer at a time; whereas the bear can scarcely catch one of them, unless it comes on it unawares.

"Hunting the bear is often undertaken by a single man, who, having discovered the retreat of the animal, takes his dog along with him, and advances towards the spot. The jaws of the dog are tied round with a cord, to prevent his barking; and the man holds the other end of this cord in his hand. As soon as the dog smells the bear, he begins to show signs of uneasiness, and by dragging at the cord informs his master that the object of his pursuit is at no great distance. When the Laplander by this means discovers on which side the bear is stationed, he advances in such a direction that the wind may blow from the bear to him, and not the contrary; for otherwise the animal would, by the scent, be aware of his approach, though not able to see an enemy at any considerable distance, being half blinded by the sunshine. When he has gradually advanced to within gunshot of the bear, he fires upon him: and this is the more easily accomplished in autumn, as the bear is then more fearless, and is continually prowling about for berries of different kinds, on which he feeds at that season of the year. Should the man chance to miss his aim, the furious beast will directly turn upon him in a rage, and the little Laplander is obliged to

take to his heels with all possible speed, leaving his knapsack behind him on the spot. The bear coming up with this, seizes upon it, biting and tearing it into a thousand pieces. While he is thus venting his fury, and bestowing all his attention upon the knapsack, the Laplander takes the opportunity of loading his gun, and firing a second time: when he is generally sure of hitting the mark: and the bear either falls upon the spot, or runs away."

Baron Grundell showed the author skins of blue and black foxes; and mentioned, that he had sent to the King of Sweden a live *Jarf* or *Glutton*; and that he once had another of the same species so much domesticated, that when he would have turned it into the water it would not leave him, nor would it feed on any kind of live fish. Linnæus asserts, without quoting his authority, that it never meddles with the rein-deer; by which he alludes, we presume, to the tame flocks near dwellings; for Thraschenimikow, if we rightly recollect, in his description of Kamtschatka, positively states, that, to compensate for the slowness of its motions in the pursuit of prey, it lurks in the branches of trees, to surprise the horse, elk or rein-deer that may accidentally come within its reach; and that it darts on them from its hiding-place with unerring certainty, fixing itself between the shoulders with its teeth and claws, maintaining its position, and sucking the blood of its enraged victim, till the latter falls down, exhausted with pain and fatigue. The same author, we believe, alludes to the stratagem to which it has been known to have recourse, in order to allure the rein-deer, namely, by throwing down some of that animal's beloved moss, so as to divert its attention. But the accounts of the Glutton's eating till its skin is ready to give way, and of its being obliged to unload itself, by squeezing its body between two trees, are quite fabulous, and might with more plausibility be referred to some Roman emperor or city corporation. Tho' the Glutton has his name from his voracity, his appetite, it should seem, is not always of that insatiable nature which has been ascribed to him. The individual, indeed, which was kept at Dresden, would easily despatch thirteen pounds of flesh in a day; but that which Buffon possessed, though it fed with great greediness, consumed only four pounds; and another, belonging to the Hudson's-Bay Company, was usually satisfied with the ordinary allowance of a mastiff dog. In fact, the more closely that we investigate the history of any species of animal, the greater diversities, both of physical and intellectual temperament, we shall probably find to obtain among the individuals of which that species is composed. Gmelin, we believe, is solitary in the opinion that this animal inhabits the warmer regions of the globe, equally with the latitudes of the North. But, even the weight of his name is in-

sufficient to establish such a curious fact, unless it can be proved by the distinct and respectable testimony of some ocular witness.

We could have wished to have offered some remarks on the *Lemming*, and other native quadrupeds of Lapland, which the author sometimes deigns to describe by characteristic definitions; but few of which he recommends to our attention, by noting their peculiarities of physiology or disposition. His observations on the common seal, appended to the *Journal*, are less exceptionable in this point of view; but they are not free from inaccuracy; and the subject readily admits of more varied and entertaining illustration. We have searched in vain for any specific account of the breed of Lapland dogs; of which, Regnard informs us, that they are trained to rock the children in the cradle; an office which they are said to perform with great gentleness and attention.

As our limits, however, unavoidably compel us to quicken our critical pace, we hasten to observe, that the list of the feathered tribe which the most diligent scrutiny could extract from these pages, is far from numerous, especially when we reflect on the multitudes which resort to the lakes and marshy grounds of the northern latitudes, for the important purpose of breeding. Frequent mention is made of the cock of the wood and the ptarmigan; and we meet with the names of black-grouse, snipe, swan, crane, ruff and reeve, sandpiper, ringed plover, wild and tufted duck, black-throated diver, gull, goosander, razorbill, little-eared grebe, common and eagle owl, crow, sprike, cuckoo, thrush, water-wagtail, cross-bill, yellow and snow bunting, mountain finch, thrush, &c. The *wheat-ear* and *ortolan* started on us rather by surprise. Some *swallows* were observed in a fen, on the 24th of May; but the species is not particularized; nor do we find the most distant allusion to the very pointed assertion of Regnard, that swallows are often taken by the fishermen from beneath the ice of the lakes and rivers, and completely revived by the application of a due degree of heat.

The catalogue of fishes is still less copious than that of birds. Pike, perch, salmon and charr, appear to be very abundant; but the sey, swordfish, grayling, lamprey, gwyniad, and some of the smaller *Cyprini*, are also incidentally noticed.

The insects, and more imperfect animals need not for a moment detain us; for such of them as were deemed rare or curious by the *Journalist*, are now much better known, and have been more skilfully delineated by our recent entomologists.

From the very loose and ambiguous manner in which the author's observations on the Laplanders are scattered over his pages, we cannot always determine whether they were meant to apply to the whole population of Swedish Lapland, or only to the inhabitants of particular districts or provinces. Of seventy thou-

sand individuals, however, dispersed over a wide extent of desolate surface, we need not very anxiously investigate the diversities of condition; nor need we seek to apportion among them, with scrupulous precision, the hurried comments of a passing visitor.

Much has been said of their dwarfish stature; and Linnaeus, who never met with any of them taller than himself, ascribes their diminutive size to the scantiness of their diet, and the severity of their climate. At the same time, we must not absolutely depress to the pigmy standard; for, of the many natives of both sexes whom Maupertuis had occasion to observe, one of the smallest was a well-proportioned woman, who measured four feet two inches and five lines. He likewise remarks, that the boys have often the semblance of mature years, and are frequently employed in driving the *pulkas*, or sledges, so as to be mistaken for men. Högstrom frequently met with natives of the different provinces, whose height was between five and six feet; but still they appeared low, from the want of artificial heels, and their slouching gait. Their dark complexion is probably only the effect of the smoke in which they are doomed to pass such a considerable portion of their existence; for we are told in the 2d vol. (p. 18.), that the fairness of the bodies of 'these dark-faced people, rivalled that of any lady whatever.' Högstrom will not allow that they are at all deformed; and even admires their female figures, notwithstanding the broad face and pointed chin. Were we to judge of the attractions of these Arctic damsels, from two *specimens* exhibited by the exploring naturalist, we might readily excuse his silence on their beauty and accomplishments.

"I was accompanied by a person, whose appearance was such, that at first I did not know whether I beheld a man or a woman. I scarcely believe that any poetical description of a fury could come up to the idea which this Lapland fair one excited. It might well be imagined that she was truly of Stygian origin. Her stature was very diminutive; her face of the darkest brown, from the effects of smoke; her eyes dark and sparkling; her eye-brows black; her pitchy-coloured hair hung loose about her head; and on it she wore a flat red cap. She had a gray petticoat; and from her neck, which resembled the skin of a frog, were suspended a pair of large loose breasts of the same brown complexion, but encompassed, by way of ornament, with brass rings. Round her waist she wore a girdle; and on her feet a pair of half boots.

"Opposite to me sat an old woman, with one leg bent, the other straight. Her dress came no lower than her knees; but she had a belt embroidered with silver. Her gray hair hung straight down, and she had a wrinkled face, with blear-eyes. Her countenance was altogether of the Lapland cast. Her fingers were scraggy and withered.

\* \* \* \* Next to her sat her husband, a young man, six and thirty years of age, who, for the sake of her large herds of rein-deer, had already been married ten years to this old hag."

In regard to the usual term of life to which the Laplanders attain, we are furnished with no precise data. Regnard, with all the ease of a Frenchman, asserts, that it is very considerable ; and that some of them have even completed a century and a half. The premature looks of old age which disfigure their youth ; the rigours of their protracted winter ; and the wretched tenor of their existence, forbid us to credit such unreasonable accounts of their longevity. Besides, they are very unskilful in the computation of time ; and, as our honest Swede reminds us, have *no almanacks* ; so that they may be ignorant or careless of the chronology of their earthly pilgrimage. Linnæus, however, positively states, that they are a healthy race, a fact which we are not prepared to deny ; although one or two of the *nine* reasons which he assigns for it will admit of dispute ; and one or two more are rather at variance with some of his own allegations in other parts of the work. Their nosology, if fully and faithfully recorded, is certainly far from complicated. The *ullem* is a violent cholic, induced by drinking the warm sea-water when they cannot procure fresh. When thus attacked, they have recourse to *soot, snuff, salt, and other remedies*. They are likewise afflicted with asthma, epilepsy, scurvy, swelling of the uvula, goitres, pleurisy, rheumatic pains, lumbago, headaches, St. Anthony's fire, and disorders in the stomach and bowels. Owing to the thinness of the population, the variolous contagion is seldom propagated over any considerable tract of country : nor can we, by any means, vouch for the accuracy of the ensuing paragraph. 'I was informed, that in this neighbourhood [an alpine district] the inoculated small-pox is remarkably fatal. If the patients have but seventy or eighty pustules, they die of it as of the plague : they fly to the mountains, when infected, and die. The same is the case with the measles. It appears that both these diseases are aggravated by the violent cold, whence the patients die in so miserable a manner.'—'It is not impossible,' observes Dr. Smith, 'that Linnæus might be misled here by the prejudices of his time, or by those of the people from whom he obtained his account.' In the earlier period of his life, he was somewhat notorious for facility of belief ; but, in the present instance, we conceive it to be very probable, that he had misinterpreted the language of the natives, and that their report applied to *natural* small-pox ; because, if the effects of inoculation had been found so baneful, they would at once have desisted from it. At the same time, if they fly to the mountains when under the disorder, we need not wonder that

they perish. Fevers and agues, it is alledged, are by no means common; and chilblains not more so than in other countries. Coughs and dropsies are very rare; and stone and gout quite unknown. A long endurance of intense cold, coarse and precarious fare, smoky and close air, and inattention to personal cleanliness, can certainly never conduce to a sound and vigorous state of the human constitution: but there are countervailing circumstances in the lot of the Laplander, which ought not to be overlooked, and which may in great measure compensate the privation of physicians and apothecaries;—such are, their roaming disposition, their addiction to hunting and fishing, and their tendance of the rein-deer, which habituate them to air and exercise: the manual, yet not oppressive occupation, in which so many individuals in a rude state of society are unavoidably engaged; their partiality to various preparations of milk; their warm clothing; their provision of *Lichen plicatus* and *Carex sylvatica* against damp and cold feet; and their happy ignorance of the follies and dissipations of more refined states of society.

Of their few medical nostrums, most seem to be abundantly absurd, or fantastical; but the *toule*, which is the most popular, may, in various cases, be attended with beneficial results. 'Their *moxa*, as the Japanese call it, but which they term *toule*, is made of a fine fungus found on the birch, and always chosen from the south side of the tree. Of this they apply a piece as large as a pea, upon the afflicted part, setting fire to it with a twig of birch, and letting it burn gradually away. This is repeated two or three times. It produces a sore that will often keep open for six months afterwards, nor must it be closed till it heals spontaneously. This remedy is used for all aches and pains; as the headache, tooth-ache, pleurisy, pain in the stomach, lumbago, &c. It is the universal medicine of the Laplanders, and may be called their little physician.'

In some cases, it would seem, that infant children are fed with unboiled milk, through a horn. In general, they pass much of their time in a cradle, lined with the hair of rein-deer and *sphagnum palustre*, being frequently either rocked or swung, and sometimes tied close down in a wooden or leathern case. In four months, they are able to stand on their feet; but many of them, we presume, fall a sacrifice to improper management, especially to a very early exposure to cold. In this way only can we explain the stationary or rather retrograde state of population, in a country whose inhabitants are averse to migration, and exempted from the services of war.

On the subject of diet we can only remark, that it either varies very considerably in different districts, or that some inconsistencies have found their way into the author's note-book.

Thus, in one passage, we find the natives feeding almost exclusively on fish; in another, on milk and cheese; and again, in a third, devouring their rein-deer with wasteful extravagance. In one place, we are led to infer, that water is their sole beverage; nay, we are positively told, that they use no artificial spirits: yet honourable mention is often made of brandy;—in all matrimonial negotiations, it is a *sine qua non*;—and, as we learn from the author's direct testimony, it is the liquor of which they are most passionately fond.

Linnaeus not only confirms the accounts of other writers relative to the swiftness of foot for which the Laplanders have been celebrated, but formally discusses *eight* causes of their remarkable fleetness. Even a boat thrown over a man's shoulders, does not always retard this quickness of pace. 'My companion, after committing all my property to my own care, laid his knapsack on his back, and turning the boat bottom upwards, placed the two oars longitudinally, so as to cross the seats. These rested on his arms, as he carried the boat over his head; and thus he scampered away, over hills and valleys,—so that the devil himself could not have come up with him.'

In the construction of their canoes and sledges, the harnessing of their rein-deer, the manufacture of fine thread from the *sineus* of these animals, &c. these demi-barbarians discover considerable ingenuity; but the ordinary details of their domestic economy bespeak no intellectual superiority, and required not to be specially registered. To what purpose, for example, should we be informed, that some of the Lulean Laplanders clean their half-boots and harnessing with the fat of fish, while others procure blacking from Norway? Or, what will it avail us to know, that, in their huts, these same Luleans stir the pot when boiling, with an oblong board, placed transversely at the end of a pole? Many objects of equal importance are not only described with phlegmatic circumstantiality, but, moreover, illustrated by sketches of a truly Scandinavian aspect.

If proofs were wanted of the boorishness of Lapland manners, it might suffice to mention, that the occupiers of a hut sleep, in the costume of nature, on skins of rein-deer, spread over a layer of dwarf birch;—that 'the sexes rise from the simple couch, and dress themselves promiscuously, without any shame or concealment';—that they never cut their hair; and only occasionally employ a comb, or *any similar instrument*;—and that the consequences are, accordingly, too moving to be described. Shirts and shifts, and a laundress or washerwoman, are alike unknown; but we must do them the justice to state, that they wash their dishes with their fingers, 'squirting water out of their mouths on the spoons!' At one moment, we are told, that the women do almost

every thing but actually wear the breeches ; and, at another, we find that they really do wear them in *winter*, which, being interpreted, is at least nine months in the year. The men, however, seem to have reserved the exclusive privilege of *cooking* ; ' so that the master of a family has no occasion to speak a good word to his wife, when he wishes to give a hospitable entertainment to his guests.'—' When Linnæus,' says the editor, ' wrote this sentence, he seems to have had a presentiment of his own matrimonial fate,—just the reverse, in this very point, of that he was describing.'

The moral and religious character of such beings as we have contemplated, cannot reasonably be supposed to be of the purest or most exalted nature ; and though they recal to the writer's imagination the silver and the golden age of Ovid, and the times of the patriarchs, and have suggested to Thomson some lines of beautiful fiction ; it must not be dissembled, that they are pinched by cold, or tortured by gnats ; that they dwell in smoke, with weak or distempered vision ; that they are filthy, lazy, ignorant, superstitious, and knavish. To complete the picture of their misery, their interests in the fisheries are postponed by government to those of Finnish colonists ; and they are compelled, often at the risk of their lives, to attend on the church festivals, in the spring.

Before we close our report of this very extraordinary production, we deem it only an act of justice to the learned and laborious editor, to mention, that he has bestowed much trouble in decyphering the original manuscript, and in procuring a faithful version of its miscellaneous contents. Even the *fac-similes* of the rough drawings, though executed in a very different style from the pretty plates of Mr. Ackermann's Repository, contribute nevertheless, to the graphic and ghostly air of the whole performance. We certainly could have tolerated a more literal allowance of marginal annotation, illustrative of the laconic, desultory, and sometimes contradictory allegations of the text : But Dr. Smith has evinced his usual perspicacity in adjusting the nomenclature of many plants and animals which had been set down under vague or obsolete appellations.

We should also, perhaps, advert to those blind worshippers of the name of Linnæus, who we understand, have expressed their regret, that a work which may be supposed to lower the dignity of their idol, should have been rendered accessible to the profane vulgar. But we must be contented briefly to remind them, that the scraps of a portfolio can never, by the thinking part of mankind, be assumed as the basis of literary reputation ; that the volumes before us are not infected with the nauseous vanity which pervades the author's diary of his life—but, under a rude

and slovenly exterior, contain much curious information ; and that, unless we be permitted to contemplate distinguished individuals in their unreserved moments, we shall be in danger of forming very erroneous estimates of human character and of human nature.

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FROM THE BRITISH REVIEW.

Memoirs of the late Reverend George Whitefield, A. M. of Pembroke College, Oxford ; Chaplain to the late Right Hon. Selina, Countess Dowager of Huntingdon, &c. &c. Compiled by the late Reverend John Gilles, D. D. Minister of the College Church of Glasgow. Revised, corrected, and republished. London: 1811 ; and Dublin: 1811.\*

THERE are no events that more deserve the investigation of the politician and the philosopher, than those great *moral movements*, by which the repose of nations is sometimes interrupted. Political changes often exert but a temporary influence upon the fortunes and character of a people ; but the developement of a new moral principle, or the incorporation of a new religious dogma with the popular creed, like the electric fluid, acts upon the mass, and quickens every particle into life. Indeed political revolutions, as that of 1688, in our own country, and the recent dissolution of the old monarchy of France, often originate in moral or religious causes. This being the case, it is to be lamented that political writers should have given so small a part of their attention to moral questions.

Of all the assaults upon existing opinions and habits, none has been more marked by peculiarity, and by the importance of its consequences, than the rise of methodism in the middle of the last century. Not less than 150,000 persons in this country have adopted the creed and the discipline of Mr. Wesley alone. The followers of Mr. Whitefield were never organized into a regular body, and now, for the most part, consist of independent congregations. It is therefore difficult to ascertain their numbers ; but they are daily sending off large accessions to other bodies of separatists. The zeal of one division of this ecclesiastical army is by no means abated. The followers of Wesley erect seventy or eighty new chapels annually ; and are establishing themselves by various means in every village of the land. Their zeal also and a few of their fundamental opinions have communicated them-

\* The references are made to the Dublin edition, unless expressly stated to be otherwise.

selves to many of the clergy of the establishment ; and a partial change is working in the character of the church.

Mr. G. Whitefield was born in 1714. At school he was distinguished for his powers of elocution, and his love of theatrical amusements. It appears also that a more than ordinary seriousness on religious subjects discovered itself in his early days. In the year 1735 he became acquainted with John and Charles Wesley, and with Mr. Harvey, the author of the *Meditations* ; and joined them in establishing a society for their common advancement in religion and knowledge, which, from the regularity of the scheme, soon obtained for its members the name of methodists.

In 1736 he was ordained by Bishop Benson, at an earlier age than that prelate usually appointed for ordination. He preached the first Sunday after this ceremony, and not without some of the influence which afterwards accompanied his ministry. His next measures are worth recording, as in some degree prognosticating the desultory and vagrant career of his after life. 'The next week,' it is said 'he set out for Oxford, whither he inclined to go rather than to the parish which the bishop would have assigned him.' p. 8. He next took possession of a London pulpit ; returned to Oxford ; went to the small village of Dummer, in Hampshire ; and there, his ardent spirit ill brooking the trammels of ordinary labour, and the narrow bounds of the old world, upon receiving a letter from Mr. Wesley, which he interpreted into a call from God, he set out to take his leave of his friends at Bristol and Gloucester, previous to his voyage to Georgia. 'It was in this journey,' says his biographer 'that God began to bless his ministry in an uncommon manner. Wherever he preached multitudes flocked together, so that the heat of the churches was scarce supportable.—He was indefatigable in his labours, generally preaching four times on Sunday, besides reading prayers twice or thrice, and walking ten or twelve miles.'

At Bristol, where he chiefly laboured, the effect was incredibly great. 'Some hung upon the rails, others climbed up the leads of the church, and altogether made the church itself so hot with their breath, that the steam would fall from the pillars like rain.' Though he soon preached nine times in the week, thousands went away unable to obtain admission. 'When the sacrament was administered early in the morning, you might see the streets filled with people going to church, with lanterns in their hands.' Having collected considerable sums in aid of certain institutions in Georgia, he embarked in 1737. On the voyage, according to the statement of our biographer, the captain, and at least half the crew, became his converts. The discharge of his ministerial functions in this first visit to Georgia indicated, that at that time,

at least, his zeal was tempered by prudence. His plumage was yet incomplete. Having projected the plan of an orphan-house in Georgia, in imitation of that at Halle, he reembarked in 1738 for England. Having once more resumed his ministerial labours, he soon found some of the pulpits of the establishment shut against him, and was coldly received by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the heads of the clergy.

Whilst in London a new society was formed, chiefly of the old Oxford members, with the addition of about a hundred others. He himself describes their meetings, p. 26. 'It was a Pentecost season indeed. Sometimes whole nights were spent in prayer. Often have we been filled as with new wine; and often have I seen them overwhelmed with the Divine Presence, and cry out, "Will God, indeed, dwell with man upon earth? How dreadful is this place! &c."'  
Some person at this period having asked, 'What need of going abroad—have we not Indians enough at home—if you have a mind to convert Indians, there are colliers enough at Kingswood?'—He immediately undertook this mission; and finding no place for worship suited to his purpose, he here first, in his own strong language, took, 'like his Lord, a mountain for his pulpit, and the skies for his sounding board,' and soon preached to twenty thousand people in the open air. There is something touching in the marks by which he recognized the effect of his sermons upon the poor colliers. 'The first discovery,' says he, 'of their being affected was to see the white gutters made by their tears, which plentifully fell down their black cheeks as they came out of their coalpits.' The scene he describes was such, perhaps, as might have stimulated to excess a better regulated mind than that of Whitefield. 'The open firmament above—the prospect of the adjacent fields, with the sight of thousands and thousands, some in coaches, some on horseback and some in the trees, and at times all affected and drenched in tears together, to which sometimes was added the solemnity of the evening, was almost too much for, and quite overcame me.'

From Bristol he went a second time to Wales, thence through different cities in the West of England, and at length to London. There he proclaimed his intention to preach in Moor Fields. The manner of announcing this event to his friends is descriptive of the man. 'To-day my master, by his providence and spirit, compelled me to preach in the church-yard at Islington. To-morrow I am to repeat that mad trick; and on Sunday to go out into Moor Fields. The word of the Lord runs and is glorified. People's hearts seem quite broken. I preach till I sweat through and through.' Letter 46.—The concourse of hearers was enormous, and the personal danger of the preacher

considerable; but he was not to be daunted. Soon after he transplanted his pulpit to Kennington Common, and Blackheath, and at all these places frequently addressed twenty thousand people. He also made another voyage to America, and founded his orphan-house in Georgia; having, in his rapid course, planted the standard of methodism in several provinces of that country. A curious anecdote is recorded in the journal of one of his fellow-travellers at this period. 'Heard of a drinking club that had a negro boy attending them, who used to mimic people for their diversion. The gentlemen bid him mimic Mr. Whitefield, which he was very unwilling to do, but they insisted upon it. He stood up and said, "I speak the truth in Christ—I lie not—unless you repent you will all be damned." This unexpected speech broke up the club, which has not met since.' In this expedition he preached in churches, meeting-houses, and under the only canopy large enough, perhaps, either for his zeal or his ambition, the skies. One letter, written in America, and describing the effects of his preaching, says—'He preached his farewell sermon to twenty-three thousand people. Such a power and presence of God with a preacher I never saw before.' Another says, 'His head, his heart, his hands seem to be full of his Master's business. Every eye is fixed upon him, and every ear chained to him. Most are very much affected, and a general seriousness excited. His address, especially to the passions, is wonderful.' In his written journal of this expedition, he says 'It is 75 days since I arrived. I have been enabled to preach 175 times. I have travelled upwards of 800 miles, and gotten upwards of 700*l*. for the Georgian orphans.—Praise the Lord, O my soul!

On his return to England, 1741, he found his popularity much decreased by his letter against the 'Whole (which he calls the half) Duty of Man;' by his attack (wholly unwarrantable) of Archbishop Tillotson; and by his contest with Mr. Wesley, upon the controverted topic of Calvinism. The tens of thousands, who in this wise and somewhat theological age, presume to delineate the map of our national religion, and to hunt down our heresies for us, are very apt to forget that all Methodists are not Calvinists; but most of them implacable foes of Calvinism. Those five points, upon which all ages have divided, separated Wesley and Whitefield, and it will help our portrait of the latter to extract part of his address to his original master upon this occasion. Having declared that he 'should sink under a dread of his impending trials without his Calvinistic supports'—having called the Arminianism of Mr. Wesley 'dishonouring God,'—'blasphemy,' and so forth, he concludes with the following apostrophe—'Dear, dear sir, O be not offended! For Christ's sake

be not rash! Give yourself to reading—study the covenant of grace—down with your carnal reasoning!—be a little child, and then, instead of pawning your salvation as you have done, in a late hymn book, if the doctrine of universal redemption be not true, you will compose a hymn in praise of sovereign, distinguishing grace. God knows my heart—I love and honour you—and when I come to judgment will thank you before men and angels for what you have, under God, done for my soul. There I am persuaded I shall see dear Mr. Wesley convinced of election and everlasting love.’ Works, vol. 4.

His popularity, however, was eclipsed but for a moment. The Tabernacle was soon built in Moorfields; the congregation, if possible, increased; his avowed Calvinism, indeed, as he tells us, gave offence to the regular clergy. The Scotch Presbytery also condemned his invasion of all the discipline and rites behind which they, scarcely less than ourselves, have found it necessary to entrench their religion.

We extract a curious account of a sort of pitched-battle about this period between Mr. Whitefield and the mountebanks at Bartholomew fair.

“It had been the custom, for many years past, in the holiday seasons, to erect booths in Moorfields, for mountebanks, players, puppet-shows, &c. which were attended, from morning till night, by innumerable multitudes of the lowest sort of people. He formed a resolution to preach the gospel among them; and executed it. On Whit Monday, at six o’clock in the morning, attended by a large congregation of praying people, he began. Thousands, who were waiting there, gaping for their usual diversions, all flocked round him. His text was, John iii. 14. ‘They gazed, they listened, they wept; and many seemed to be stung with deep conviction for their past sins.’ All was hushed and solemn. ‘Being thus encouraged,’ says he, ‘I ventured out again at noon, when the fields were quite full; and could scarce help smiling, to see thousands, when a merry-andrew was trumpeting to them, upon observing me mount a stand on the other side of the field, deserting him, till not so much as one was left behind, but all flocked to hear the gospel. But this, together with a complaint that they had taken near twenty or thirty pounds less that day than usual, so enraged the owners of the booths, that, when I came to preach a third time, in the evening, in the midst of the sermon, a merry-andrew got up upon a man’s shoulders, and, advancing near the pulpit, attempted to slash me, with a long heavy whip, several times. Soon afterwards they got a recruiting serjeant, with his drum, &c. to pass through the congregation. But I desired the people to make way for the king’s officer, which was quietly done. Finding these efforts to fail, a large body, quite on the opposite side, assembled together, and, having got a great pole for their standard, advanced with sound of drum, in a very threatening manner, till they came near the skirts of

the congregation. Uncommon courage was given both to preacher and hearers. I prayed for support and deliverance, and was heard. For just as they approached us with looks full of resentment, I know not by what accident, they quarrelled among themselves, threw down their staff, and went their way, leaving, however, many of their company behind, who, before we had done, I trust, were brought over to join the besieged party. I think I continued in praying, preaching, and singing (for the noise was too great, at times, to preach) about three hours. We then retired to the Tabernacle, where thousands flocked—we were determined to pray down the booths; but blessed be God, more substantial work was done. At a moderate computation, I received (I believe) a thousand notes from persons under conviction; and soon after, upwards of three hundred were received into the society in one day. Some I married, that had lived together without marriage; one man had exchanged his wife for another, and given fourteen shillings in exchange. Numbers, that seemed, as it were, to have been bred up for Tyburn, were, at that time, plucked as fire-brands out of the burning.

“I cannot help adding, that several little boys and girls, who were fond of sitting round me on the pulpit, while I preached, and handing to me people’s notes, though they were often pelted with eggs, dirt, &c. thrown at me, never once gave way; but, on the contrary, every time I was struck, turned up their little weeping eyes, and seemed to wish they could receive the blows for me. God make them, in their growing years, great and living martyrs for him who, out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, perfects praise.”—London edition, p. 101.

The fact of the thousand notes received on this occasion from persons affected by his preaching, gives no bad conception of the impression produced by the attempt.

In the year 1742 we find him in Scotland, where he describes the people as sitting ‘unwearied till two in the morning to hear sermons, disregarding the weather. You could scarce walk a yard without treading on some of them, either rejoicing in God for mercies received, or crying out for more.’ From St. Gennis, in Cornwall, we find him also about this period writing thus:—‘Arrows of conviction flew so thick, and so fast, and such an universal weeping prevailed from one end of the congregation to the other, that their minister could not help going from seat to seat to encourage the wounded souls.’ From Birmingham he writes thus:—‘It is near eleven at night. I have preached five times, and weak as I am, through Christ strengthening me, I could preach five times more.’

In 1744, we find him once more in America, preaching with his accustomed eagerness, and prosecuting his plan for the orphan school. Among the expedients for promoting its interests we are surprized to hear him notice the ‘purchase of a few negroes.’

How is it that the eyes of religion did not sooner open upon the profligacy of this traffic in blood?—His solicitude for the souls of men at the same period is of a less questionable nature. He writes from America—‘I have omitted preaching one night to oblige my friends, that they may not charge me with murdering myself; but I hope yet to die in the pulpit, or soon after I come out of it. Weak as I was, and have been, I was enabled to travel eleven hundred miles, and preach *daily*.’

Upon his return to England, in 1748, his first acquaintance with Lady Huntingdon was formed. An anecdote is recorded at this period of his life of another notable individual, so characteristic of the man, that we cannot help extracting it. The Earl of Chesterfield, with a whole circle of grandees, attended to hear him preach at Lady Huntingdon’s. Having heard him once, they desired to hear him again. ‘I therefore preached again,’ he says, ‘in the evening, and went home never more surprized at any incident in my life. All behaved quite well, and were in a degree affected. The Earl thanked me, and said, “Sir, I will not tell you what I shall tell others, how I approve of you.”’ Mr. Whitefield adds, ‘In all time of my wealth, good Lord deliver me!’

In the interval between this time and 1756 our biographer carries him through the greatest part of England, Wales, Ireland and America. In the year 1754, he was detained for a time at Lisbon, and witnessed the solemnities of Easter in the Romish church. The effect of this pageantry upon a self-constituted reformer even of the reformed, may be conceived. Something, he says, he did learn from the preachers at Lisbon; and the authority of, perhaps, one of the most impressive preachers that ever mounted the pulpit is upon this point worthy of attention. ‘The *action* of the preacher is,’ he observes, ‘graceful.’—‘*Vividi oculi—vividæ manus—omnia vivida.*’ Perhaps our English preachers would do well to be a little more fervent in their addresses. They have truth on their side, why should superstition and falsehood run away with all that is pathetic and affecting? The testimony borne by Hume to the talent of Mr. Whitefield’s own pulpit addresses is stated in a note, and is too curious to be passed over. ‘He is,’ said Mr. Hume, ‘the most ingenious preacher I ever heard. It is worth while to go twenty miles to hear him.’ He then repeated a passage which he himself had heard. ‘After a solemn pause, Mr. Whitefield thus addressed his audience: “The attendant angel is just about to leave the threshold, and ascend to heaven. And shall he ascend and not bear with him the news of one sinner, among all this multitude, reclaimed from the error of his ways?” To give the greater effect to his exclamation, he stamped with his foot, lifted up his hands and eyes to

heaven, and, with gushing eyes, cried aloud—"Stop, Gabriel! stop!—ere you enter the sacred portals, and yet carry with you the news of one sinner converted to God."

In 1762, his frame appeared for a time to be sinking under his exertions, but he soon resumed his work. Upon his recovery, he writes to express his joy at being able, as he terms it, to take the field again. 'Mounts,' says he, 'are the best pulpits, and the heavens the best sounding boards. Oh for power equal to my will, I would fly from pole to pole publishing the everlasting gospel of the Son of God!'

In July 1769, he embarked the seventh and last time for America, and, at length, in the rapid career of his voluntary apostleship, broke down prematurely as to age, under his accumulated burthens.

It is to be expected that a man so admired and condemned should have very opposite portraits presented of him to the world; and, in fact, according as prejudice has turned the glass one way, or enthusiasm the other, his virtues and talents have been diminished or magnified at pleasure.

Forty years may be supposed to have pretty much cleared the medium through which he is contemplated, and we may now hope, in some measure, to see and to paint him as he really was. He was then, we think, truly devout; a man of boundless zeal, of warm feelings, of great honesty, of singular disinterestedness; and, as to talents, of prodigal imagination, a dexterous reasoner, and a considerable orator; on the other hand, he was impatient, without foresight, sometimes high-minded, insensible of the worth of discipline, occasionally harsh, restless, coarse in his taste, enthusiastic in his judgment of events, and often in his explanation of scripture. These opposite qualities not only met together in his mind, but existed there in very large proportions. He was a man made upon a gigantic scale; his very defects were masculine and powerful. He reminds us of one of those stern figures which cross the eye in the landscapes of Salvator Rosa, extravagantly spirited, and wildly great. It is characteristic of such men to overleap difficulties, but then it is also characteristic of them to overlook consequences; and the fact is, that none have done more than Mr. Whitefield, and few have seen less what they were doing. He is gone, however, to a tribunal where, perhaps, the excesses of zeal are less severely punished than its deficiencies; and the delinquencies of the head less visited than those of the heart. While he lived, the obtrusiveness of his faults might have inclined us to a judgment disproportionately harsh. But now that he is brought before us, like the kings of Egypt, for judgment, we must take care to administer deliberate justice, without forgetting the claims of charity.

## FROM THE LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

A brief abstract from Miss Edgeworth's new work "*Tales of Fashionable Life*."

THIS indefatigable and almost inimitable authoress, inimitable at least in one walk of novel writing, after excelling the Behns and the d'Anoys of former times, in the ease and elegance of her tales, seems inclined to rival them even in the number of their productions, having now presented the public with three additional volumes, making six of her *Tales of Fashionable Life*.—The whole of her fourth volume is occupied with

## VIVIAN,

In the delineation of whose character, and the developement of whose story, she professes to expose one of the most common defects of mankind, "the being infirm of purpose," and being thereby at the mercy of the artful, or at the disposal of accident.

The hero of this tale is in his twentieth year when it opens, and on the way to his own home from college, accompanied by his tutor, Mr. Russel, who though but a few years older than his pupil, had not only been his preceptor, but had also been his intimate friend. Mr. Russel is highly amiable, accomplished, learned, and very handsome; but of Vivian, it may be said, as Russel tells him, "The weakness of which I accuse you, is not a weakness of the understanding. I find no fault either with the logical or the mathematical part of it. It is not erroneous either in the power of judging of consequences, or of estimating the comparative value of objects," but this was accompanied with a facility of disposition which led him to be acted upon always by the immediate impulse.

These two friends then, if not the Pylades and Orestes of the authoress, are a kind of counterpart of *Joseph and Charles Surface*, under certain changes of disposition and circumstances.

Russel is designed for the church; but Vivian is heir to a large fortune, and left an orphan, paternally, at an early age, and the friends are now on their way to join Lady Mary, at Vivian Hall, an elegant modern mansion built where an antique one once stood, and in the vicinity of Glistonbury Castle an ancient Gothic mansion with all the erection of towers, turrets, battlements and gateways.

In order to elucidate her first position, and to elicit her moral, Miss Edgeworth carries her hero through all the scenes of castle building, a county election, a love affair, politics, &c. &c.—But to the tale. On their arrival at the Hall, they were received by

Lady Mary, who is quite the woman of fashion, but possessed of virtuous sentiments, with ardent feelings which oftener lead her wrong than right, by impelling her to a too hasty mode of producing in her son that character and cast of sentiment which she wished for. Her expectations are enthusiastic, and she indulges herself in pleasing anticipations of the time when he should make his appearance in the fashionable and in the political world, foreseeing the respect that would be paid her by matrons who had daughters to dispose of, and, by senators and ministers who would wish to attach to their own party such a rising orator. But her expectations were extravagant, and, indeed, opposed in the outset by Vivian's sudden affection for Miss Selina Sidney, the orphan daughter of a Colonel, and who, though not dependent on, was at that time resident with Lady Mary. An accident betrays, or rather evinces Vivian's predilection, and Lady Mary becomes highly offended with Selina; but the lovely girl, though attached to him, clears herself from all suspicion of unworthy connivance, and leaves the Hall, to the great regret of Vivian, who at length sets out on his travels, accompanied by Russel, after obtaining his mother's consent to wed his favourite fair, if his passion withstands the effects of absence. He returns, on coming of age, as enamoured as ever, but the wedding is delayed until the arrival of one of his trustees from abroad, in order to complete the marriage settlements; and in the mean time Russel, who chooses not to be dependant on his friend, being chosen as tutor to Lord Lidhurst, son to the Earl of Glistonbury, at the Castle; the whole family go there to introduce him, when Vivian is so struck with its Gothic beauty, not having seen it for some years, that he becomes a modern improver, and determines to turn his modern mansion into an antique castle.

At this visit he sees Lord Glistonbury, who is scarcely past the meridian of life, yet in spite of his gay and *debonair* manner, looks old, as if paying for the libertinism of his youth by early decrepitude. He is easy, gay, and affable, but quite the modern politician; there is a plausibility in all he says, though if examined it is merely nonsense; his maxims common-place; his wit repetition; and his opinions adopted, not formed. Lady Glistonbury is a starched prude; her eldest daughter, Lady Sarah, resembles her; Miss Strickland is a counterpart; and the whole three think of nothing but how to "square their elbows," whilst the gay, sprightly, and girlish Lady Julia forms a perfect contrast, as much at least as the frigid superintendence of Miss Strickland will permit her. With this family it was that Lady Mary wished Vivian to form a matrimonial connection, but that is now become impossible; although a report of his engagements with Lady Sarah, soon takes place, in consequence of the death of

her admirer, who was a Member for the county, and of Vivian's coming in as a Representative, under the Glistonbury interest. This county election, and the changing of his mansion into a Gothic castle, under the management of a modern improver, form the first two prominent errors in his character, but which he soon compensated in some degree by his patriotic exertions in Parliament.

Attendance on his senatorial duty calls him to town, whilst Miss Sidney remains in the country ; and in London he associates much with the Glistonbury family ; but he is soon more dangerously situated from the deceitful friendship of a Mr. Wharton, an oppositionist, who had prepossessing manners, and with sufficient artfulness whenever he pleased, to make the worst appear the better reason. He was philosophically, politically, and fashionably profligate ; had ruined his private fortune by unbounded extravagance, but lived on—nobody knew how, in careless profusion. He gave good dinners, and brought of course many round him ; but paid his *cook* with money, and his *wine merchant* with promises. Wharton attaches himself to Vivian, in order to gain him to his party, and to profit from his easiness by borrowing money. He has a young and beautiful wife also, whom Vivian soon begins to love, after due encouragement, with *platonic* ardour. Careless behaviour on the part of Wharton, and artful behaviour on the part of his wife, leads to incidents from which Vivian is at length led into error, when the remonstrances of his mother, and the compunctions of honour and conscience, induce him to write a farewell letter to Mrs. Wharton, and an exculpatory one to Miss Sidney ; but meeting Mrs. Wharton next evening at the Opera, he discovers by her checking him for *putting his name to the letter*, that he had actually mis-directed the letters, and of course sent them to the wrong persons.

In a few days he receives his letter from Miss Sidney, with a repetition of her former declaration of leaving him free from his engagements, which she had been prompted to give him, though she still loved him.

A severe illness now brings him to a sense of propriety ; but having offended against that sense by paying another visit to Mrs. Wharton, *with the best intentions*, he was actually persuaded by this woman, whom he did not love, whom he could not esteem, to carry her off to the Continent, whilst at the very same time he still admired, esteemed, and loved Selina. With all the eloquence of beauty in distress, the artful Mrs. Wharton, after complaining of her husband's conduct, and declaring that she will live with him no longer, appeals to Vivian as her only friend ; throws herself on his protection, vows that her destiny, her existence, were at his mercy : the plan of elopement is formed and settled in a

few minutes, and on her part with all the apparent hurry of passion, and the same carriages and horses which were to have carried him to Miss Sidney, now take the fugitives on their first stage towards Brussels.

In a few weeks compunction seizes on Vivian, and he receives a letter from his friend Russel, who presses him to return to England, and informs him that a disappointed and enraged chambermaid of the Wharton family, had given such evidence of collusion on the part of Wharton and his wife, that he was afraid to commence a prosecution. The same post brings Mrs. Wharton a notice of the discovery; she first attempts to throw the blame on her husband, wept and kneeled in vain, and finding Vivian determined to return to England, suddenly rises from her knees, and all beautiful as she was, looked in his eyes like a fiend, whilst with an unnatural smile, she said to him:—"You see, fool as I am thought to be, I have been too clever for some people; and I can tell Mr. Wharton that I have been too clever for him too. His heart is set upon a divorce; but he can't have it. He can't marry Miss P—or yet her fortune, nor ever shall! I shall remain at Brussels. I have friends here—and friends who were my friends before I was forced to give my hand to Mr. Wharton, or my smiles to you, Sir! People who will not tease me with talking of remorse and repentance, and such ungallant, ungentleman-like stuff; nor sit bewailing themselves like a country parson, instead of dashing out with me here in a fashionable style, as a man of any spirit would have done.—But you!—you're neither good nor bad; and no woman will ever love you, or ever did.—Now you know my whole mind."

"Would to Heaven I had known it sooner!" said Vivian.—"No! I rejoice that I did not sooner know, and that I never have suspected such depravity! under such a form too!"

Mrs. Wharton's eye glanced with satisfaction upon the large mirror opposite to her. Vivian left her in utter disgust and horror.—"Drive on!" cried he, as he threw himself into the chaise—"faster! faster."

On his penitent return he was received by his mother; and soon after is introduced to Selina, who coolly and calmly tells him that she loves him no longer. He now caught the idea, that if he distinguished himself in public life, and if he there retained steadiness of character, he might win back Selina's esteem and affection. Fired with this hope, he immediately turned his whole mind to the object; applied with indefatigable labour, day and night, to make himself master of a subject likely to be discussed in Parliament. At length his application and his energy were crowned with success. On a question of considerable political importance, he made an excellent speech; and pursued his course

for some time with honour and increasing reputation. He was also encouraged in the practice of virtue by his friend Russel, who, though he never praised violently, could yet by a few words please him more than the most exaggerated encomiums of the public prints.

But Wharton, though of the same political party, endeavours to depreciate his talents, and always speaks of him with contempt. Vivian, however, was stimulated to fresh exertions by this conduct, and Wharton's enmity thus became of service to him, though it changed in some measure the purity of his first intentions, by mixing hatred, thoughts of vengeance, views of vulgar vanity, and interest, with love and honourable ambition. This now leads him into another of his errors. To prove that Wharton was mistaken in his prognostics, it seemed necessary to obtain the price and stamp of talents, it was essential to gain political power; and this could not be attained without joining a party; he joined therefore the opposition.

A hasty visit from Lord Glistonbury now takes him down to the Castle where private theatricals are now going on under the direction of Rosamunda, an actress, a poetess, "and all that," who had been engaged by his Lordship as governess to Lady Julia, in order to educate her under the new philosophy, and save her from the starched antediluvian notions of Lady Glistonbury and Miss Strickland. On his arrival at the Castle he is introduced first to Lady Glistonbury and her eldest daughter; and her Ladyship takes an opportunity of hinting to him that he would be received *on the same footing* as before. He understands the hint, but has not sufficient steadiness to undeceive her Ladyship respecting his intentions.

The theatrical party now advances from their *dressed rehearsal*. In the midst of this motley groupe, there was one figure who stood receiving and expecting universal homage; she was dressed as the *Fair Penitent*, but her affected vivacity of gesture and of countenance was in striking contrast to her tragic attire. Vivian could hardly forbear smiling at the manner in which she listened and talked to the gentlemen around her: now languishing, now coquetting, rolling her eyes, and throwing herself into a succession of studied attitudes, dealing repartee to this side and to that; and in short, making the greatest possible exhibition both of her person and her mind—Such was Rosamunda.

Vivian is informed now by Lord Glistonbury of the principle on which she is to instruct Lady Julia.—'I never mind names,' says his Lordship, 'but things, as the metaphysicians say, distinguish between essentials and accidents—sound philosophy, that! hey? and, thank Heaven, a gentleman or a nobleman need not apologize in these days for talking of philosophy before ladies!'

He is soon after introduced to Lady Julia, and was struck with the great change and improvement in her appearance. Instead of the childish girl he had formerly seen flying about, full only of the frolic of the present moment, he sees her now a fine graceful woman, with a striking countenance, indicating both genius and sensibility. She received Vivian so courteously, and with such ingenuous pleasure in her countenance, that he began to rejoice in having accepted the invitation to Glistonbury: at the same instant he recollected a look which his mother had given him before, when he first saw Lady Julia on the terrace of the Castle. This determines him, and commences a new æra; for Lord Glistonbury calling upon Lady Julia to repeat a speech from the *Fair Penitent*, about which she and her brother, Lord Lidhurst, had been arguing, she shewed a slight degree of unaffected timidity at first; but when he bid her let him see no vulgar bashfulness, she obeyed, recited charmingly, and when urged by a little opposition from her brother, grew warm in defence of her own opinion; displayed in its support such sensibility, with such a flow of eloquence, accompanied with such animated and graceful, yet natural gesture, that he became astonished at such an early developement of feeling and intellect; nay, such was the enchantment of her eloquence and beauty, that after a quarter of an hour spent in her company, he did not know whether to wish that she had more sedateness and reserve, or to rejoice that she was so animated and natural.

Russel, who he still finds here as tutor to the young Lidhurst, endeavours to check him in his new passion for Julia, but in vain; he even endeavours to convince him that Miss Sidney is the person most likely to make him happy; but Vivian is piqued by the opposition, and is more confirmed in his purposes. The circumstances of the family, the reserve of Lady Glistonbury and her eldest daughter, and the new philosophy of Rosamunda, all tend to strengthen his passion; but as all his attention was now fixed upon Lady Julia, he observed with satisfaction, that notwithstanding her governess's example and excitement, Lady Julia did not show any exorbitant desire for general admiration, and that her manners were free from coquetry and affectation. Nay, she seemed rather to disdain the flattery, and to avoid both the homage and the company of the men who were her inferiors in mental qualifications, and to address her conversation principally to Vivian and Russel. And now, her being capable at so juvenile an æra of appreciating Russel's character and talents; of preferring his solid sense and plain sincerity to all the brilliancy and all the fashion, nay even all the gallantry of all the men whom her father had here collected round her; all these appeared to him as unequivocal proofs not only of the superiority of her understanding,

but also of the innate sweetness of her disposition. She appeared to him, indeed, a *new* character, for she seemed to pay a deference to his friend's opinion, and seemed to listen with readiness to reason—from him!

A fancy ball was now to be given. Rosamunda claimed, and was allowed, the sole management and direction of it. Anxious only to display herself, she was long uncertain whether to adopt the character of *Circe* or *Sigismunda*; but Lady Julia having given Vivian a hint, that as she could not assume but one, the other would fall to her lot, though very unwilling to appear in the former character, he, by some well-timed flattery induced the heroine *gouvernante* to fix upon *Circe*. But a new difficulty arose; Lord Lidhurst, who was to have been the *Tancred*, was too ill to appear; when Vivian eagerly seized the opportunity of claiming that character. On the evening of the ball, however, Julia excused herself; did not appear, but staid in her brother's sick chamber, and Vivian was obliged to dance all the evening with her apparently petrified sister, Lady Sarah.

No sooner was the ball at an end, than Vivian seized an opportunity of declaring his passion for Lady Julia, to her father. His Lordship was highly pleased, and the next day took an occasion of stating the proposal to his daughter, by asking her to walk on the terrace. After some conversation they parted; when the impatient Vivian joined her Ladyship, who, without permitting him to address her, immediately said, with the calm philosophy of the new school, though with most enchanting animation:—'Perhaps, Mr. Vivian, I ought at this instant to pretend to be ignorant of the honour you have done me; and perhaps, I ought to wait in form, and affect pretty surprize, at hearing from you what I have just learned from my father. But I am little skilled in coquetry; I disdain all female affectation, though I trust I am not deficient in maidenly modesty, when that is not incompatible with what I deem a higher virtue, sincerity. Now and ever, frankness is, and ever shall be only policy.—My heart is no longer in my power to bestow. It is, young as I am, I dare to pronounce the words, irrevocably fixed upon one who will do honour to my choice.' After some other philosophical explanations of her passion, at the same time without mentioning the object of it, she concluded with saying:—'I request that you will not only keep secret all that I have said to you, but that if accident, or your own penetration, should hereafter discover to you the object of my affection, you will refrain from making any use of that discovery to my disadvantage.'

After some further conversation, Lady Julia was sent for, and Vivian was immediately after beset successively by three civil gentlemen, hangers on of the Earl, a chaplain, a lawyer, and a

led captain, each of whom took the opportunity of hinting to him that they knew more of the matter than he imagined, and that Russel was the rival who obstructed him in gaining the affections of Lady Julia.

Shortly after, meeting the fair Julia in earnest conversation with Russel in the garden, he attacked him with the sharpest expressions, exclaiming :—‘ Say that you have not betrayed her father’s confidence ! say that you have not practised upon her unguarded heart ! say that you do not know that she loves you to distraction !’

‘ Oh ! Mr. Vivian, what have you done !’ cried Lady Julia ; she could say no more, but fell senseless on the ground. Vivian’s anger was at once sobered at the sight. Russel now withdrew, and after Lady Julia recovered, she convinced Vivian that Russel’s conduct had been honourable, and that he knew nothing of her attachment to him ; he then sought him, but in vain, and the next morning found that he had set off, under pretence of visiting an old relation in the North, but received a letter in which Russel not only disclaimed all knowledge of Lady Julia’s affection, but confessed an attachment to Miss Sidney, which hitherto he had only repressed out of a point of honour to his friend, and until he had ascertained that all was at an end between her and Vivian ; and he concluded with regretting that as esteem was now impossible, so he could no longer be his friend.

Vivian now determined to clear up every thing to Russel, by explaining the treacherous insinuations of the three before-mentioned *gentlemen*, and hastened to the breakfast-parlour in hopes of seeing Lady Julia, but she was not there ; and shortly after, he went by appointment to Lord Glistonbury in his study. Here he was surprised by the entrance of Lady Julia, who exclaimed :—‘ Sir, I must trust to your honour, while I deprecate your love !—You owe me no gratitude. I am compelled by the circumstances in which I am placed, either to deceive or trust you. I must either become your wife, and deceive you most treacherously ; or I must trust you entirely, and tell you why it would be shameful that I should become your wife—shameful to you and me.’ She then told him that she had met Russel before his departure from the Castle—had offered him her heart and hand, and been refused !

Julia is now sent by her enraged father into Devonshire, along with her brother, who is ordered to the sea coast, but is stopped on the way by her uncle, the Bishop of——, where she remains. Vivian suffering under her loss, and lamenting her departure, determined on leaving the Castle, but is stopped through the simplicity of a country servant girl, who informs him that Lady Sarah is dying for him. A combination of circumstances which

might upset the determinations of a more resolute man, now assail the unsteady Vivian, who finds himself at length compelled to give his hand to Lady Sarah; and she, in spite of her acquired frigidity, becomes a fond, nay too fond, yet rational wife.

Vivian suffering under domestic uneasiness, though not domestic unhappiness, flies to the bottle for relief: here unfortunately the remonstrances of his mother and of his wife, become unavailing; yet he reproaches himself and feels his degradation, but his reproaches are too feeble for his happiness. One chance, however, still remained for him. He had still a public character; he was conscious of having preserved unblemished integrity as a Member of the Senate; this integrity, still more than his oratorical talents, raised him far above most of his competitors, and preserved him not only in the opinion of others, but in some degree in his own.

He now appears again as a flaming patriot; but Lord Glistonbury having been induced to change sides, by the offer of a Marquisate, and for which he had pledged not only his own, but Vivian's Parliamentary support, the unhappy youth is called on to take a new part in politics, which after a severe struggle, he adopts, driven to it by the fear of family quarrels, and by the offer of a place which will enable him to overcome some pecuniary difficulties.

He now appears in Parliament, *on the other side of the House*, but here his abilities fail him in a set and necessary speech, and he retires to a coffee-room, where Wharton and some of his *late* political friends drive him, by repeated insults, into a quarrel with the former, which ends in a challenge, to be settled at eight the following morning.

In order to dress for a political dinner, poor Vivian retires to his home to settle his affairs, whilst his house in the evening was to be a blaze of splendour, Lady Sarah being "at home." Before the company arrives, however, an interview takes place between him and his wife, who had just overheard in a jeweller's shop, some political animadversions upon her husband, and with a degree of unexpected feeling and magnanimity, she tells him:—"You cannot have bartered your public reputation for a Marquisate for my father.—You cannot have done that which is dishonourable.—You cannot have deserted your party for a paltry place for yourself.—You turn pale; I wish if it pleased God, that I was this moment in my grave!"

"Heaven forbid! my dear Lady Sarah!" cried Vivian, forcing a smile, and endeavouring to speak in a tone of raillery:—"Why should you wish to be in your grave, because your husband has just got a good warm place?—Live! live!" said he, raising her powerless hand; "for consider—as I did; and this consideration

was of no small weight with me. Consider, my dear Sarah, how much better *you* will live for it!"

"And did you consider me, and *that* did weigh with you?—Oh! this is what I dreaded most!" cried Lady Sarah; "when will you know my real character? when will you have confidence in your wife, Sir? when will you know the power, the unconquered, unconquerable power of her affection for you?"

After an interesting conversation, in which she urges him to throw up his place and redeem his consistency, but in vain, Vivian hurries to the political dinner, retires to his home, has some conversation with his wife, and by eight o'clock the following morning was at the place appointed. Mr. Wharton appeared a few minutes afterwards. Their seconds having measured out the distance, they took their ground. As Vivian had given the challenge, Wharton had the first fire—he fired; Vivian staggered some paces back, fired his pistol in the air, and fell! Assistance was given; he was carried to a house with a bullet in his chest; his friends were sent for, and after an affecting interview with Russel, he expired whilst pressing his hand to his bosom in the act of reconciliation and forgiveness.

Vivian's mother and widow arrived just at this moment. The latter shed no tear and uttered no exclamation; but advancing slowly and insensible to all opposition, to the bed on which her dead husband lay, tried whether there was any pulse, any breath left; then knelt down in silent devotion. She then retired, still without shedding a tear; a few hours afterwards she was taken ill, and before night, delivered of a dead son!

This elegant novelist now concludes her story, stating that Russel and Miss Sidney were so much shocked by the death of Vivian, that they could not for some time think on any other subject.—"The hope, however, that their union may be effected, and the belief that they may yet be as happy as their united virtues and strength of mind deserve, is the consoling idea upon which, after so many melancholy events, the mind of the humane reader may repose."

# SPIRIT OF MAGAZINES.

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FROM THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

## MANNER OF TRAINING ARABIAN HORSES.

**M. CHATEAUBRIAND**, in his *Travels in Greece*, gives the following account of the manner in which the Arabian horses are trained to hardihood :

“ They are never put under shelter, but left exposed to the most intense heat of the sun, tied by all four legs to stakes driven in the ground, so that they cannot stir. The saddle is never taken from their backs ; they frequently drink but once, and have only one feed of barley in twenty-four hours. This rigid treatment, so far from wearing them out, gives them sobriety and speed. I have often admired an Arabian steed thus tied down to the burning sands, his hair loosely flowing, his head bowed between his legs to find a little shade : and stealing with his wild eye an oblique glance of his master. Release his legs from the shackles, spring upon his back, and he will paw in the valley, he will rejoice in his strength, he will swallow the ground in the fierceness of his rage : and you recognise the original of the picture delineated by Job.—Eighty or one hundred piastres are given for an ordinary horse, which is in general less valued than an ass or a mule ; but a horse of a well-known Arabian breed will fetch any price. Abdallah, Pacha of Damascus, had just given 3000 piastres for one. The history of a horse is frequently the topic of general conversation. When I was at Jerusalem, the feats of one of these wonderful steeds made a great noise. The Bedouin, to whom the animal, a mare, belonged, being pursued by the Governor’s Guard’s, rushed with her from the top of the hills that overlooked Jericho. The mare scoured at full gallop down an almost perpendicular declivity without stumbling, and left the soldiers lost in admiration and astonishment. The poor creature however dropped down dead on entering Jericho, and the Bedouin, who would not quit her, was taken, weeping over the body of his companion. This mare has a brother in the de-

sert, who is so famous, that the Arabs always know where he has been, where he is, what he is doing, and how he does. Ali Aga religiously shewed me in the mountains near Jericho the footsteps of the mare that died in the attempt to save her master. A macedonian could not have beheld those of Bucephalus with greater respect."

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FROM THE SAME.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ANIMALS FOUND IN THE PROVINCE OF  
DASHTISTAN, IN PERSIA.

ABOUT twenty-five years ago, in the time of Sheik Nasr, who possessed both Bushire and the Island of Bahrein, and who consequently was enabled to improve the native breed of Persia, by bringing over the Nedj stallion, the Dashtistan became celebrated for a horse of strength and bottom. But the original breed of Persia, that which is now restored, is a tall, lank, ill-formed, and generally vicious animal; useful indeed for hard work, but unpleasant to ride compared with the elegant action and docility of the Arab. There is another race of the Turcoman breed, (such as are seen at Smyrna, and through all Asia Minor,) a short, thick, round-neck, and strong-legged horse, short quartered, and inclined behind. There is also a fine breed produced by the Turcoman mare and the Nedj stallion. At two different times, large lots of horses were offered to us for sale: the first, by the people of the Shiraz officer, who asked immense prices, and when refused, departed in apparent ill-humour, but generally returned and took the reduced sum which was offered. In this way also we purchased a lot of forty horses, principally of the Turcoman breed, which had been destined for the Indian market, and for which an average price of three hundred and twenty piastres for each horse had been asked at Bushire, but which at the end of the month were sold to us for two hundred and fifty. The distinct and characteristic value of the horses of the country, was exemplified in a present of two, which the Envoy received from the Sheik of Bushire. One was a beautiful Arab colt, of the sweetest temper I ever knew in a horse, frisking about like a lamb, and yet so docile, that though now for the first time mounted, he seemed to have been long used to the bit; a sure proof in the estimation of the country of the excellence of his breed. The other was a Persian colt of the most stubborn and vicious nature; to the astonishment and admiration, however, of the Persians, the Envoy's Yorkshire groom, by mere dint of whip and spur,

subdued the creature and rendered him fit to ride: a triumph which established the groom's reputation readily, among a people peculiarly alive to the superiority of their own horsemanship. A horse more than ordinarily vicious was tamed in a singular manner by the people of the country. He was turned out loose (muzzled indeed in his mouth, where his ferociousness was most formidable) to await in an enclosure the attack of two horses, whose mouths and legs at full liberty were immediately directed against him. The success was as singular as the experiment; and the violence of the discipline which he endured, subdued the nature of the beast and rendered him the quietest of his kind. The horses are fastened in the stables by their fore legs, and pinioned by a rope from the hind leg to stakes at about six feet distant behind, so that although the animals are well inclined to quarrel, and are only four or five feet asunder, they can scarcely in this position succeed in hurting each other; frequently, however, they do get loose, and the most furious battles ensue. I have often admired the courage and dexterity with which the Persian *Yelowdars*, or grooms, throw themselves into the thickest engagement of angry horses; and, in defiance of the kicks and bites around them, contrive to separate them.

The Resident's stud consists of about twenty horses, mules, and asses; eight of the horses belong to the East India Company, and are principally employed in carrying *choppers* or couriers to Shiraz. These are obliged however to be renewed very frequently, because one such journey generally destroys the animal that performs it; so difficult are the passes of the mountains, and so unmerciful are the riders.

They have in Persia a very large and ferocious dog, called the *kofla* dog, from his being the watchful and faithful companion of the *kofla* or caravan. Each muleteer has his dog, and so correct is the animal's knowledge of the mules that belong to his master, that he will discover those that have strayed, and will bring them back to their associates; and on the other hand, when at night the whole caravan stops, and the mules are parcelled in square lots, the guardian dog will permit no strange mule to join the party under his charge, or to encroach upon their ground. His strength and his ferocity are equal to his intelligence and watchfulness.

We chased one day a large white fox. They prey about the open country round Bushire in great numbers, for the natives do not destroy them with all the zeal of Englishmen. The wild animals of the Dashtistan are the wolf, the hyæna, the fox, the porcupine, the *mangousti*, the antelope, the wild boar, the *jerboa*, and sometimes the wild goat. The mountains of the Dashtistan have also the lion, and he has been known to descend into the

plain. On the 12th of December, Captain Davis, of the *Sapphire*, shot two cormorants out of a flock that were squatted on a tree. Partridges also have been seen to settle in the same situation. The hawks, which are used in hunting, are the *cherk*, the *balban*, and the *shahein*.

We set off on the 29th of November, before sun-rise, to hunt with hawks. The freshness, or rather the coldness of the morning, was quite revivifying. We were accompanied by an old and keen sportsman, who had long been renowned in the plains of Bushire for his expertness in training a hawk, and his perseverance in hunting the *hoobara* or bustard. The old Reis, the name by which he was known, was one of the most picturesque figures on horseback that I ever saw. He was rather tall, with a neck very long, and a beard very gray. His body, either through age or the long use of a favourite position on horseback, inclined forwards till it made an angle of forty-five degrees with his thighs, which ran nearly parallel to the horse's back; and his beard projected so much from his lank neck, that it completed the amusement of the profile. On his right wrist, which was covered by large gloves, his hawk was perched. The bird is always kept hood-winked, till the game be near. On our way we were joined by Hassan Khan, the Governor of Dasti, who also carried a hawk, and who was attended by about fifteen men with spears, the *kaleons*, or water pipes, &c. We proceeded to Halila, where we commenced our hunt. A *hoobara* started almost under the foot of my horse; as the bird flew, a hawk was unhooded that he might mark the direction, and was loosed only when it settled. But the sport was unsuccessful in two or three attempts; in fact, when the hawk has had one flight, and has missed his prey, he should be fed with the blood of a pigeon, and then hood-winked, and not permitted to fly again in that day's sport. As soon as the hawk has taken his flight, the sportsmen remain quiet till they can see that their bird has seized his prey, when they ride up and disengage them.

The *Jerboa*.\* On the first of December we caught some *jerboas*; and I had an opportunity of delineating, and observing with some nicety, all their different properties. The description of this animal has been given so minutely by Sonnini, and, with the controversy on the subject, has occupied indeed so very long a chapter of one of his volumes, that it would be superfluous to go over again the same tedious ground. As there are, however, some little exceptions in the *jerboa* which I saw at Bushire, I shall endeavour to point them out. In the first place, that gradation from the bird to the quadruped, which Sonnini traced in

\* A description of this animal, by Dr. Clarke, is also given in Vol. 27, p. 68.

the hopping motion of the *jerboa*, did not strike me with the same degree of conviction. When unpursued, the animal certainly hops, though this admission does not imply that he cannot walk without hopping. But when he is escaping from any alarm, he may almost be said to lay himself flat on the surface of the ground from the immense tension of his hind legs, and literally to run *ventre a terre*. Yet as every observer will feel that there are shades by which the works of creation gradually resolve into each other, and which, by a slow operation, connect the zoophyte with the animated world, and the bird with the quadruped, the *jerboa* may still serve as one of the first and most preceptible gradations between two kingdoms of nature ; but kangaroos, a larger and nobler specimen, would illustrate the connection as correctly.

On the specific description of the animal, I agree with Sonnini's account of the Egyptian *jerboas*, except that, in two which I examined, I could not find the spur, or the small rudiment of a fourth toe, on the heel of the hinder foot ; on the existence of which depends essentially the resemblance which he has discovered between the *jerboa* and the *alagtaga* of Tartary. But as the *jerboa* of Hasselquist, of Bruce, and of Sonnini, all seem to differ from each other, and from those which I examined, in some minute circumstance, it is reasonable to conclude, less that there is any incorrectness in the descriptions, than that there is an essential variety in the animals. The *jerboas* in the deserts before us at Bushire, do not live in troops, as those of Egypt, according to Sonnini ; each has his hole, to which he retires with the utmost precipitation ; nor is it possible to take him by surprise in the day, as I learn from Sir Harford Jones, who has had ample opportunities of examining the history of the *jerboas* ; and therefore the circumstance which Bruce mentions, of his Arabs having knocked them down with sticks, extends probably to no general inference. Nor can I think that Sonnini is correct in supposing that the animal is fond of light. Those which I kept in a cage remained huddled together under some cotton during the day, but in the night made such a scratching, that I was obliged to send them out of the room. Besides, one of the most common methods of catching them is by the glare of a lanthorn, which seems to deprive them of the power of moving, and subjects them quietly to the hand of the man who bears the light. There is another and an easy way of catching them, by pouring water down one of the apertures of their retreat ; they immediately jump out. We hunted several with spaniels, but, although surrounded on all sides, they escaped with the greatest facility : when very closely pressed, they have a most dexterous method of springing to an amazing height over the heads of their pursuers ;

and, making two or three somersets in the air, they come down again in all safety on their hinder legs, many yards from the spot of their ascent. In this leap they probably use their diminutive paws. Even a greyhound stands no chance with them; for as soon as he comes near, they take to the somersets, and the dog is completely thrown out. Their flesh is reckoned very fine, as the people here who eat them assure me. As the animal is very sensible of cold, and formed so delicately, and apparently so little prepared to resist frosts and snows, I cannot think, though Sonnini seems to imply it, that it is found in very northern climates. Rats and hares indeed are found in the coldest as well as in the warmest parts of the world; but nature has provided them with a clothing more appropriate to the change.

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FROM THE SAME.

INDIAN SPORTING.

BY the late arrivals from Calcutta, we have received the following account of a Tiger-hunt in that part of the world:—

*Calcutta, May 15.*—Our late letters from his Highness the Vizier's camp, at Surnutty, notice a very narrow escape of captain Baillie, the Resident at the Court of Lucknow, from an accident that threatened a fatal termination. The circumstances are as follow:—

On the morning of the 28th ult. the Nawaub being on his annual hunting excursion, a report was brought in that the jungle adjoining the camp abounded with tigers and other game. Thither, accordingly, the Nawaub, Captain Baillie, and the hunting party, beat their way with all expedition.—Shortly after entering the jungle, the party started three tigers and a bear; one of the tigers attacked the elephant on which Captain Baillie was mounted with the utmost ferocity. The elephant became unruly, and Captain Baillie was precipitated from the howdah to a considerable distance, with great force, and with his gun in his hand: he was very severely bruised. Most fortunately, at the instant of his fall the Nawaub fired and lodged the ball, from a rifle piece, in the body of the tiger, which, though it did not kill the animal, brought him to the ground. The tiger being thus disabled, Captain Baillie had time to recover from the shock occasioned by the fall, and advancing very coolly towards the tiger, who had now got upon his legs, pointed his double-barrelled rifle, and lodged the contents in his head, which gave him the *coup de grace*. By this time the party had heard of the accident, and, dismount-

ing, came up to Captain Baillie, who was much exhausted, and bruised in several parts of his body. He was freely bled upon the spot by Dr. Law, from which he received immediate relief, and by letters of the 2d instant, we learn that he was quickly recovering. The party were to set out on their return to Lucknow on the 3d instant. They have had tolerably good sport; and in the jungle, which they hunted in the morning of the 28th ult. they killed seven tigers and five bears. A female bear was shot while running off with two cubs on her back; the two young bruins were taken alive. Two or three men, who were so imprudent as to venture alone into the jungle, are supposed to have been carried off by the tigers, as they were missing, and no account heard of them. One man, while cutting reeds, was seized by a tiger, upon which, with great presence of mind, he thrust his knife into the abdomen of his assailant, who made off, leaving the reed cutter to make his escape. This tiger was shot in the course of the same morning by the Nawaub.

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FROM THE SAME.

#### ALLIGATORS.

The subjoined letter from Ghazeepore, gives an account of an uncommonly large alligator, killed at that place :—

“Several very large alligators having been observed for several days, about noon, to assemble at a particular spot near the bank of the river, two officers of his Majesty’s 67th regiment, went out with a determination to shoot one of them, which they effected with a rifle-gun. The animal was not immediately brought on shore; he was picked up three days afterwards. The ball had entered the head, and passed out on a line leading directly under each eye; several other balls had struck him on the body, but they were thrown off by the scales, without penetrating. Upon being measured, he was found to be twenty-nine feet in length, and seven feet in circumference. The jaws from each orbit of the eye, to its extremity, measured three feet, and contained fifty-two teeth in the upper, and forty-eight in the lower jaw. After separating the integuments, the knife passed through nearly eight inches of solid fat; on opening the stomach, there were found several half-digested human limbs; the heads of two children, and a very great number of small stones, which probably had been swallowed in order to promote digestion. I was not previously aware that the natives of Hindoostan, who excluded almost all animals from their bill of fare, would condescend to eat the

flesh of the alligator ; but the fact was incontestibly proved on the present occasion ; for, on our coming away after dissection, an immense number of people came from the city of Ghazeepore, and having cut the remains of the animal that we had left into small morsels, the whole was almost immediately devoured by the crowd, who seemed delighted with their meal ; the bones were picked, and not a particle except the bones and scales were left."

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FROM THE SAME.

#### EIDER-DUCKS IN ICELAND.

From Sir George Steuart Mackenzie's Travels in that country.

ON the 8th of June, 1810, we went to Vidöe to see the Eider-ducks, which had now assembled in great number to nestle : at all other times of the year these birds are perfectly wild. They are protected by the laws, a severe penalty being inflicted on any person who kills one. During the breeding season, the fine is thirty dollars for each bird. As our boat approached the shore, we passed through multitudes of these beautiful fowls, which scarcely gave themselves the trouble to go out of the way. Between the landing place and the old governor's house, the ground was strewn with them, and it required some caution to avoid treading on the nests. The drakes were walking about, uttering a sound very like the cooing of doves, and were even more familiar than the common domestic ducks. All round the house, on the garden wall, on the roofs, and even in the inside of the houses, and in the chapel, were numbers of ducks sitting on their nests. Such as had not been long on the nest, generally left it on being approached ; but those that had more than one or two eggs sat perfectly quiet, suffering us to touch them, and sometimes making a gentle use of their bills to remove our hands. When a drake happens to be near his mate, he is extremely agitated when any one approaches her. He passes and repasses between her and the object of his suspicion, raising his head, and cooing. The nests were lined with down, which the duck takes from her own breast ; and there is a sufficient quantity laid round the nest, for covering up the eggs when the duck goes to feed, which is generally during the time of low water. The down, which is a valuable article of commerce, is removed at two different times from the nest. Sometimes the poor duck is compelled to provide a fourth lining, and when her down is exhausted, the drake supplies the deficiency. A certain number of eggs is also remq-

ved, as they are esteemed a great delicacy. Our good friend at Vidœ used to send us two hundred at a time. When boiled hard they are tolerably good, but much inferior to the eggs of common poultry. Swans' eggs, of which we got a few, are superior, and really excellent when boiled hard.

When taken from the nest, the Eider down is mixed with feathers and straws. To separate them, and make the down fit for market, is part of the employment of the women during winter. As soon as the young birds leave the eggs, the duck takes them on her back, and swims to a considerable distance from the shore. She then dives, and leaves the little ones to exercise themselves in swimming about. As soon as they have got the use of their feet in this way, the duck returns and becomes their guide. Several broods, often great numbers, join company, and are seen quite wild for a few weeks; after which, they totally disappear. Long before we left Iceland, there was not a single Eider-duck to be seen. Whither they retire is not known. These birds are found in the Flannel Isles, to the west of the Island of Lewis. They are sometimes seen in Shetland and Orkney, but seldom farther to the south.

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FROM THE SAME.

#### ACCOUNT OF THE PEARL FISHERY IN THE PERSIAN GULF.

THERE is perhaps, no place in the world where those things which are esteemed riches among men, abound more than in the Persian gulf. Its bottom is studded with pearls, and its coasts with mines of precious ore. The island of Bahrein, on the Arabian shore, has been considered the most productive bank of the pearl oysters: but the island of Kharrack now shares the reputation. The fishery extends along the whole of the Arabian coast, and to a large proportion of the Persian side of the gulf. Verdistan, Nabon, and Busheab, on that side, are more particularly mentioned; but indeed it is a general rule, that wherever in the gulf there is a shoal, there is also the pearl oyster.

The fishery, though still in itself as prolific as ever, is not perhaps carried on with all the activity of former years; since it declined in consequence by the transfer of the English market to the banks of the coast of Ceylon. But the Persian pearl is never without a demand; though little of the produce of the fishery comes direct into Persia. The trade has now almost entirely centred at Muscat. From Muscat the greater part of the pearls are exported to Surat; and, as the agents of the Indian merchants are constantly on the spot, and as the fishers prefer the

certain sale of their merchandize there to a higher, but less regular, price in any other market, the pearls may often be bought at a less price in India, than to an individual they would have been sold in Arabia. There are two kinds; the yellow pearl, which is sent to the Mahratta market; and the white pearl, which is circulated through Bussorah and Bagdad into Asia Minor, and thence into the heart of Europe; though, indeed, a large proportion of the whole is arrested in its progress at Constantinople to deck the Sultanas of the Seraglio. The pearl of Ceylon peels off; that of the gulf is as firm as the rock upon which it grows; and though it loses in colour and water 1 per cent. annually for fifty years, yet it still loses less than that of Ceylon. It ceases after fifty years to lose any thing.

About twenty years ago the fishery was farmed out by the different chiefs along the coast; thus the Sheiks of Bahrein and of El Katif, having assumed a certain portion of the pearl bank, obliged every speculator to pay them a certain sum for the right of fishing. At present, however, the trade, which still employs a considerable number of boats, is carried on entirely by individuals. There are two modes of speculation; the first, by which the adventurer charters a boat by the month or by the season; in this boat he sends his agent to superintend the whole, with a crew of about fifteen men, including generally five or six divers. The divers commence their work at sun-rise and finish at sun-set. The oysters that have been brought up, are successively confided to the superintendant, and when the business of the day is done, they are opened on a piece of white linen; the agent of course keeping a very active inspection over every shell. The man who, on opening an oyster, finds a valuable pearl, immediately puts it into his mouth, by which they fancy that it gains a finer water; and, at the end of the fishery, he is entitled to a present. The whole speculation costs about one hundred and fifty piastres a month; the divers getting ten piastres, and the rest of the crew in proportion. The second and the safest mode of adventure is by an agreement between two parties, where one defrays all the expenses of the boat and provisions, &c. and the other conducts the labours of the fishery. The pearl obtained undergoes a valuation, according to which it is equally divided: but the speculator is further entitled by the terms of the partnership to purchase the other half of the pearl at ten per cent. lower than the market price.

The divers seldom live to a great age. Their bodies break out in sores, and their eyes become very weak and blood-shot. They can remain under water five minutes; and their dives succeed one another very rapidly, as by delay the state of their bodies would soon prevent the renewal of the exertion. They oil the

orifice of the ears, and put a horn over their nose. In general life they are restricted to a certain regimen ; and to food composed of dates and other light ingredients. They can dive from ten to fifteen fathoms, and sometimes even more ; and their prices increase according to the depth. The largest pearls are generally found in the deepest water, as the success on the bank of Kharrack, which lies very low, has demonstrated. From such depths, and on this bank, the most valuable pearls have been brought up ; the largest indeed which Sir Harford Jones ever saw, was one that had been fished up at Kharrack in nineteen fathoms water.

It has been often contested, whether the pearl in the live oyster is as hard as it appears in the market ; or whether it acquires its consistence by exposure. I was assured by a gentleman (who had encamped at Congoon close to the bank ; and who had often bought the oysters from the boys, as they came out of the water,) that he had opened the shell immediately, and when the fish was still alive, had found the pearl already hard and formed. He had frequently also cut the pearl in two, and ascertained it to be equally hard throughout, in layers like the coats of an onion. But Sir Harford Jones, who has had much knowledge of the fishery, informs me, that it is easy by pressing the pearl between the fingers, when first taken out of the shell, to feel that it has not yet attained its ultimate consistency. A very short exposure, however, to the air gives the hardness. The two opinions are easily reconcilable by supposing, either a misconception in language of the relative term hard (by which one authority may mean every thing in the oyster which is not gelatinous, while the other would confine it more strictly to the full and perfect consistency of the pearl,) or by admitting that there may be an original difference in the character of the two species, the yellow and the white pearl ; while the identity of the specimen, on which either observation has been formed, has not been noted.

The fish itself is fine eating ; nor, indeed, in this respect is there any difference between the common and the pearl oyster. The seed pearls, which are very indifferent, are arranged round the lips of the oyster, as if they were inlaid by the hand of an artist. The large pearl is nearly in the centre of the shell, and in the middle of the fish.

In Persia the pearl is employed for less noble ornaments than in Europe ; there it is principally reserved to adorn the kaleoons or water pipes, the tassels for bridles, some trinkets, the inlaying of looking glasses and toys, for which indeed the inferior kinds are used ; or, when devoted more immediately to their persons, it is generally strung as beads to twist about in the hand, or as a rosary for prayer.

not a horn over the fishermen always augur a good season of the pearl, when a certain sign have been plentiful rains; and so accurately has experience that them, that when corn is very cheap they increase their great ingrements for fishing. The connexion is so well ascertained (at and sometimes over so fully credited, not by them only, but by the merchants,) the depth. The prices paid to the fishermen are, in fact, always raised; the best water, as there have been great rains. dry low, has done the most work, the most indeed which has been fished up at

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FROM THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

## ACCOUNT OF THE ISLAND OF MAJORCA.

By Sir John Carr.

[From his "Descriptive Travels in Spain," &c.]

ested, whether it appears in the next exposure. I was at Congo de

sters from the N the night of the fifth of October, after spending a pleasant evening with a party of Spanish ladies and gentlemen, on the 1st of a fine American merchantship, lying in the mole of the city of Majorca, I set sail with the gentleman who accompanied me hard through Montserrat in the Palma packet, a felucca with latine sails, the island of Majorca, distant about one hundred miles at the farthest point, and about 120 to Palma, the capital. This island is the principal of the Balearic Islands, so called, as it is conjectured to be, from the remarkable skill of the early natives in using the r, to the air great. In addition to Majorca, these islands comprize Minorca, Sicily, Formentera, Conejera, and a few other diminutive islands, are called the Pityuse Islands. The whole were denominated by the ancients the Iberian and Happy or Fortunate Islands, and formerly composed the kingdom of Majorca. On our passage to Majorca, we were charged eight dollars, and a dollar for our table. As the wind was very unfavourable, we had an opportunity of observing the advantage of vessels with sails, which in these seas, as I was informed, can go expectation has been met, within two points of the wind. We were nearly four days in performing this little voyage, during which our fare was very indifferent. Every evening mass was performed, accompanied by singing, sufficiently loud to have roused the attention of a bey were in the peer, had any been within reasonable distance, even if the case of the night had prevented their seeing us. On the 9th

employed for morning, owing to the state of the wind, we were obliged principally from the Cape de Cala Figuera over to the opposite Cape de S. Antonio, between which Palma is situated, and so tack up the bay, which, with its noble cathedral, churches, various public buildings, and bastions, and the lofty mountains behind, presented a rich and elegant spectacle, enlivened, though not improved by the

in a picturesque point of view, by a great number of windmills in full play, which line the ground on its eastern and western sides. The port is small, but secure and commodious. The city is too near the sea, and too ill protected by its walls and redoubts to be capable of long holding out against a well-directed attack : at present, nearly all its cannon has been removed to Tarragona, the captain-general and council presuming that, if the continent of Spain is lost, this island will be protected by the English.

Owing to the recent ravages of the plague at Tarragona, we were rigidly examined at the health-office, the examining physician feeling our pulses, and also high up under our armpits.

After exhibiting our passports at the palace of the governor, we were conducted to the only good fonda, or inn, in the place, kept by a Frenchman named St. Antonio, where we got a tolerably good room, and where, during our stay, we were most excellently entertained, Antonio being a professed cook ; and to his culinary skill and inoffensive character, I believe, he owed his personal liberty at this time. For a breakfast of chocolate and cakes, a dinner, admirably dressed, of soup, meat, fowls, and generally two dishes of game, either rabbit, hare, quails, partridges, thrushes, or snipes, with which the island abounds, pastry, abundance of the best of wine, a dessert of the finest fruits, coffee, a supper nearly as plentiful as the dinner, and our lodging, we were only charged to the amount of about seven shillings English apiece. We found the pork very fine, the mutton excellent, but the beef poor. As Palma is very little resorted to by travellers, the inns are very few and very bad. We were invited to the house of our consul, who was also American consul ; but we were speedily warned by persons of high rank in the city, not to accept of his invitation, as he was of Jewish descent, and on that account held incapable of being admitted to respectable intercourse. The impolitic manner in which British consuls are appointed abroad deserves some attention from the legislature. A consul is an officer appointed by commission in a foreign country to protect and facilitate the mercantile interest of the princes or chiefs by whom he is appointed. He is to prevent any insult being offered or any wrong done to their merchants, and he is to correspond with the ministers residing at the court upon which his consulate depends. The British consul at Palma does not know a word of English ; and on account of his Judaic origin, he is held in a state of contempt and degradation by the people. He officiates also for America and the Barbary States. The time is not very distant, when a Jew could not appear with personal safety in this island ; and numerous are the instances of Jews having being consigned to the flames, to appease the angry and unjust prejudices of the people. Many of the ancestors of this very man were burnt

on this account. It is related that the monks, in whose church the portraits of most of these unhappy persons, who at various periods had thus been sacrificed, were suspended, were applied to by this very consul, to let him have the pictures of several of his ancestors who had suffered—that he also endeavoured to win over the holy fathers with a considerable sum to put him in possession of these painful, and as it was considered dishonourable, vestiges, that they might be destroyed—that the monks consented, but previously had copies of them taken, which soon after the money was paid, were suspended in the room of those which had been withdrawn, to the no little mortification of the deluded consul—and that the mercenary deception was considered a good joke all over the city, because the peace of a Jew happened to be its victim.

The cathedral, one of the most imposing objects in the city, built by James the Conqueror, King of Arragon, is a vast and magnificent gothic structure, entered by three noble gates. The effect of the interior notwithstanding the interruption of the choir is very fine. On the day when I saw it first, the effect was much increased by a grand military and monastic procession round the aisles, in honour of the anniversary of king Ferdinand's birth-day. Some of the windows of stained glass are very beautiful, and in the sacristy we were shewn the church treasure consisting of large and magnificent candlesticks of solid silver exquisitely wrought, salvers, a la custodia, and relics set in gold and diamonds, of great value. In an iron railing between the choir and the principal altar, decorated with gilt bronze, and surmounted with a silver crown, is a marble sarcophagus, from one end of which, the body of James the Second arrayed in his robes, lying in a drawer, was drawn out, and considering that the monarch had been dead very nearly five hundred years, the face and body appeared to be in a state of extraordinary preservation. On the sarcophagus is the following inscription.

Acqui reposa el cadaver del Serenissimo  
Sr. Dn. Jayme de Arragon,  
2d. Rey de Mallorca,  
Que merce la mas pias y laudable  
Memoria en los annalos,  
Falicio en 28 de Mayo, &c. 1311.

Don James, grandson of Alphonso the second king of Arragon, the predecessor of this sovereign, conquered this island, and finally expelled the Moors, who had retaken it from the generals of Raymond Berenger, after he had returned to Catalonia in 1229. In the attack of the island, Don James is reported to have displayed the most undaunted courage and unshaken firmness. Upon

Palma being taken by storm, the rest of the island submitted and was incorporated with the kingdom of Arragon, and at length, after many petty feuds, and insurrections, annexed to the crown of Spain. The episcopal palace adjoining the cathedral is a handsome building.

On the day of our visit to this cathedral, we were presented to the captain-general, Don Francisco Del Cuesta, at the levee held in the ancient palace of the kings of this island, at which all the noblemen, officers of state, and constituted authorities attended in their full costume, the whole presenting a princely appearance; after which we had the honour of dining with his excellency, who placed me on his right hand. The dinner, prepared under the direction of Antonio, our host, was splendid, and in a high degree excellent, and the room cooled by a prodigious large fly-flapper, suspended over the table, and kept in motion during the banquet, at which the most distinguished nobility of the island, and several fugitive grandees from the mother-country were present, all of whom cordially joined in the toasts which were given in honour of England and Spain. In this palace there is nothing worthy of notice except the vestibule and stone stair-case, arsenal, magazine, chapel royal, and prison, the gardens belonging to it, and a beautiful view which it commands of the sea and country. At this levee the poor British consul, to my no little mortification, was not admitted, and all the honour allowed him was a permission to send some game from his estate to augment the profusion of good things which graced the vice-regal table. In the evening there was an illumination, as it was miscalled, which, although numerous parties were formed to view it, was not very creditable to the city, if the loyalty of the inhabitants was only in a ratio to their light.

The front of the town-house, which is a noble building richly decorated with sculpture, appeared on this occasion en gala; a large quantity of red velvet covered a great part of its basement floor, before which the portraits of the royal family were exposed to the view of the spectators. In one of the public rooms within this building, are portraits of distinguished Spaniards, natives of this island, or who had large property in it. Amongst others, I noticed those of the intrepid and loyal Romana and his gallant brother Caro. There is also a fine painting of St. Sebastian, the tutelar Saint of Majorca, by Vandyke, purchased at Madrid some years since. In the palace of the Marquis de Ariang, we were shewn several pictures, but scarcely any of them were worthy of notice; the best appeared to be some naked figures, which the excessive modesty of the lord or lady of the mansion had placed in such darkness as to be scarcely visible. Thence we were taken to the palace of the Count de Negro,

where we saw a much better collection ; amongst which were a fine head by Vandyke, a Vernet, and two beautiful Flemish pictures : there was also a head of the Virgin exquisitely wrought in mosaic. Upon the basement floor were several fine busts, particularly one of Augustus, for which we were informed eight hundred pounds English had been offered and refused by the noble possessor. There were also some fine specimens of porphyry, several small antiques, and some good casts. We were informed that the count has an equally good collection at his country-house, but we did not see them.

In the coro of a capuchin convent near the gate of St. Marquerita, where the Spaniards entered when they expelled the Moors, we were shewn a very large painting of the crucifixion, confidently said to be by Titian, but it has been irreparably spoiled by the ignorance and negligence of those who removed it from the house of the person who bequeathed it to the convent. In the library are several valuable books and original manuscripts, amongst which is a history of Majorca, and the contract drawn up and agreed upon by the conquering Spanish generals for the partition of the island. There is an academy for painting here, but the pupils are at present not very promising.

The prison is tolerably commodious and clean, and, owing to the well-known honesty of the Majorcans, it is but thinly tenanted. The Alameda is an agreeable walk, but not much frequented. The markets are abundantly supplied with every necessary, and what in England would be called every luxury. Fish, fowls, game, and fruits are in great profusion. So cheap is living in this happy island, that a married couple may keep an elegant house in the country, with olive-grounds, gardens, orange-groves, and vineyards, a plentiful table, drink the most delicious wines of the island, keep a carriage and a pair of mules, a suitable number of servants, and educate a family of children, in a refined manner, and associate with the best society, upon five hundred a year.

The exchange is a very curious Gothic edifice, containing a magnificent hall, which, owing to the merchants being more disposed to assemble in the open air, than under cover, is now much neglected, and is at present a depôt for corn. Towards the sea, the principal street is broad, and many of the houses are very large and magnificent.

The rent of a tolerably good house is about seventy dollars a year ; formerly upon an assignment of one, a fine was paid to the king, but this is now done away. There are about seven thousand houses in Palma. The population of the city is averaged at thirty-two thousand ; that of the whole island, which is fifty leagues round, at eighty-seven thousand. This account varies

from the enumeration given by other travellers, but I was repeatedly assured that it was correct. In Palma there are seven parochial churches, eight convents, four consecrations, the occupants of which are religious, but neither monks nor friars, ten nunneries, three colleges, three oratories, five churches, deserted and shut up; there is also an Inquisition, in the prison of which several persons were confined when I was there. The native regular military of the island is two thousand, and every male adult resident in the island is obliged to enrol himself for its defence in case of invasion. The monks and friars are two thousand, and the ecclesiastics two thousand five hundred.

There is a beautiful walk, much frequented, to a castle called Belver, about a mile and a half from Palma, through the gate of Catalina, along the cliff, from which there is a fine view of the bay and city. The wind-mills, which abound in this direction, are very small, as I am informed, about the size of those in La Mancha, celebrated for having been the objects of chivalrous assault by the immortal knight of that province. These mills are numerous, on account of the general want of powerful streams in the island. In this castle, which is singularly picturesque, its ancient walls being in many places covered with the caper, three French generals were confined. From the leads we had a wide and beautiful prospect, and could easily distinguish the island of Cabrera, lying about nine miles to the north-east of Cabo de Salinas. This island is about two miles and three-quarters from east to west, and about three miles from the south-west to the north-east. In this barren and desolate place, sufficiently dreary to drive to madness any other being but a native of France, there were no less than five thousand French prisoners shut up; who, however, by the assistance of gambling, dancing, and a theatre, contrived to dissipate the gloom which surrounded them. This island is very injudiciously converted into a depôt for prisoners of war. It is possible that the weather might be so boisterous as to prevent the victualling boats from going to it from Majorca, and also that vessels might be driven in stress of weather into its bays and harbours, by which many of the prisoners might effect their escape.

There is a tolerable theatre here. The people appeared to me more musically inclined here than any part of the continent of Spain I had visited; I often heard the castinets well played. The most esteemed are made of the pomegranate wood, and to improve their tone they are fried in oil for a short time. The fandango and volero are great favourites here. There are also several good public institutions for the poor, aged, and infirm.

Having visited every object worthy of notice in the city, I joined an agreeable party on mules to the celebrated monastery of

Valdemusa or Mosa, or Mosa. Our ride, which lasted about three hours, lay through an exquisitely, rich, and highly cultivated country, consisting of corn-land, vineyards, and woods of olive, carob, almond, pomegranate, and apple-trees. Male and female peasants with long hair, generally plaited, wearing large black felt hats, and dresses of blue serge, much in the style of those of Holland, displaying neatness and contentment, divided the labours of the field. Instead of the mantilla, a head-dress called the *rebozillo*, or double handkerchief, is worn by the female, which covers the head, is fastened under the chin, falls over the shoulders and back, and is far from being becoming. The male peasants generally wear leather-shoes and spatterdashes. In the streets of Palma, I met several youths attired as ecclesiastics, but I found that they did not belong to the church, and wore this dress only through economy, many of them not having a shirt to wear.

It was now the almond-harvest, and merry groups, young and old, were assembled to collect this delicious fruit from the delicate trees that bore it. The eye could not turn but to banquet on some beautiful or romantic object. Every cottage was a picture, and the industry and happiness of man seemed to co-operate with the beneficence of the soil and climate.

When we entered upon the estates of the convent, the hand of culture seemed to have been still more actively and skilfully employed. After winding along the sides of the most picturesque hills, richly clothed to their summits, belted with ridges or terrace-walls rising above each other, kept in the greatest order, and by vines, entwined round almond trees, bending with rich and ponderous clusters, we discerned the pale yellow front of the monastery seated midway on the side of a mountain, in a calm and majestic retreat, deriving a sort of sylvan solemnity from groups of cypresses, palms, and poplars, and interminable woods of olives. In such abundance are the latter, that the natives, in the fulness of pride and warmth of heart, have an exaggerating saying, "If only one olive were to be taken from each tree in the island, the amount collected would supply every native with oil sufficient for his ordinary consumption." This article, so precious to a Spaniard, is in this island so remarkably pure and sweet, that I became reconciled to the use of it. As we approached the monastery, we met several of the holy brethren taking their afternoon walk. We brought provisions and a cook with us, which are very necessary, as the monks never suffer meat, unless brought by strangers, to enter their walls; and their funds were at this time rather at a low ebb on account of the erection of a noble church adjoining the convent, which as far as it had proceeded, had dipped deeply into their treasury. Owing to this heavy expenditure, they had given notice in the *Palma Gazette*, that, with

an exception of the English, they could not entertain strangers till their new church was finished.

The superior, an enormous and jolly old man, paid us the compliment of rising from his siesta to receive us, and whilst our dinner was preparing, one of the monks, a very intelligent man, conducted us over the convent and church. The latter is a vast and noble pile, the internal decorations of which were not half finished. The dome and roof were painted in gaudy colours and bad taste by an Italian artist, and the bases of the pilasters were formed of fine marble from the neighbouring rocks. There was a colossal figure of the Virgin holding a silesio, a net of iron with sharp points, which is by way of penance fastened round the thigh, or loins of female penitents, finely executed in wood, intended for one of the lateral chapels of the church. The number of monks was twenty-nine, of whom seventeen had fled from Barcelona. Their cells were handsome apartments. The gardens of the convent are spacious; in some of them we saw land tortoises. From a long terrace under arches of vines, there is a superb view of the surrounding valleys and mountains. After an excellent repast, we took leave of our prior, who expressed himself warmly attached to the English, and talked much of an entertainment which had been given to him, on board of an English frigate, and in our way to our mules, which were led to the village of Valdemusa, we were taken to the church, in which we saw nothing worthy of notice, but the levity with which the attendant monk evidently treated the mummery which he shewed us.

The next day, attended by an Englishman long resident at Palma as an interpreter, we had the honour of an interview with two members of the unfortunate royal family of Spain, Donna Maria Theresa de Vallabriga, and her daughter the Infanta Donna Maria Luisa de Bourbon. The former is the niece of the late Don Pedro Estuardo (Stuart) Marques di San Leonardo, a brother of the old Marshal Duke of Berwick, and who, with the consent of Charles the Third, was married to his youngest brother the Infant Don Louis, upon condition that she should not be acknowledged, nor the issue of the marriage entitled to any privileges. Don Louis had been bred to the church originally, was raised to the rank of cardinal, and appointed archbishop of Toledo, which he resigned on being dispensed from his vows. Soon after his death, leaving three children, a boy and two girls, it was publicly declared that the early and singular inclination, which these children had exhibited for the church, had determined his Majesty to yield to their pious propensities, and accordingly the girls were placed in a convent, and the boy committed to the care of the cardinal Lorenzana, then archbishop of Toledo, and educated in the palace of that town, to which elevated rank he has

since succeeded, and is likewise a cardinal and archbishop of Seville. On the death of the king, the eldest of the girls, as before noticed, was married to Godoy the Prince of *the Peace*, the words of the patent; for the Spaniards deem it impious to say Prince of Peace, an attribute of our Saviour, though commonly called so by the English. Shortly after these nuptials, performed by the brother with royal magnificence, a proclamation appeared, restoring the children of the late Infant Don Louis to their just rights, in which King Charles the Fourth endeavoured to apologize for the conduct of his father towards them, and consequently, had Spain remained in tranquillity, the succession to the Spanish monarchy would have been as open to them, as to the other branches of the royal family, it being generally believed that the cortes, holden upon Charles the Fourth's accession, had rescinded the pragmatic sanction of Philip the Fifth, son to Louis the Fourteenth, by which the crown was limited to male issue alone, and thus the females, as formerly practised in Old Spain, were admitted to an equal right.

Donna Maria Theresa, and her youngest daughter, were living in great retirement in the palace of the Marquis of Sollerrick, having recently made their escape, under circumstances of romantic peril and enterprize, attended by a faithful priest, Michael del Puego, from Zaragoza, where the young Infanta had been placed in a convent.

The former of these two personages was a noble looking and rather dark woman, the latter very fair and of a fine complexion. Donna Maria held the French in such abhorrence, that she avoided making use of the language as much as possible. In our presence, she took an affecting and painful review of the reverses of her fortune, and with tears said, "though politics have but little attracted my attention, I have long foreseen the subtle intentions of Bonaparte, and the overthrow of the august house to which I belong. What will be our final destiny I know not, nor can I tell where we shall be obliged to seek an asylum,"—here she was so affected, that she paused for a minute, and then added, "I look to Heaven, there is my only consolation!" Through the interpreter, I recommended her to seek protection in England; but the horror she entertained of so long a voyage, and the desire of remaining in any part of Spain that held out for the legitimate throne, seemed to have too full possession of her mind to induce her to attend to the recommendation.

FROM THE SAME.

## ACCOUNT OF THE LOUWA, OR FISHING-BIRD.

"NEAR the city of Cining, we saw them catch fish with a bird, which they call Lauwa ; and because this way of fishing seems notable, and no where used but in China, I here present you with an account of it.

"This bird is somewhat less than a goose, and not very unlike to a raven ; it has a long neck, and a bill like an eagle. With these they fish after this manner ; they have small boats very artificially made of reeds or bamboos, which they sail upon the Chinese rivers and pools, and place the bird perching upon the outside of the vessel, from whence she suddenly shoots, and diving, swims under water as fast as they can thrust forward their cables with a light pole. As soon as she has caught her prey, she instantly appears above water, and the master of the boat stands ready to receive her, and opens her bill by force, and takes out the dainty. Afterwards he turns her out again to catch more, and to prevent these birds from swallowing down the prey, they hang a ring about their necks, which hinders them from gorging. Such fish as are too big for them to bring up in their bills, they discover to their masters, by making a noise in the water, who then helps to pull them out. Such birds as are slothful or loth to dive, are broken of that ill habit by beating. When they have caught enough for their owners, the iron ring is taken off, and they are left to fish for themselves, which makes them the more willing to work for others. The fishermen pay a yearly tribute to the emperor for the use of these birds, which are in much esteem with the Chinese ; and such as are nimble and well taught, are so dear, that oftentimes one of them goes at fifty toel of Silver, which is about 150 guilders. We offered to buy of an old fisherman a couple of those birds, but he refused, alledging that they served to maintain him and his family ; neither could he inform us whence those birds came, nor how they were first instructed ; only he told us, that they were left him by his ancestors. We asked him likewise whether they ever bred with him ? who answered, very rarely.—We bought a dish of fish of this old man, which were most of them carps of a span and a half long."—*Embassy of the Dutch East India Company to China.*

FROM THE LONDON SPORTING MAGAZINE.

**MEMOIR OF MIRZA ABUL HASSAN, LATE PERSIAN AMBASSADOR  
TO THIS COUNTRY :**

With Particulars and Anecdotes of him during his Voyage from Persia.

MIRZA Abul Hassan was born at Shiraz in the year of the Hejra 1190, or 1776 of the Christian *Æra*. He was the second son of Mirza Mahomed Ali, a man famous in Persia as an accomplished scholar, and who was one of the Chief Secretaries and Mirzas of the celebrated Nadir Shah. His father's services had nearly been requitted by an ignominious and cruel death, when the hand of Providence interposed for his safety, to strike with more severity the head of his atrocious master. Nadir Shah, in one of those paroxysms of cruelty, so common to him during the latter years of his life, ordered that Mirza Mahomed Ali should be burnt alive, together with two Hindoos, who also had incurred his displeasure. The unfortunate Mirza, on hearing his sentence, remonstrated with the tyrant, entreating him that he might at least be permitted to die alone ; and that his last moments might not be polluted by the society of men, who were of a different faith from his own, and on whom he had been taught to look with a religious abhorrence. To this the Shah consented, remitting his death until the next morning, whilst the Hindoos suffered in that same hour. That very night Nadir Shah was assassinated in his tent, and Mirza Mahomed Ali was saved.

The family of Mirza Abul Hassan rose to its greatest power during the reign of Aga Mohamed Shah, predecessor to the present King. The Mirza's father died in the service of Kerim Khan ; his uncle Hajee Ibrahim Khan (uncle by his mother's side,) attained the post of prime Vizier, whilst himself and the other branches of his family enjoyed the greatest share in the administration of the affairs of the state. It was somewhat before the death of Aga Mohamed Shah, that Hajee Ibrahim bestowed his daughter in marriage on his nephew, after a long and singular courtship. A sister of his wife's is married to Mahomed Taki Mirza, one of the King's sons ; and a second to the Ameen-ed-Doulah, the second Vizier.

The family, however, was not always prosperous ; after some time the King ordered Hajee Ibrahim to be put to death, his relations to be seized, his wives to be sold, and his property to be confiscated. His nephews of course partook of the disaster ; one was deprived of his sight, and remains to this day at Shiraz ; the youngest, then twenty years of age, died under the bastinado ;

and the second, Mirza Abul Hassan, who was then the Governor of Shooster, was dragged to the capital as a prisoner. The circumstances of his seizure and escape from death are better described in his own words. He told me, "I was asleep when the King's officers entered into my room; they seized me, stripped me of my clothes, and, tying my hands behind my back, dragged me to Koom, where the King then was; treating me during the march with all the rigour and intemperance that generally befalls a man in disgrace. The moment I reached Koom, the King pronounced the order for my execution; I was already on my knees, my neck was made bare, and the executioner had unsheathed his sword to sever my head from my body, when the hand of the Almighty interposed, and a messenger in great haste announced my reprieve. I was indebted for my life to a man who had known me from my boyhood, and who had long cherished me as his son. This worthy man, by name Mirza Reza Kouli, the moment he heard sentence of death passed upon me, threw himself at the feet of the King, and, pleading my youth and inoffensiveness, entreated that I might be pardoned. The King yielded to his entreaties; my pardon was announced; and I still live to praise the Almighty for his great goodness and commiseration towards me."

After his providential escape, Mirza Abul Hassan, (fearing that the King might repent of his lenity towards him) fled from his country, although he had received his Majesty's order to go to Shiraz, and to remain there; he left Persia with the determination of never more returning, until the disgraces of his family had been obliterated, and until the wrath of the King against him had entirely subsided. He fled first to Shooster, the city in which he had so recently been all-powerful; and there he experienced the hospitality for which the Arabs are so justly renowned. As his administration had been lenient and temperate, he found a host of friends ready to relieve him; and on quitting Shooster, miserable and destitute of even the common necessities of life, the inhabitants came to him in a crowd and forced seven thousand piastres upon him. From Shooster he went to Bussora, he then crossed through the heart of Arabia, frequently obliged to proceed on foot, for want of an animal to carry him, until he reached Mecca. On this journey he visited Deriyeh, the capital of Abdul Assiz the then chief of the Wahabees. From Mecca he went to Medina; and having performed all the devotions of a pilgrim he returned to Bussora. At Bussora he learnt that the King was still inveterate against his family; and, finding an English ship on the point of sailing for India, he embarked on board of her, and shortly after reached Calcutta, at the time when the Marquis of Wellesley was Governor-General of India. From

Calcutta he went to Moorshedabad, then to Hyderabad, Poonah, and Bombay ; having remained altogether about two years and a half in India. At Bombay he received a *firman* from the King to return to Persia ; by which he was assured of the King's forgiveness, and of his having been received into favour. He obeyed the *firman*, and ever since has enjoyed the royal protection. He has not, indeed, occupied any specific post under government, but has been the *Homme d' Affaires* to his brother-in-law the Ameen-ed-Doulah, second Vizier and Lord Treasurer, by which means he has been continually in active and useful life, until he was nominated the King of Persia's Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of England.

Anecdotes which occurred during the Ambassador's Residence at Constantinople, and his Voyage from thence to England.

In a short time after my (Mr. Morier's) arrival, the Persian Envoy and suit rejoined me at Constantinople. The splendour of the scenery, and the great novelty of every object about that city, did not seem to strike them with the surprise that I had expected. Few people are more sensible than they are to any thing that is new and extraordinary ; and few more curious and inquisitive. I could therefore only attribute their apparent indifference to the downright jealousy which they entertain of the Turks. Often when (struck with the beauties of the very fine tracts of country which we were passing) I have attempted to make them join in my feelings of admiration, they merely yielded a cool assent ; always endeavouring to lessen my ardour by saying, "what is the use of such a country if it be without order ?" And they considered almost as a gross national insult any comparison between the arid, unshaded mountains of Persia, and the splendid foliage and rich vegetation of the Turkish dominions. As, however, they were very keenly alive to the beauties of nature, and enjoyed much the shade of trees and the refreshing sound of running water ; and as such spots occurred constantly during the course of our journey, they could not restrain their expressions of delight, though they always added at the same time, "What a pity this charming country is in the hands of these people ! If we had it, (and God grant we shall) what a paradise it would be."

I frequently visited the Mirza Abul Hassan at Scutari. The windows of his apartment had a fine view of the great extent of Constantinople, the Seraglio point, the shipping in the harbour, the palaces of Dolma Baghehe, and part of the Sultan's fleet, (consisting of two three-deckers, and five seventy-fours, at their anchorage) and all the activity spread over the Bosphorus by the

numerous vessels of all descriptions, rowing about in every direction, altogether forming the most beautiful picture that an imagination the most fertile could picture to itself, and contrasted in the strongest manner with the misery, dulness, and sterility, of Teheran and its surrounding scenery. Whenever I called his attention to it, he seemed to shrink from the observation; and if I talked of the Turkish fleet, he said, "who can look at any ships after he has seen English ships?" Indeed, he was so little disposed to compliment the Turks, that when the Caimakan, being desirous to inspire him with a grand idea of the naval force of the Sultan, sent a Turkish officer to conduct him near the fleet, the Persian replied, "I have seen English ships much finer than any thing that you can shew me."

Yet in cases where no national jealousy intervened, whenever hospitality and kindness were shewn the Persian, I must do him the justice to add, that he never omitted to make the strongest acknowledgments of them; and, I believe, the fullest returns in his power. The most trifling attention never appeared, from the general conversation and temper of him or his people, to be thrown away upon them. The Envoy always spoke in raptures of the kindnesses which he had received in India, mentioning the names of his friends every time with an increased delight, and apparently with an unfeigned sincerity.

During the Mirza's residence at Constantinople, he was invited by Mr. Adair to an entertainment, given on the occasion, and consisting of a dinner under tents at the Buyukderé meadow, and a ball and supper at night, in a house borrowed for the purpose. The Mirza did not seem at all astonished at the introduction of ladies into the society of men, as he had already witnessed our customs in the English settlements in India; but his attendants, who had just left the very innermost parts of Persia, by one common consent collected themselves together in a corner, and eyed every thing with the most anxious astonishment and attention. Their natural loquacity seemed to have quite forsaken them, and they sat with their mouths wide open, and eyes full-staring, and uttered not a single word.

When the hour of dancing arrived, the Mirza entered the ball-room, escorted by all his servants. There his people were more than ever in amaze, particularly when the whole assembly was in motion. Of all the dances the Waltz excited the most wonder and perhaps apprehension, for one of them quietly asked my servant in Turkish, "Pray does any thing ensue after all this?"

In the national character of the Persian, the most striking difference from that of the Turk, is perhaps the facility with which he adopts foreign manners and customs. I remarked two instances during our stay at Constantinople: the first occurred one

morning when I went to visit the Mirza, where one of his servants took off his cap and saluted me by a bow in our fashion : again, at a ball, several of his attendants took off their caps and sat bald-headed, from the supposition that it was disrespectful in European company to keep the head covered, whilst they saw every one uncovered. There were many other accommodations to our usages which would never have been yielded by a Turk ; such as eating with knives and forks, sitting at table, drinking wine, &c. The Mirza himself told me, that when he was in Calcutta, he wore leather-breeches and boots. I am sure, then, that if the Persians had possessed as much communication with Europeans as the Turks have had, they would at this day not only have adopted many of our customs, but, with their natural quickness, would have rivalled us in our own arts and sciences. Unlike the Turks, they never scruple to acknowledge our superiority, always however reserving to themselves the second place after the English in the list of nations : whereas the Turk, too proud, too obstinate, and too ignorant to confess his own inferiority, spurns at the introduction of any improvement with equal disdain from any nation.

The great changes that are now making in the military system in Persia, particularly by the Prince Royal in Aderbigian, will in a very short time so much influence the general character and disposition of the people, that they will scarcely be recognizable. Ever since their late wars with Russia, and their political connections with Europe, the effect produced has been most striking : and a person of excellent authority, who was in Persia during the time of Kerim Khan, affirmed, in my hearing, that the nation could scarcely be considered the same.

From Constantinople we went to Smyrna, where we remained till we quitted Turkey. On the 7th of September, 1809, the Mirza and his servants went on board the *Success*, Captain Ayscough, to proceed to England. The people of Smyrna gathered in crowds to see him. The yards were manned ; and he was honoured with a salute of fifteen guns, which (as soon at least as it was over) gave him no little satisfaction.

He soon accommodated himself to the manner of a ship, sleeping in a cot, and eating with a knife and fork. He did not miss a single opportunity of informing himself on every thing which he saw on board ; and whatever he learned, he carefully noted in a book. His attendants seldom complained, except sometimes of the badness of the water, the hardness of the biscuit, and the want of fruit. I was struck with their natural ignorance of relative distance ; they had been ever accustomed to calculate distance by *menzils* or day's journies ; and they were surprised to find it impossible to continue such reckoning. A world of water

seemed to them incomprehensible ; and one of them gravely said to me—"This is quite extraordinary ; this country of your's is nothing but water."

The Persians were particularly astonished, that women and little boys went to sea. The Mirza seeing some women on board the Success, exclaimed, "Is it possible ! if I were to tell our women in Persia that there were women in ships, they would never believe me. To go from one town to another is considered a great undertaking amongst them ; but here your women go from one end of the world to the other, and think nothing of it. If it were even known in my family that I was now in a ship and on the great seas, there would be nothing but wailings and lamentations from morning to night."

Among the many things which struck the Persians as extraordinary on board the ship, was the business of signals. They looked very much inclined to believe, that I was telling them untruths, when I said, that at two *fursungs* distance they might ask any questions from another ship, and receive an immediate answer : and that when we should reach England, our arrival would be known in London in ten minutes, and every necessary order returned before we could get out of the ship. All these things the Mirza carefully noted down in his book, ever exclaiming, "God grant that all such things may take place in my country too ?"

When we arrived at Malta we were not permitted to land on account of the quarantine ; a very mortifying prohibition to the Persians, who had no greater wish than to set foot once again on shore. I could make the Envoy indeed comprehend the nature of the quarantine laws ; but his people were not so tractable, and frequently suggested their fears to him, that he might not be allowed to land even in England. He spoke seriously to me :—"It is well that I have already seen your countrymen, and know many of their regulations ; for, if any other Persian had been in my place he would have required instantly to return back to his own country." They were much delighted with the exterior of Malta ; and particularly with the quantity of shipping in the port. On the left of the harbour, there is a very fine building begun by Bonaparte, intended as a hospital. They seemed mightily astonished that so superb a building should be the habitation of the sick.

Those, indeed, who have been accustomed to live under an arbitrary government, and to see acts of despotism committed every day, look with contempt, rather than with admiration, upon the establishments of a free and liberal government ; and ridicule objects by which the promoter apparently and directly gains nothing.

We talked of female dress. I asked the Envoy what effect the visit of an European woman dressed in her own way would produce in Persia. He replied, that "if the King were to see her, he would probably order all his Harem to adopt the costume, and that every other man would follow his example, and enforce a fashion, which is not only so much more beautiful, but so much less expensive than their own. Their women are clothed in brocade and gold cloth, which is soon spoiled; or at least which is always cast off, whenever they hear that a new cargo arrives from Russia."

I asked him if he had seen any handsome women in Constantinople: he replied, that he had seen none as beautiful as those of Persia. "They were fair indeed, but they wanted that carnation on their cheeks, which is called the *numuck* or salt of beauty; and which is the second requisite of female perfection. The first is large black eyes with brows very much arched." A tame antelope was then playing about the cabin close to me, when the Mirza said, "Do your poets ever use the simile so constantly applied by ours, 'eyes like the stag?' The frequency of that image will prove the value which we attach to the object."

I desired him to tell me the principal occupations of the women in the Harem. He complied: "They sew, embroider, and spin: they make their own clothes; and my wife even used to make mine: besides that, they superintend all the domestic concerns of the house: they keep an account of the daily expenses; distribute provisions to the servants; pay their wages; settle all disputes between them; manage the concerns of the stable; see that the horses have their corn; and, in short, have the care of all the disbursements of the house. The King's mother had more business than can be described. She had the controul of all her son's Harem, which might consist altogether of more than a thousand women: and you may well conceive the trouble which they could give." When I suggested the difficulty of a woman transacting so many occupations, without seeing any other man than her husband, and asked how she could settle any business but that of the Harem itself? and how she could succeed even in that without seeing the men servants? He replied, that "in the households of Persia there is always an officer called a *Nazir*, with whom the wife daily arranges all that relates to the male part of the establishment, to whom she pays the wages of the others; and who is accountable to her." As a necessary preparation for the duties which thus devolve upon them, the women of Persia learn to read and write: as children they are sent to school with the boys, and when too old to be permitted to go unveiled, their education is finished at home by female Mollahs, who attend them for the purpose. They do not, however, like the European women, learn

music and dancing: these arts are taught to slaves only, who practise them for the amusement of their owners: and the wives never sing or dance, except perhaps at the wedding of a brother or sister.

The King has this right over all the women of his realm, that they must appear unveiled before him.

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FROM THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

#### ZOOLOGY OF THE ISLAND OF ICELAND.

IN a general outline of the zoological productions of Iceland, it is by no means necessary to be minute; nor, indeed, would the few observations we were enabled to make, authorize such an undertaking.

Iceland does not present many of those species of animals which are strictly confined to the land; but of those which require land only as a resting place, while the sea supplies their other wants, many have found in this country every requisite for support. We will proceed, however, to take a cursory survey of all the tribes of animated nature which exist there under any circumstances.

The catalogue of mammiferous animals inhabiting Iceland, is nearly confined to the following:—The dog, the fox, the cat, the rat, the mouse, the rein-deer, the goat, the sheep, the ox, and the horse; together with seals and whales, and a few Polar bears, which annually make their appearance.—Bears cannot be considered as inhabitants; they are merely visitors, brought on detached masses of ice. They are chiefly landed on the north coast: and twelve or thirteen appears to be the greatest number ever seen in one year. They are not suffered long to enjoy themselves on land; for, hungry and voracious after their voyage, they commit great devastations among the flocks. The people take the alarm; and, with whatever weapons they can command, generally with musquets, they attack, and soon destroy them.

The dogs which are generally seen in Iceland, bear a strong resemblance to those of Greenland. Like them, they are covered with long hair, forming about their necks a kind of ruff. Their noses are sharp, their ears pointed, and their tails bushy, and curled over their backs. Their predominant colour is white; yet they vary considerably; and some are entirely brown or black. Very few of them can be induced to go into the water; and though some are of service in guarding the cottages and flocks, and preventing the horses from eating the grass intended for hay,

yet the greater number appear very useless. Scarcely any family, however, is without one or two of them.

Two distinct varieties of the fox present themselves in Iceland : the arctic, or white fox (*Canis Lagopus*), and one which is termed the blue fox (*Canis Fuliginosus*), and varies considerably in the shades of its fur, from a light brownish or blueish gray, to a colour nearly approaching to black. It is a more gracefully-formed animal than the white fox, has longer legs and a more pointed nose. Horrebow mentions a dark red-coloured fox, in the existence of which we had no reason to believe. He likewise says, that the black fox is sometimes brought over on the ice.—Frequently at night, in travelling through the country, you hear the discordant cries of the two former varieties. But if we may judge from the quantity of skins exported, the number of foxes in Iceland, though considerable, cannot be great. The inhabitants do their utmost to destroy them ; being induced not only to prevent the great devastation which they commit among the young lambs, but to obtain the reward given by Government, and to profit by the furs, which is an advantageous article of traffic. There is no particular ingenuity, however, displayed in the methods by which they are taken ; they are shot, caught in gins, or forced from their holes by smoke.

Rats in considerable numbers, and mice, are met with, particularly at the Danish factories ; but as far as our observation went, there was nothing to render them particularly worthy of attention.

The hog, which has from time to time been imported from Denmark, has, from the scarcity of proper food, been found so expensive to keep, that it has never been much propagated ; and it is doubtful whether, independently of two or three sows and pigs which were taken from England during the last summer, a single animal of the species exists in the country.

The rein-deer has been introduced into the island, and has increased rapidly. Out of thirteen which were exported from Norway in 1770, three only reached Iceland. They were sent into the mountains of the Guldbringè Syssel ; and they have since multiplied so considerably, that it is now no uncommon thing for those who pass often through the mountains in various parts of the island, to meet with herds, consisting of from forty to sixty, or a hundred. They are very little molested, the Icelanders satisfying themselves with complaining that the deer eat their lichen ; and though, sometimes, for the sake of amusement, the Danes go out in pursuit of them, very few are destroyed. They live almost entirely among the mountains, and are very shy ; but, sometimes, in the depth of winter, come down into the plains, particularly about Thingvalla, to feed on the moss which abounds in that quarter.

Goats were at one time more numerous in Iceland than they now are. At present they seem to have been completely expelled from the southern part, because vegetation being very scanty, they were constantly injuring the roofs of the houses by climbing on them in search of food. There are still a few in the north, where farmers keep flocks of thirty or forty.

The cow, the horse, and the sheep, afford the principal source of wealth, comfort, and subsistence to the Icelanders. Milk is almost their only summer beverage. Whey becomes a wholesome, and to them a pleasant drink in winter. Even fish itself, their primary article of food, is scarcely palatable to an Icelander without butter; and curds, eaten fresh in summer, and kept through the winter, yield the most precious change of diet, both for health and pleasure, which he enjoys. A cow on the farm of the Amtmand Stephenson, we were assured, gave regularly every day twenty-one quarts of milk. Their value is well known and appreciated by the Icelanders, who take the greatest care of them through the winter, and seem to shake off their habitual listlessness, while employed in gathering in the hay that is to support them through the inclemencies of that season.

If the horse be less useful in Iceland than the cow, the care which is devoted to him is proportionally less; still, however, the assistance which he affords is by no means to be overlooked. But it will be unnecessary, after what has been stated respecting the frequent intercourse between different parts of the island, and the extreme roughness of the country, to say any thing farther of the utility of this animal. The Iceland horse is about thirteen hands in height, stoutly made, and frequently evincing much spirit. These animals are in very considerable numbers throughout all the inhabited parts of the island; no farmer being able to carry on the necessary affairs of life without their assistance; and many of the Icelanders, particularly those who, from their avocations as judges or magistrates, are obliged to take long journeys, are at great pains in the breeding and rearing of them. But by the inhabitants in general, they are let loose to provide themselves with food and shelter; in consequence of which, a great number are annually carried off by the severity of the winter.

The sheep furnish much milk and butter; and besides affording, when smoked or salted, a part of the winter food of the inhabitants, form a considerable article of export. Almost every part of the Icelandic dress is manufactured from wool: and of the sheep-skins, without much preparation, they make their fishing dresses, which they smear repeatedly with oil, for the purpose of rendering them impervious to the water.

Of the seal, three or four species (*Phoca vitulina*, *Leporrina*, *Barbata*, and *Grænlandica*) frequent the shores. Their number

is considerable. A few are taken for the oil which they afford ; and their skins are applied to various useful purposes, being formed into shoes and thongs, and particularly into a kind of travelling bag, in which the Icelanders carry their sour butter, fish, and other little supplies, when passing from place to place.

Very few of the great northern whales (*Balaena Mysticetus*) approach Iceland. The fin-fish (*Balaena Physalus*) is more common. A species of dolphin, the bottle-nose, (*Delphinus Bidens*), is sometimes driven on shore in very considerable shoals. During the winter 1809-10, eleven hundred came towards the shore in the Hvalfjord, and were captured.

Of the Linnæan order Accipitres, we only saw one, the Great Erne, or Cinereous Eagle (*Falco Albicilla*). According to Pennant, the following other species exist in Iceland :—the white-headed eagle (*Falco Leucocephalus*) ; the Iceland falcon (*Falco Gryfalcon*) ; *Falco fulvus* ; and the Lanner. Of all these, the Erne is, at present, certainly the most frequent, the others being very seldom seen. It is constantly observed hovering over the shores, and is a determined enemy to the Eider-duck ; and, as such, of course draws upon itself the hatred of the Icelanders. The Iceland falcon, once so much valued in Denmark for its excellence in falconry, is now suffered to remain unmolested ; yet it does not seem to multiply as might be expected ; and during our residence in the island, we had not a single opportunity of seeing it, even at a distance.

The raven is very common in Iceland. A pair or more, sit near every habitation on the sea-shore, ready to feed on the offal of the fish ; and they frequently do great mischief to the fish itself, when split and left on the beach to dry. They build their nests in the cliffs, and sometimes resort for this purpose to rocks a considerable way inland.

The snow-flake, or snow-bunting, (*Emberiza nivalis*), resides here during the whole year, occurring in pairs, or solitary, during the summer, when it loses much of its snowy plumage ; and collecting into flocks in the winter. This is the only bird in Iceland which can truly be said to attempt singing. The song is pleasing, but short, and much resembles the first two or three notes of the robin-redbreast.

The wheat-ear, (*Motacilla Oenanthe*), was not uncommon ; and we sometimes saw another small bird, of a brownish colour, in the marshy places, which we had no opportunity of examining.

The white wagtail, (*Motacilla Alba*) frequents the margins of the pools and rivulets. Very few of the swallow tribe ever arrive in Iceland. Some of our party saw one or two flying about the church of Reikiavik early in the month of July ; but to what species they belonged, was not ascertained.

Ptarmigans, (*Tetra Lagopus*) are generally very abundant in this country; but when we were there, we were told that they were scarce in the neighbourhood of the town, and in some other parts of the country. Towards the latter end of July, we observed a bird of the grouse kind, with a brood of young ones: it was possibly the species which Paulson, in his catalogue of Iceland birds, has called the hazel grouse. It had less white, and in general differed somewhat in its plumage from the common ptarmigan, and appeared to be larger.

Of all the land-birds which are seen in Iceland, none are more common than the golden plover and the curlew. These birds are frequently the only enliveners of dreary plains and extended marshes, where their wild and inharmonious notes accord well with the surrounding scenery. The snipe is likewise common in the same situations; and in some instances seemed to have lost much of that wildness of disposition which it exhibits in this country. Thus we saw it associating as it were, with the Eider-ducks, and sitting on its eggs within an hundred yards of the house at Viðöe.

The variety of birds which frequent the sea-shore is very great. The high rocky islets on the south are covered with gannets (*Pelicanus Bassanus*). The shag (*Pelicanus Graculus*) and the corvorant (*Pelicanus Carbo*) sit constantly on the rocks. Innumerable gulls, fulmars, and shearwaters, breed in the cliffs. The black gull (*Larus Crepidatus*) we saw frequently in the swamps, in considerable numbers. Ducks, mergansers, and divers, in great variety, are at one time seen floating on the bays, and at another, suffer themselves to be carried along by the rapid streams, or accompany their young broods in the marshes.—Large flocks of auks and guillemots live about the coasts, which, together with the kittiwake, and other species of the gull, present in their eggs and feathers a valuable reward to the Icelanders for the fatigue and labour they undergo in their pursuit.

The tern (*Sterna Hirundo*) is another bird which is very common, always choosing, for the purpose of breeding, a piece of fresh water situated in a marsh near the sea-shore. The egg of this bird is a very delicate article of food, and frequently formed a principal relish in our homely repasts. We saw the tern, for the first time, on the 27th of May, at Grundivik; and, as we had not seen it at Reikiavik when we were there only a few days before, this was probably about the time of its arrival in Iceland. Mr. Macwick, in the Linnean Transactions, gives as an average of twenty-six years observations, that the *Sterna Hirundo* is first seen in England April 1st, and last seen October the 8th. He likewise represents the snipe as appearing November 20th, and disappearing March 20th.

The most majestic bird of Iceland is undoubtedly the Swan. It in general seeks the more remote lakes among the mountains, resorting at times to the salt marshes about the sea-shore, where forty or fifty are sometimes seen feeding together. During the breeding season, they retire in pairs to small lakes, where they may be concealed among the reeds, and thus protect themselves from the attacks of the Icelanders, who receive the value of a few shillings for their skins from the Danish merchants. Of the eggs, we once had an opportunity of partaking; and though somewhat heavy, they were very palatable.

So much has already been said respecting the manners and habits of that most curious and interesting bird, the Eider-duck, that it will be unnecessary to do more than merely mention its name in this place.

Some parts of the coast of Iceland, particularly the bays on the west, abound with varieties of very fine cod; for which, before the discovery of Newfoundland, a considerable fishery was carried on; so that, in the reign of James I., no less than one hundred and fifty British vessels were employed in Iceland fisheries. Great numbers are still taken by the Icelanders, chiefly for the Danish merchants, who dry them, either with or without salt, and export them to Denmark. Some are consumed by the Icelanders themselves; but their number is comparatively small, as they either prefer haddocks, or are obliged to eat them because the merchants will scarcely take any thing but cod. The best season for fishing is from the beginning of February to the middle of May. In June, the fish become meagre and watery, as this is the month in which they generally cast their spawn.

The haddock is likewise very plentiful, apparently associating with the cod, for they are always taken together. They grow to a size not inferior to the cod, frequently measuring above three feet in length; and are to the inhabitants of greater importance than any thing with which nature or art has supplied them.

The ling, the skate, and the hollibut, occur in considerable numbers, though not nearly so common as the two last. The hollibut arrives at a great size; and, like the wolf-fish, is cut up and dried for winter use. Flounders abound on the shores; and herrings are taken in great numbers on the north coast. They come in extensive shoals in the months of June and July, not less than one hundred and fifty barrels of them having been taken at one draught of a net. Sharks are taken in great abundance on the north and western coasts.\*

\* It has been mentioned in the journal, that it is probably the species known by the name of the basking-shark; but the colour is different from that of the *Squalus Maximus*, being of a pinkish tinge. From figures I have seen of the

Eels are found in the rivers ; and we once observed a very fine one in a stream, which was rendered tepid by the admixture of the water arising from a hot spring. Two or three species of the salmon frequent the rivers and lakes, among which the sea-trout is in great perfection.

The Zeus Opak has been seen in Iceland. One, of which we saw a tolerable drawing, was taken about two years ago.

Of the insect tribes, we saw nothing very remarkable. A large *Tipula* (*Plumosa*?) began to appear in considerable numbers about the middle of May : and although, as the summer advanced, a few of the most common species of flies and moths were seen,—once only, in a low and marshy situation, in the month of July, did we experience any inconvenience from them. At that time, the air was thickly peopled by a small yellow-coloured fly, probably a species of *Empis*.

“ The entomological productions of Iceland,” says Mr. Hooker, are extremely scanty. A very small collection of insects indeed, rewarded my researches in this department of natural history ; and of these there were none that were in the least remarkable for their beauty. Some of the *Lepidopterous* species were new to me ; among which I think I had five or six nondescript *Phalænæ*. No *Papilio* or *Sphinx* has ever been met with in the country. Of *Coleopterous* insects there is scarcely a greater variety ; and I saw only a single *Scarabæus*, and very few *Curculiones* and *Carabi*, most of which, however, to make me amends, were such as I was unacquainted with. I, by mere accident, have still preserved a specimen of an undescribed species of *Cottinella*, which I found killed by the steam of one of the hot springs of the Geysers ; it was the only one of the genus that I saw.”

Small crabs, of two or three species, are thrown upon the shore, together with the star-fish and echinus ; of which latter we once observed a great number carried by the birds, and dispersed along an extensive marsh to a considerable distance from the sea.

Muscles are in great abundance, and also whelks, snails, and limpets ; and the barnacle often forms a firm coating to the rocks.

white shark, from the general shape of those we saw, and from other circumstances, it appears to be that variety which is so common on the coasts of Iceland, and not the basking-shark.

FROM THE BIOGRAPHE MODERNE.

Translated for Select Reviews.

JEAN Gaspard Christian Lavater, was born at Zurich in 1761, was educated as a minister of the Protestant religion, and acquired much reputation by his eloquent discourses. If he had continued his theological pursuits, he would probably have become one of the most celebrated of divines, as his works upon his favorite topics sufficiently shew. His writings are numerous, full of spirit, and of novel and singular hypothesis. He has published the following works: "*Journal of a Self Observer*," of which Zollikoffer of Leipsic published an edition in 1778; "*Solomon*" in 1786; a "*Collection of Poems*" 1785; "*Nathaniel*," "*Jesus Christ or the Evangelists and acts of the Apostles paraphrased*," in 1785; "*Fraternal Letters*;" and a "*Treatise upon Physiognomy*." This latter work is the most considerable of Lavater, and has procured him the most celebrity. The foundation is not new, and a *Lyonais*, the Abbé Perneti had published before a volume on the same subject; but the details, the descriptions, and the singular and ingenious applications of the German author renders his work remarkable and original. It has been translated into French and published with a number of plates and portraits. The system of Doctor Gall, although founded less upon fact, is, however, similar to that of Lavater, and it is unfortunate that it has met with less success. Lavater, perhaps, has proved more contradictions than the chronologist, but above all, he found means to make himself welcome to sovereigns. It is told of the Duke of Wirtemberg, who was much amused with him, that he sent him one day, two criminals who had been sentenced to be hanged, and, concealing this circumstance, begged him to pronounce on their physiognomies. Lavater declared that their countenances announced them to be very honest men, which gave rise to a number of jokes. Lavater has shown himself, on many occasions, to be opposed to the principles of the French revolution. He was at Zurich in 1799 at the defeat of the Russian army under Korsakow, and was a victim to the disorder which followed the victory of the French; for on perceiving a female maltreated by two French soldiers, he flew to her assistance, and was wounded by a blow with the butt end of a gun. He died in the same city on the 2d. of January, 1801. His bust, executed by the sculptor Dancker, was exposed in the Saloon at Zurich in June, 1805. He had written before his death, more than two hundred letters, all of which had arrived at their destination. There was published in 1806, a second edition of "*The art of knowing men by their Physiognomy*."

# POETRY.

FROM THE EDINBURGH ANNUAL REGISTER.

## THE JOURNEY.

SHE.

GOOD youth, farewell, your destin'd way pursue.  
My faith, you know, is to another due;  
Your woes from me no remedy can prove,  
Pity I may, but dare not, must not love.  
Say to what country do your footsteps bend,  
That all my wishes may their course attend?

HE.

Knowest thou a land, and ever-blooming shore,  
Where hapless lovers meet to part no more,  
Where weary labour rests at last from toil,  
And the poor exile finds his native soil;  
Where for the thirsty crystal fountains flow,  
And fruits of Eden for the hungry grow;  
Where grief and jealousy and discord cease,  
And all is love and liberty and peace?

SHE.

I know it not: if such a land there be,  
O thither hasten, it is worthy thee.  
In that fair land, thy miseries left behind,  
A port of refuge may thy virtues find.

HE.

But dark and cold and silent is the way,  
To those bright realms of everlasting day;  
Though o'er their confines beams celestial light,  
The paths are shrouded in eternal night.

SHE.

Short will appear the gloomiest, rudest road,  
That leads your troubles to that calm abode.  
When there arriv'd, O fail not to impart  
The grateful tidings to my anxious heart,  
That, after all your pains and miseries past,  
True, pure felicity is yours at last.

HE.

No; from the far, far country where I go,  
Nothing of me, alas! thou e'er canst know;  
Farewell for ever! landed on that shore,  
None ever yet were seen or heard of more.

## FRAGMENT,

COMPOSED BY MOONLIGHT.\*

O LONELY is the woodland scene,  
For the month is leafy June;  
And the lake is sleeping still, serene,  
Beneath the silvery moon.

Far off the herds are browsing seen,  
For they shun the lake with fear;  
And the shepherd flies yon groves between,  
For he dare not venture here.

And all around this lonely place  
No step is heard, nor cry,  
And the moon-beam in the water's face  
Is trembling silently.

• • • • •

But loudly blew the autumnal breeze  
Around Kincardine's tower;  
It shower'd the foliage from the trees  
In the witch Finella's bower.

And wildly on the mountain's side,  
Through gathering tempests stern,  
By fits the moon-beam was descried  
On rock and withered fern.

Then from her bower Finella fled,  
Beneath Kincardine's tower;  
Through bush and brake she trembling sped,  
While the storm began to lower.

The fiends forbade the witch to rest,  
For her hour of fate was come;  
A stifling flame consumed her breast,  
As she wander'd through the gloom.

And faster now, through moss and mire,  
With hurried step she flew;  
While goblins, robed in flames of fire,  
Her footsteps did pursue.

And onward still, by Fordoun's hill,  
And Thornton's tower they past;  
With shrieks the peaceful woods they fill,  
And load the midnight blast.

\* The murder of Kenneth II., King of Scotland, by Finella, of whom many wonders are related, is well known. These lines are founded on some erroneous traditions, still related in the parishes of Fettercairn and Garvock, regarding the manner of that murder, and the witch's subsequent death.

And onward still their course they hold,  
 With many an echoing cry;  
 While on her brow stood deadly chill  
 The drops of agony.

On Garvock's lonely moor, the lake  
 Shone to the lightning's flash;  
 With iron grasp the witch they take,  
 And mid the billows dash.

For they knew the lake accursed, where once  
 The monarch's corse was thrown;  
 And they bade the witch her crimes renounce,  
 Where her foulest deed was done.

\* \* \* \* \*

Still mid the lonely shades at even  
 Dire shapes are seen to rise;  
 And oft, on passing breezes driven,  
 Are heard unearthly cries.

But to me the haunted scenes are dear,  
 When summer evening mild  
 Revives the supernatural cheer,  
 With which my lone hours are beguiled.

Then sweetly on the water's face  
 The trembling moon-beams play;  
 While dreams celestial rise apace,  
 To cheer my lingering way.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### LEGENDARY BALLAD.

THE bale is up, the bugles call,  
 The signal speeds along;  
 From hill and dale, from hut and hall,  
 The ready clansmen throng.

He's don'd his targe, he's slung his bow,  
 He's grasp'd his massy glaive;  
 His bride,—one kiss before he go  
 To join his clansmen brave.

"O go not forth, my lord, my life,  
 O go not forth, I pray!  
 Thy kinsmen true will quell the strife,  
 O go not forth to-day!

"Last night, a fearful dream I dream'd;  
 Yon oak that shades the lea,  
 Pride of an hundred summers, seem'd  
 In one wide blaze to be.

" Its goodly boughs, its foliage fair,  
Its rough trunk's stately swell,  
All blasted by the flame, and bare,  
A crumbling mass it fell.

" Then go not forth, my Lord, my life,  
O go not forth, I pray!  
Thy kinsmen true will quell the strife,  
O go not forth to-day!

" Last night, as on the turrets high  
I stood, a blazing ball  
Shot sudden down the starless sky,  
Seemed on these towers to fall;

" And downward dash'd with shiv'ring shock,  
At midnight's hour amain,  
A fragment from the fatal rock\*  
Lies buried in the plain.

" With boding swell, Teith's angry wave  
Has deluged all the mead;  
The wonted sign when chieftains brave  
Of Ogan's line must bleed.

" Last night, adown the moonless dale,  
Where winds the chapel way,  
The fatal lights with lustre pale,  
By fits were seen to play.

" And slowly o'er the twilight heath  
By gifted eyes were seen,  
With wail of woe, the train of death,  
A warrior's corse between.

" Then go not forth, my lord, my life,  
O go not forth, I pray!  
Thy kinsmen true will quell the strife,  
O go not forth to-day!"

\* \* \* \* \*

With straining eye, with throbbing breast,  
High from the castle wall,  
She's watch'd the east, she's watch'd the west,  
From morn till even-fall,

She heeded not the breeze that blew  
Chill on her bosom bare;  
She heeded not the heavy dew  
That gemm'd her raven hair.

\* The natives of Aberfoyle, in Perthshire, have a superstitious tradition, that when a portion of a certain rock in that neighbourhood falls to the plain, it denotes the approaching death of some Graham of distinction. And when the river Teith overflows the beautiful peninsula of *Little Lennie*, near Callender, where the burying place of the Buchanans is situated, the immediate death of some person of that name is expected as the infallible consequence.

But vainly looks she to the hill,  
 And vainly to the lea;  
 She starts—'tis but the distant rill,  
 'Tis but the rustling tree.

The twilight fades: the moon shines clear,  
 And still her watch she keeps;  
 But hark! what moan comes o'er her ear  
 Of one that wails and weeps?

Ah! no; full well she knows the sound,  
 The boding sounds of death;  
 The moanings wild of startled hound,  
 That bays the passing wraith.

And dimly down the distant heath,  
 A warrior's corse between,  
 With wail and woe, a train of death  
 Descending now is seen.

\* \* \* \* \*

Where yonder yews their shadows lave  
 In Teith's encircling tide,  
 They sleep within one grass-green grave,  
 The chieftain and his bride.



### THE TRUMPET AND CHURCH-BELL,

BY MATTHEW WELD HARTSTONCE, ESQ.

THROUGH the throng'd streets, in proud array,  
 The gallant war-troop took their way;  
 On trampling steeds, with nodding plume,  
 And blades unsheath'd, the warriors come;  
 Loud in the van the TRUMPET's breath  
 Wakes love of glory, scorn of death;  
 Peals its bold clamour high and clear,  
 And thrills each heart with joy and fear.

What sound so sullen, yet so loud,  
 Confounds at once the music proud?—  
 In the deep DEATH-BELL's dismal sound  
 War's stirring notes are sunk and drown'd:  
 Yet still betwixt each heavy swing  
 The shrilly trump is heard to ring,  
 Arraigned thus, to fancy's ear,  
 The sad intruder pealing near.

#### TRUMPET.

Silence thy din, thou slow-tongued slave,  
 Thou herald to the fame-less grave,  
 That tell'st when sons of lazy peace  
 From their unhonour'd labours cease.

Boots it to know, or when or how  
 The base-soul'd peasant leaves his plough:  
 Boots it to know, or how or when  
 Surfeits the pamper'd citizen;  
 Or how, degenerate from his sires,  
 In slothful ease the peer expires?  
 With such mean tidings dar'st thou mar  
 The voice of Victory and War;  
 The voice of Honour and of Fame,  
 Who bears my emblem and my name?

## BELL.

Think not to awe my solemn knell,  
 Vain boaster, for I know thee well;  
 Not in the city's social bound  
 Should thy discordant summons sound;  
 There fittest heard where ravens come,  
 And croak thy burden with the drum;  
 Then fittest heard when ranks are broke,  
 And squadrons stagger in the shock;  
 There let thy braying clangour speak,  
 Mid oath, and groan, and dying shriek;  
 There emulate the cannon's knell,  
 Mock the gorged eagle's joyous yell,  
 And silence with thy clamorous breath  
 Thy victims in the throes of death:  
 But here thy vain bravadoe cease,  
 Mine is the house of God and Peace.

## TRUMPET.

Yes, sluggard, yes! I boast 'tis mine  
 To cheer to arms the battled line;  
 With pride I own the glorious art,  
 'Gainst fate and fear to brace the heart;  
 The shrilling *Rouse*, the bold *Advance*,  
 Bids pulses throb and eyeballs glance;  
 The warrior hears my victor clang,  
 And recks not of his dying pang:  
 Then, dull monotony, forbear  
 With mine thy music to compare.  
 Thou call'st the clerk to hum his stave,  
 The sexton to the unfinish'd grave:  
 To deeds of fame I sound the way,—  
 I sound,—and mightiest chiefs obey.  
 Dust unto dust by thee is given,  
 My strains send heroes' souls to heaven.

## BELL.

Shrill braggard, well thy brazen tongue  
 Thine own vain eulogy has sung,  
 As if thy steeds, at Cromwell's call,  
 Stabled again in holy hall,  
 And bells, down toppling from their spires,  
 Were destin'd to transmuting fires;  
 Yet, though I loath to boast my merit,  
 List to the duties I inherit:  
 Thy sympathies are blood and strife,

But mine each change of social life;  
 A guardian of the public weal,  
 For fires I sound my warning peal;  
 I call the wealthy to my door  
 To drop their bounty on the poor;  
 Proclaim, with deep and awful pause,  
 The vengeance due for broken laws;  
 Or, sadly, slowly, summon forth  
 Affection's tears for buried worth.  
 Nor mine the sounds of woe alone,  
 Each public triumph claims my tone;  
 Hard-task'd mechanics know my voice,  
 Signal of freedom, and rejoice;  
 And when the holy knot is tied,  
 I greet the bridegroom and the bride:  
 Mine are law, reason, peace, and faith;  
 Thine, desperate life and timeless death.

## TRUMPET.

Such vulgar cares be all thine own,  
 Mine is the station next the throne;  
 When monarchs sorrow or rejoice,  
 In weal or woe they use my voice;  
 I speak their mourning or their mirth,  
 Proclaim their funeral or their birth;  
 'Tis my loud clarion tells afar  
 Their high resolves for peace or war:  
 Then dotard monk, thy scurriel taunt  
 Be drown'd amid this bold *levant*.  
 [Trumpet flourishes.  
 So speaks the organ of a crown,  
 Herald of glory and renown—

## BELL.

Herald of earthly pomp and pride,  
 Let this our precedence decide;  
 The servant of no human lord,  
 I speak a mightier monarch's word,  
 And sound within my cloister'd portal  
 Of mortal death, of life immortal;  
 Of woes that mock at every cure,  
 Of weal that ever shall endure;  
 Of wars against the powers of hell,  
 Of God's own peace ineffable;  
 Of man renew'd by heavenly birth,  
 Glad tidings, joy, good will on earth.—

Then sunk the trumpet's boastful clang,  
 And undisturb'd the Death-Bell rang.

## THE VOICE OF THE OAK.

GENIUS! if such may chance to dwell  
 Within the excavated bound  
 That rudely shapes this oaken cell,  
 And closes in its knotty round;  
 Genius! with acorn chaplet crown'd,  
 Thy hoar antiquity might well,  
 If fraught it were with mortal sound,  
 Of elder days a legend tell.

For many a course of sun and shade,  
 Tempest and calm, thy growth matured;  
 And many a year its circle made,  
 The while thy summer prime endured:  
 To flood and flame of heaven inured,  
 Slow centuries hast thou o'erstaid,  
 By stern, majestic might secured  
 From storms that wreck, or blights that fade.  
 And for long date ensured.

Thou, like a hermit sad and sage,  
 In silence lone thy dwelling hast;  
 Thine aspect is a living page,  
 Where times o'erflown their annals cast;  
 For through the watches of the past,  
 Thou hast beheld, as age on age  
 Dawn'd—hast beheld them setting fast,  
 And Time, on his long pilgrimage,  
 Still hurrying to the last.

And thou, that saw'st them wear away,  
 Dost fail. Even as the seasons glide,  
 Thy grandeur creeps to sure decay,  
 Amid the devastation wide:  
 For Time thy giant strength has tried,  
 And, sparsely decked, thy branches gray  
 Hang, like old banners, at thy side,  
 To mark his conquering sway.

Ere long, the vernal year, in vain,  
 Shall seek this trembling shade of thine;  
 Thee to infoliate, ne'er again  
 Shall Spring her freshest garland twine.  
 The presage of thy slow decline  
 O'er all thy silver'd bark is plain  
 Inscribed, in many a fatal sign,  
 Portentous of thy ruined reign.

But, sure, a whisper faintly broke,  
 Startling the twilight air!  
 Was it the Spirit of the Oak,  
 Or Fancy haunting there,  
 With seeming voice!—Again it spoke!  
 Nor mortal hearing dare  
 To still the echoes it awoke,  
 Or bid its tongue forbear.

## POETRY.

But mine each change of social life;  
 A guardian of the public weal,  
 For fires I sound my warning peal;  
 I call the wealthy to my door  
 To drop their bounty on the poor;  
 Proclaim, with deep and awful pause,  
 The vengeance due for broken laws;  
 Or, sadly, slowly, summon forth  
 Affection's tears for buried worth.  
 Nor mine the sounds of woe alone,  
 Each public triumph claims my tone;  
 Hard-task'd mechanics know my voice,  
 Signal of freedom, and rejoice;  
 And when the holy knot is tied,  
 I greet the bridegroom and the bride:  
 Mine are law, reason, peace, and faith;  
 Thine, desperate life and timeless death.

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Such vulgar cares be all thine own,  
 Mine is the station next the throne;  
 When monarchs sorrow or rejoice,  
 In weal or woe they use my voice;  
 I speak their mourning or their mirth,  
 Proclaim their funeral or their birth;  
 'Tis my loud clarion tells afar  
 Their high resolves for peace or war:  
 Then dotard monk, thy scurril taunt  
 Be drown'd amid this bold *levant*.

[Trumpet:

So speaks the organ of a crown,  
 Herald of glory and renown——

## BELL.

Herald of earthly pomp and pride,  
 Let this our precedence decide;  
 The servant of no human lord,  
 I speak a mightier monarch's word,  
 And sound within my cloister'd portal  
 Of mortal death, of life immortal;  
 Of woes that mock at every cure,  
 Of weal that ever shall endure;  
 Of wars against the powers of hell,  
 Of God's own peace ineffable;  
 Of man renew'd by heavenly birth,  
 Glad tidings, joy, good will on earth

Then sunk the trumpet's boastful  
 And undisturb'd the Death-Bell rang,

measure given  
 rents fugitive,  
 his, though rent and riven,  
 es shall o'erlive.

thy compass small  
 th infant birth,  
 ass, *must* fall,  
 thy parent earth.

ble frame that moulds  
 ll decaying be,  
 le dust enfolds  
 mortality.

sublime!  
 ; strength to thee ;  
 ritage, and time  
 ernity."

! whate'er thou be,  
 sionary race,  
 things to memory  
 ey should efface ;  
 urning hold a place  
 art, nor pass away,  
 's faint shadow trace  
 s of celestial day !

### TO THE MOON.

gives thee, mild queen of the night,  
 intelligent grace ?  
 ld I gaze with such tender delight  
 or but insensible face ?

the enchantment possesses thy beam,  
 he warm sunshine of day ?  
 is cold as the glittering stream,  
 lances thy tremulous ray.

the sad heart of its sorrow beguile,  
 's fond indulgence suspend ?  
 is the mourner but welcomes thy smile,  
 ves thee almost as a friend ?

that looks bright on thy beam as it flows,  
 w'd thou dost ever behold ;  
 row that loves in thy light to repose,  
 hee it has never been told ;

et thou dost sooth me, and ever I find,  
 ile watching thy gentle retreat,  
 onlight composure steal over the mind,  
 etical, pensive, and sweet.

" Child of the dust! to being sprung  
 Long since these boughs with age were bent,  
 Thy useless lay is idly sung,  
 Thy breath in vain conjecture spent.

" What though with ancient pomp I wear  
 The spoil of years, for ever flown;  
 What though in dryad lore I bear  
 The memory of things unknown;

" These little it imports to hear,  
 How o'er the waining orb of time,  
 Fleet ages dawn and disappear,  
 Revolving in their course sublime.

" The voice of years would tire to tell  
 What desolating waste has been; '  
 What generations rose and fell  
 Since erst these aged limbs were green.

" For swift as o'er the changing skies  
 Sunshine and winter whirlwinds sweep,  
 The mortal race to being rise,  
 And rest them in their slumber deep:

" Some in the early bud are reft,  
 And some in blossom immature;  
 Of those to summer ripeness left,  
 How few till Nature's fall endure!

" For countless are the forms of fate  
 That lurk in silent ambushment,  
 The term so brief to antedate,  
 To quench the flame so quickly spent.

" O seek not, in the dust of years,  
 The fragments strew'd by man's decay;  
 Enough in every hour appears,  
 To tell that all things wear away.

" Even while the curious search is gone  
 In quest of hosts and legions fled,  
 Thy own brief term is hasting on  
 To join the phalanx of the dead.

" For it is not the rushing flight  
 Of seasons soaring to the sun;  
 And it is not the wasted might  
 Of ages when their march is done;

" It is the sand that hourly keeps  
 Its silent ebb from day to day,  
 Which plunders, while it slowly creeps,  
 The golden hoard of life away.

" The winds in destined courses fly,  
 Though secret be their way and dark;  
 The sunbeam ceases not on high,  
 Although no shade the dial mark.

"How long so'er the measure given  
To bound thy moments fugitive,  
These shatter'd boughs, though rent and riven,  
The narrow confines shall o'erlive.

"Thou, blending in thy compass small  
Impending age with infant birth,  
Ere many seasons pass, *must* fall,  
And mingle with thy parent earth.

"Yet, though the feeble frame that moulds  
Thy substance, all decaying be,  
That frame of fragile dust enfolds  
The germ of immortality.

"Spirit, of origin sublime!  
Age is maturing strength to thee;  
Death, thy best heritage, and time  
The portal of eternity."

Voice of the Oak! whate'er thou be,  
Of wild and visionary race,  
That calls such things to memory  
As no light fancy should efface;  
Still may thy warning hold a place  
Within my heart, nor pass away,  
Till latest time's faint shadow trace  
The dawns of celestial day!

---

#### TO THE MOON.

WHAT is it gives thee, mild queen of the night,  
That secret intelligent grace?  
O why should I gaze with such tender delight  
On thy fair but insensible face?

What gentle enchantment possesses thy beam,  
Beyond the warm sunshine of day?  
Thy bosom is cold as the glittering stream,  
Where dances thy tremulous ray.

Canst thou the sad heart of its sorrow beguile,  
Or grief's fond indulgence suspend?  
Yet where is the mourner but welcomes thy smile,  
And loves thee almost as a friend?

The tear that looks bright on thy beam as it flows,  
Unmov'd thou dost ever behold;  
The sorrow that loves in thy light to repose,  
To thee it has never been told;

And yet thou dost sooth me, and ever I find,  
While watching thy gentle retreat,  
A moonlight composure steal over the mind,  
Poetical, pensive, and sweet.

I think of the years that for ever are fled,  
 Of follies by others forgot;  
 Of joys that have vanish'd, of hopes that are dead,  
 Of friendships that were, and are not.

I think of the future—still gazing the while  
 As thou could'st those secrets reveal;  
 But ne'er dost thou grant an encouraging smile,  
 To answer the mournful appeal.

Those beams that so bright through my casement appear,  
 To far distant scenes they extend;  
 Illumine the dwellings of those that are dear,  
 And sleep on the grave of my friend.

Then still I must love thee, mild queen of the night,  
 Since feeling and fancy agree  
 To make thee a source of unfading delight;  
 A friend and a solace to me.



## WOMAN.

These two stanzas were originally designed for the Scotch air, for which Burns has composed a song, "She's fair and fause," in Thomson's collection. It ends thus:—

"O woman, lovely woman fair,  
 An angel-form's fa'n to thy share,  
 'Twou'd ha' been our mickle to ha' gie'n thee mair,  
 I mean an angel mind."

WOMAN, dear woman, in whose name  
 Wife, sister, mother meet;  
 Thine is the heart by earliest claim,  
 And thine its latest beat:  
 In thee the angel-virtues shine,  
 An angel-form to thee is given;  
 Then be an angel's office thine,  
 And lead the soul to heaven.

From thee we draw our infant strength,  
 Thou art our childhood's friend;  
 And when the man unfolds at length,  
 On thee his hopes depend;  
 For round the heart thy power has spun  
 A thousand dear mysterious ties:  
 Then take the heart thy charms have won,  
 And purse it for the skies.

## A CHARACTER.

## A FRAGMENT.

AT length her sorrows drew the lines of care  
 Across her brow, and sketched her story there:  
 Years of internal suffering dried the stream  
 That lent her youthful eye its liquid beam.  
 A mild composure to its glance succeeds,  
 Her gayest look still spoke of widow's weeds.  
 Her smile was that of patience, not of ease,  
 An effort made to cover, or to please;  
 While grief, with thorny pencil, day by day,  
 In silence delv'd the flagging cheek away;  
 Chased the gay bloom that peaceful thoughts bestow,  
 To spread, instead, the fallow tints of woe;  
 And where the magic dimple used to start,  
 In early wrinkles wrote—a broken heart.  
 And when at length, as satiate with spoil,  
 Grief seem'd relenting from her daily toil,  
 Time, who had check'd her pow'r, assum'd his own,  
 (His labours he divides, but not his throne,)  
 And features that in sorrow's mould were cast,  
 His master chisel finishes at last.

Perchance the casual undiscerning gaze,  
 That never read a history in a face,  
 In the gay circle had supposed her gay,  
 Nor marked the nascent traces of decay:  
 But oh! to those whose nicer feelings take  
 The fine impression that a look can make,  
 Who, skilled by sorrows of their own, descry,  
 The prisoned secret speaking in the eye,  
 (As weeping captives at their windows pine,)  
 To them there was a voice in every line,  
 The brow by effort raised to seem serene,  
 Round every smile the circling wrinkle seen;  
 The sudden cloud that came, and passed away,  
 Chased by a cheerless struggle to be gay;  
 At certain words or names the quick, short sigh,  
 And, when neglected long, the absent eye,  
 That seemed on images long past to fall,  
 Unconscious of aught else—these told them all.

But few among the selfish, busy, gay,  
 Permit a quiet face to stop their way;  
 A face that holds no lure, no tribute seeks,  
 Demands no homage, nothing strange bespeaks;  
 That looks, as hundreds look that they have known,  
 Just mark'd enough to call some name its own:  
 O few in folly's course can check their speed,  
 The simple lines of character to read:  
 Or if they pause, that rude unfeeling eye,  
 The cold inquiry, contumelious sigh,  
 And all the world's gross pity can impart,  
 Are caustic to the festers of the heart.

## VERSES,

*Written on a blank leaf in the "Hymns for Infant Minds." By the Author of  
Original Poems, Rhymes for the Nursery, &c.*

ADDRESSED TO ANNE AND JANE.\*

WHEN the shades of night retire  
From the morn's advancing beam,  
Ere the hills are tip'd with fire,  
And the radiance lights the stream,  
Lo! the lark begins her song,  
Early on the wing and long:

Summon'd by the signal notes,  
Soon her sisters quit the lawn,  
With their wildly-warbling throats  
Soaring in the dappled dawn:  
Brighter, warmer spread the rays,  
Louder, sweeter swell their lays.

Nestling in their grassy beds,  
Harkening to the joyful sound,  
Heavenward point their little heads,  
Lowly twittering from the ground,  
Till their wings are fledged to fly  
To the chorus in the sky.

Thus, fair minstrels! while ye sing,  
Teaching infant minds to raise  
To the Universal King  
Humble hymns of prayer and praise,  
O may all who hear your voice,  
Look, and listen, and rejoice.

Faltering like the skylark's young,  
While your numbers they record,  
Soon may every heart and tongue  
Learn to magnify the Lord;  
And your strains divinely sweet  
Unborn millions thus repeat.

Minstrels! what reward is due  
For this labour of your love?—  
Through eternity may you,  
In the Paradise above,  
Round the dear Redeemer's feet,  
All your infant readers meet!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

\* The signatures used by these amiable writers in their former publications.











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